REAL WEST

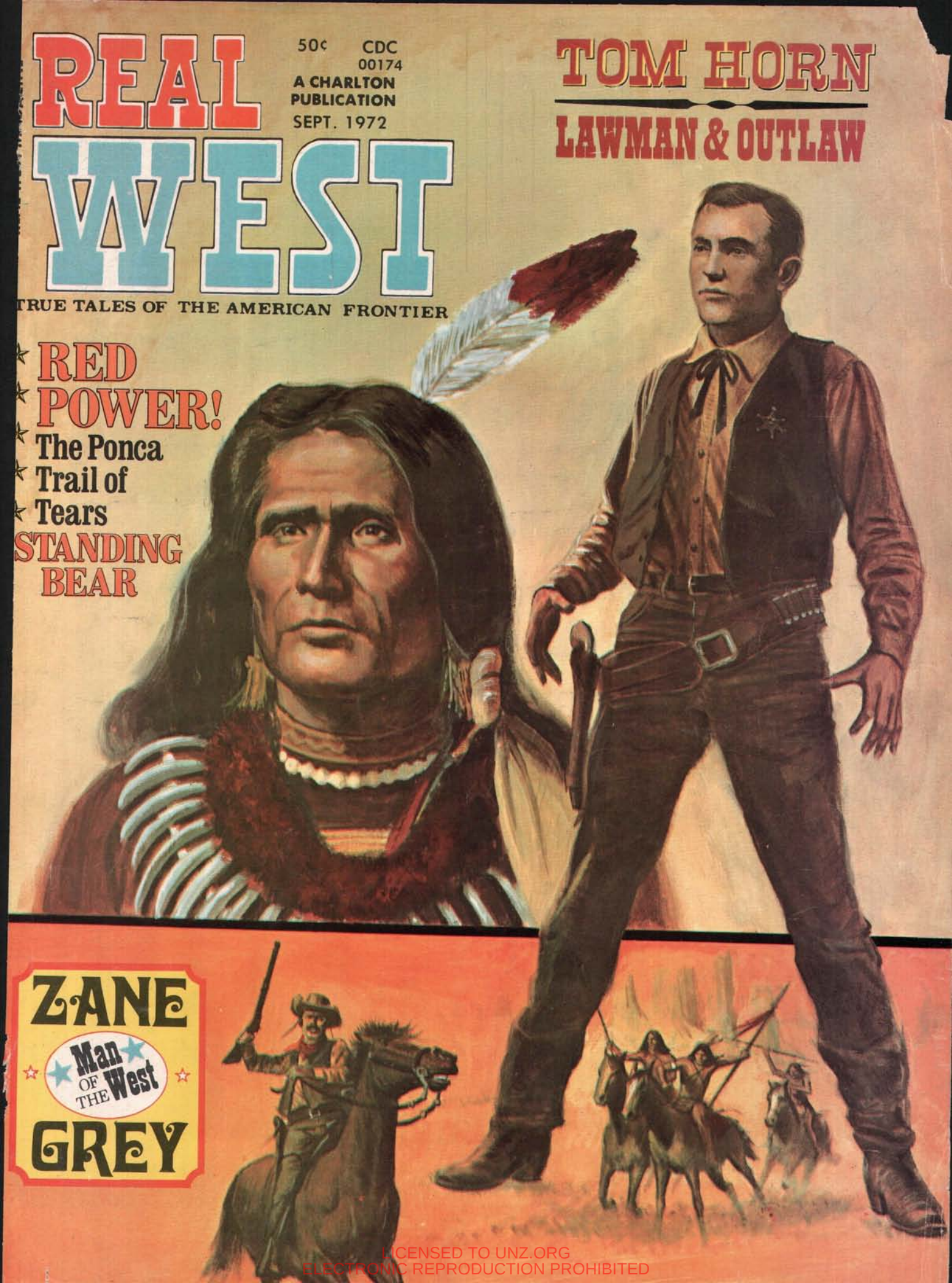
50¢ CDC 00174
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
SEPT. 1972

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

TOM HORN
LAWMAN & OUTLAW

RED POWER!
The Ponca Trail of Tears
STANDING BEAR

ZANE GREY
Man of the West



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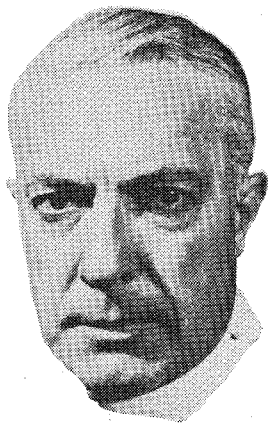

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

©1969 Comate Corporation
21 WEST 44 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 14833
21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. **Enclosed is $1 deposit.** I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10.
Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add $1 -- No C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

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"Look who's smiling now!"

Sometimes a man sets his ambitions high enough to make skeptics smile. But how often he gets the last laugh! "At the time I started studying with LaSalle, I was working as a factory clerk. Before completing the course I was transferred to cost accounting and my salary was increased by $1800. Now, having completed the course, I'm in charge of the department and headed for the five figure bracket. LaSalle's course helped me pull myself out of a boring and ill-paid job into a position of almost unlimited opportunity."

The words in quotes come directly from one of the pleased reports that are sent to us by LaSalle graduates. LaSalle files contain many letters from men and women who have increased their earnings with the help of LaSalle training. You, too, can prepare for the career opportunity of your choice through LaSalle home study—without interfering with your present work—and by devoting only a little of your spare time.

LaSalle has been a leader in home education for more than sixty years, enrolling over 2,000,000 ambitious men and women in its many courses. You study under the supervision of LaSalle's experienced faculty. Upon satisfactory completion of your study, you receive the LaSalle diploma—a recognized and respected credential.

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Mrs. .....Age....
Miss *(Circle title and please print)*

Address .....Apt.No.....

City &
State .....Zip.....

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REAL WEST

Volume XV
Number 107
Sept., 1972

The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor/Salvatore Gentile
Managing Editor/Edward T. LeBlanc
Gun Editor/Major R. O. Ackerman
Treasure Editor/E. S. LeGaye
Art Director/Madelvn Fisher

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By Carl W. Breihan

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FOURTH OF JULY IN THE OLD WEST
By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

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SITTING BULL: ARTIST
By Norman B. Wiltsey

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WHO KILLED WHISTLER OF THE OGLALA SIOUX
By George Hart

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DR. LAURENCE PARKER: WILDERNESS PHYSICIAN
By Earl V. Chapin

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PIONEERS OF HISTORIC SITKA
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DEADWOOD'S GAMBLING LADY
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REAL WEST published monthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418. Vol. XV, No. 107, Sept., 1972. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Connecticut. Second Class Postage Paid at Derby, Conn.

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Executive offices and office of publication, Division St. Derby, Connecticut 06418. Subscription $5.00 per year. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Printed in the USA. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

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This is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

Winning at the Races May Not Be Your Idea of Fun, But...

Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Voegele. And all the while I'm working and sweating, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? *He knows how to beat the races. Really* knows. Knows so much that he runs a school for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "What's My Line.")

He charges his "students" two hundred bucks apiece. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied he'll return every cent they've paid, and *nobody* has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPC, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. Mr. Smith really threw it to him: asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal. Larry Voegele picked *five!*

If he'd been at the track betting, say $20 on each race, he would have picked up a cool $404...net profit! Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

And all the knowledge that Larry publicly *proved* that day...*every* fact that he teaches in his $200 course...is in his book.

If you've never bet on a horse in your life, you'll read and enjoy every word. And end up understanding more than most guys who have been following the ponies all their lives.

If you're an oldtimer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the nitty gritty. If you can forget what you *think* you know, if you have the nerve—and the *discipline*—to follow his methods to the *letter*, you could make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll *know* more than 95% of the people who go to the track—and you're betting against *them!* The money they lose, *you'll* win! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

At Santa Anita, for example, over *two million dollars* is bet every day. And it's a statistical fact that only one out of 20 walks out a big winner. You can be one of them!

Larry Voegele doesn't look like a racetrack tout. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. *Was* because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the secret of his book. He approaches handicapping as a *professional*. It's *scientific*. No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

It isn't even "inside information." Just simple, hard *facts*. Facts that *anyone* could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they knew what Larry Voegele knows—and tells in his book.

It'll take you about an hour to read it. Another hour to practice what he preaches.

Then if you do *exactly* as he says, step by step...if you don't get reckless or greedy...you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

Is that worth a 2-hour investment? Because that's all you're risking. Just time. Not money.

Here's why: your check or money order will *not* be deposited for two weeks *after* your copy of the book is mailed. That'll give you plenty of time to receive your book, read it thoroughly, and put the principles into *action*.

If you're not thrilled with what you've gained, just send the book back within 14 days. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be in the return mail!

Ever heard of an offer like that? No. But there's never been a book like this either.

As to the price—*if* you decide to keep the book. Frankly, we didn't know what to charge. It isn't just paper and ink. It's *information*. Facts that dozens of people have paid $200 to gain—and were satisfied to pay.

Verified Results of the Voegele Professional Method of Winner Selection

Hollywood Park (75 days)
675 Races, 222 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.00 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $8,480.00

Atlantic City (60 days)
540 Races, 183 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.60 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,666.00

Bay Meadows (64 days)
576 Races, 178 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.90 31% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,356.00

Santa Anita (75 days)
675 Races, 218 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.68 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,237.00

Pimlico, Winter 1971 (30 Days)
270 Races, 97 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,140.00

Hialeah (40 days)
400 Races, 147 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $7.80 37% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,148.00

Aqueduct (42 days)
378 Races, 127 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.10 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,807.00

But there aren't many people who can afford that kind of money. Even for a sure thing.

So what do you think about 10 dollars? That's all—10 dollars. And you have something *better* than a money back guarantee. Because your check or money order won't even be cashed unless—and until—you decided to keep the book because it's worth a *lot* more.

Winning at the horse races, traveling first class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As for me, I think it sure beats working for a living. See you at the track.

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Financial Publishers, Dept. **557-B**
466 N. Western Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90004

OK—I'll take you up on your offer. Send me Larry Voegele's book. Enclosed is my check or money order for ten dollars, but DO *NOT* DEPOSIT IT FOR 14 DAYS *AFTER* YOU SEND MY ORDER.

If I return the book within that time, you'll return my payment, uncashed, by return mail.

(Please print or type shipping information. The book will be mailed in a plain wrapper)

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

WOULD LIKE TO SEE EASTERN FRONTIER ARTICLES

Dear Editors:

I'm wondering if you could find an author who could provide the vast audience of Real West readers with a few tall tales and adventures of the most famous pioneer of colonial times, the great Daniel Boone?

I am sure, most long-time readers of your magazine would enjoy a few such articles.

Yours truly,
Hugh Hatch,
4320 Horton Road,
Rt. #1,
Jackson, Michigan 49201

If there is enough response to your suggestion the editors will be glad to locate a writer to recount the adventures of Daniel Boone and other frontiersmen of the east or middle west.

LOOKING FOR LOST RELATIVE

Dear Sir:

Anyone having information about my brother, Fairley Hartzog, born in August 1875 please contact me.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Carrie Lou Stewart,
Payson, Arizona 85541

MILLER & LUX

Dear Sirs:

I am a faithful reader of your magazine, but find I have a difference of opinion about your story concerning Miller and Lux, in the February 1972 issue. Henry Miller, Cattle Baron of California. You painted Miller as an almost perfect man, so how about checking another side to this story. My grandparents, Clara and Mark Despain, were very nice people and not prone to exaggerate about things. I vaguely remember them telling me of having a homestead somewhere in Kings County, along with several other homesteaders and Miller and Lux built a dam that flooded or caused the flooding of all of these homesteaders, including my grandparents. Because of this, they lost everything. Now I'm a "brown-bagger" working 7 until 4 every day. If my grandparents hadn't been flooded out, I might be sitting under a date palm sipping mint juleps in the shade. How about checking this side of the story. A man should receive his "just" praises, but I hate to have him receive more praise than he deserves.

Yours truly,
Edwin C. Strawn,
4145 Stephen Drive;
No. Highlands, California
95660

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

Dear Sir:

I continue to read your magazine when I get them. The information is true and historical. The photos contained in your magazine are highly educational and gives the real view on what the old heroes looked like. America is the most wonderful country in the world, its history although may be not as old as English history, has proved itself more popular, especially Western history. Maybe it is because it is more rugged, more open, more exciting. In our country your history perhaps repeats itself for numerous Western clubs are prevalent, also ranches such as the ones in northern England, the Circle R, the Flying A and the Crazy C ranches, where Western saddles and horses become the scene. I am a Westerner and I have been to one of these ranches at a gathering of the Western club. I am a member of the American fast draw club and have many friends in America whom I idolize because they are a most warm hearted people.

Faithfully,
Will Sharrock,
40 Pendlebury St.,
Clock Face, Stuelens,
Lancs, England

ORIGIN OF INDIANS

Editor of Real West:

Shame on you. You published an article about the origin of the Indian which is a lot of guess work and no proof that it is correct. The communists, atheists and those who believe we came into existence by evolution are doing a serious damage to our young people. Anyone who believes this bunk surely cannot believe in God. Our forefathers, the wise and God fearing men, who established this great nation were all believers in God. Our currency is stamped, "In God We Trust". If you are interested in the true ancestry of the Indians, I can give you dates of the Jaredites, Nephites and Lamanites who came here and where they were from. The pyramids in Yucatan and other discoveries like the Dead Sea scrolls all disagree with your article.

Sincerely,
W. Vernon Meyer,
22 Vista Drive,
Little Rock, Arkansas
72204

Your editor believes in God, and also believes there is much historical information that can and should be discussed concerning the origin of Indians in North America.

TOWN WHERE MEN WERE FORBIDDEN

Gentlemen:

I refer to the article in the March 1972 issue of your magazine entitled, "The Mysterious Oklahoma Town Where Men Were Forbidden." If the article is as far from the truth as the geography is, then the article is not worth much. The locale is mentioned as present Garvin County, Oklahoma. Garvin County is not in what was in the Cherokee Strip. It is closer to Texas than it is to Kansas.

Very truly yours,
Myron E. Andrews
Box 255,
Okeene, Oklahoma

The article is correct, but the author got his counties mixed up.

BOUQUETS FOR HARRY E. WEBB

Gentlemen:

I am writing to thank you for the interesting magazine you publish. I sure enjoy the stories. Please use more of the articles by Harry E. Webb as he punched cows in the Big Horn Basin where I was raised until I was 14 years old. I knew many of the people he writes about and it sure makes me homesick.

Yours truly,
D. R. Emery,
Drawer 708,
Douglas, Wyoming 82633

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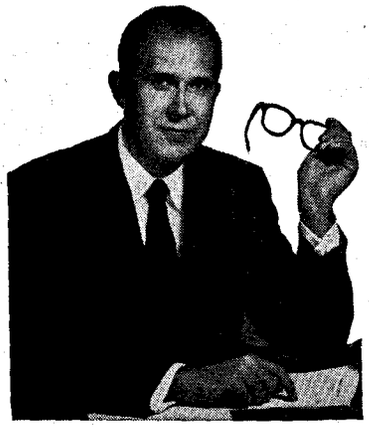

Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could *you* get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school.* Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes.*

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and *do* something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can master good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 840-01, 555E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060. No salesmen will call.

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Standing Bear in 1882. The cause of Standing Bear and the Ponca tribe was taken up by Thomas Tibbles, editor of the Omaha Herald, and in the ensuing court case, the Poncas were awarded their rights as free men.

PONCA TRAIL OF TEARS

By Samuel Stanley

In 1825, the Ponca Tribe had been given fertile land upon which to live and these industrious people had prospered but the Indian Commission kept taking land from the original grant until in 1868, the U. S. Government illegally ceded the land to the enemies of this quiet people.

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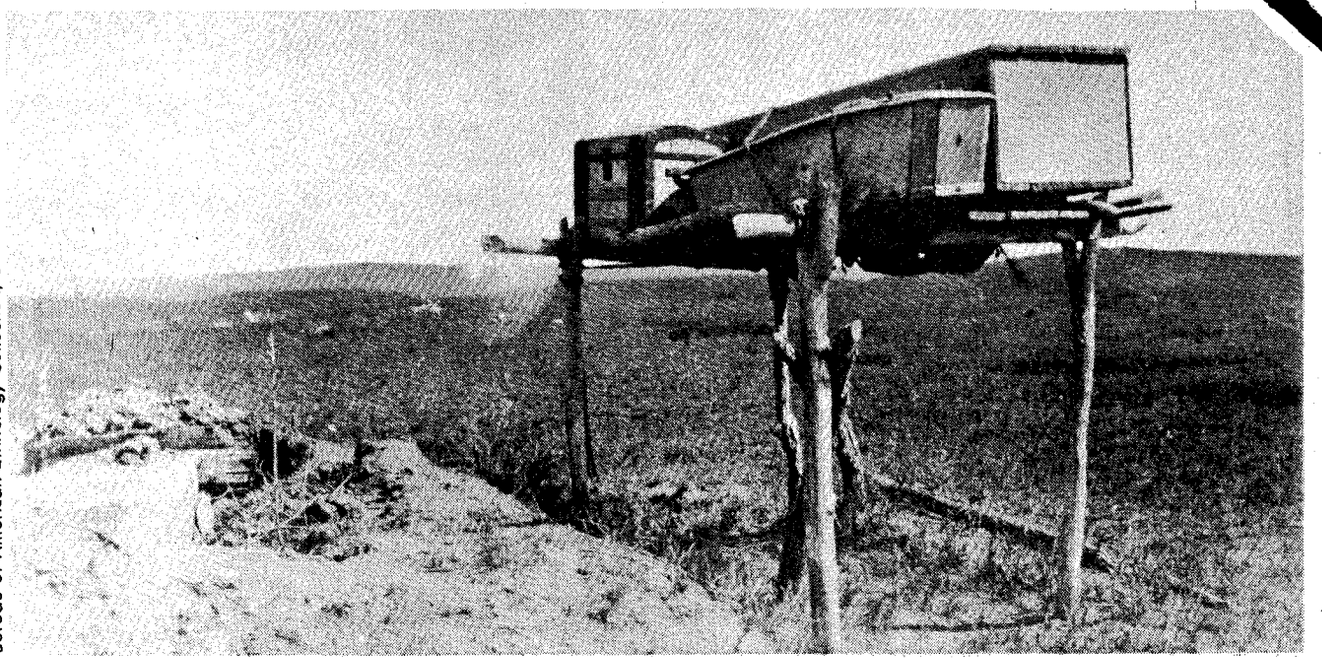

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Ponca burial site at the Ponca reservation in Nebraska.

The three white men approaching must have something on their minds, Standing Bear thought. One was the Agent, James Lawrence; the others were strangers. The Chief watched them curiously from the door of his frame house, built by him and his sons with their own hands.

Perhaps these white men offered aid. What with droughts and a plague of locusts, the past year had been disastrous for their crops, and the Ponca tribe had been hard put to regain their prosperous living. But the land, their home from time immemorial, was rich and fertile and the Poncas were good farmers. They had faith in their cherished land.

Agent Lawrence, speaking in Ponca, introduced the others. "This is Inspector Kemble of the Indian Bureau, and this is Reverend Hinman," he announced. "Orders are for your tribe to move to Indian Territory. Be prepared right away."

Standing Bear stared back in silence, his strong features set in puzzled unbelief.

"We do not wish to go," he answered finally. "When a man owns anything he does not let it go till he has received payment. And the Great White Father gave us this homeland."

The talk, or harangue, continued. Certainly, however, the Chief had stated the fact: in treaties dating back to 1825 the rights of the Poncas to live where they were, in Dakota Territory, had been affirmed, and protection guaranteed them. Pressure from invading whites, though, kept mounting and in a Treaty of 1858 the Poncas were persuaded to withdraw to a comparatively small strip between the mouth of the Niobrara River and Ponca Creek. For their pledge of good behavior, annuities were to be granted for a period of 30 years, along with a sum of $20,000 to be spent in building houses and establishing schools. Finally, their title to the remaining strip was absolute. But in 1865 another 30,000 acres was taken away, in return for rights to their old burying grounds plus a parcel of cornfields. Then in 1868 the whole remaining 96,000 was summarily handed over to their enemies, the Sioux, for no visible excuse except the appeasement of this warlike tribe. Protection from these Sioux was promised, but never provided. To the Poncas, however, this was still their rightful home and by later agreement with the Sioux they remained and continued their lives.

In the face of these reverses the tribe of some 700 people had worked hard and had thrived. In the nine years following the Treaty of '58 they built 236 loghouses, cultivated 300 acres of croplands and erected a flour and a sawmill. They owned cattle and horses as well as wagons and the latest farming machinery, including a reaper. And faithful to their word, they had troubled no one, had kept the peace.

Standing Bear's protest heated up. Why should they leave—they were happy here and had done no wrong, he insisted. Finally, Kemble offered a concession: if eight chiefs would accompany him to Indian Territory they would be given their choice of a new home. All expenses would be paid. Also, the government would reimburse them for the loss of the old one. Lastly, if the new land failed to please (though that was unlikely) they could take their complaint to President Hayes in Washington. Following a consultation, Standing Bear and the other chiefs agreed. (Rev. Hinman, it seems, had come along only as an observer).

It was winter when the party arrived on Indian Territory, that year of 1877. The prospect was bleak. It would have seemed still bleaker had the Indians known that already Congress had appropriated $25,000 for their removal—with their consent. If he knew, Kemble kept such knowledge to himself. He showed the chiefs three tracts of land, from which they were to choose one.

"We do not like any of this country," the chiefs said through an interpreter. "There is no water and the soil is rocky. We could not grow our crops."

Kemble was insistent. "You will have to choose, and right away."

"Suppose we refuse? You said we could go to Washington and tell the White Father why. We would want to do that."

Their stubbornness was riling the Inspector.

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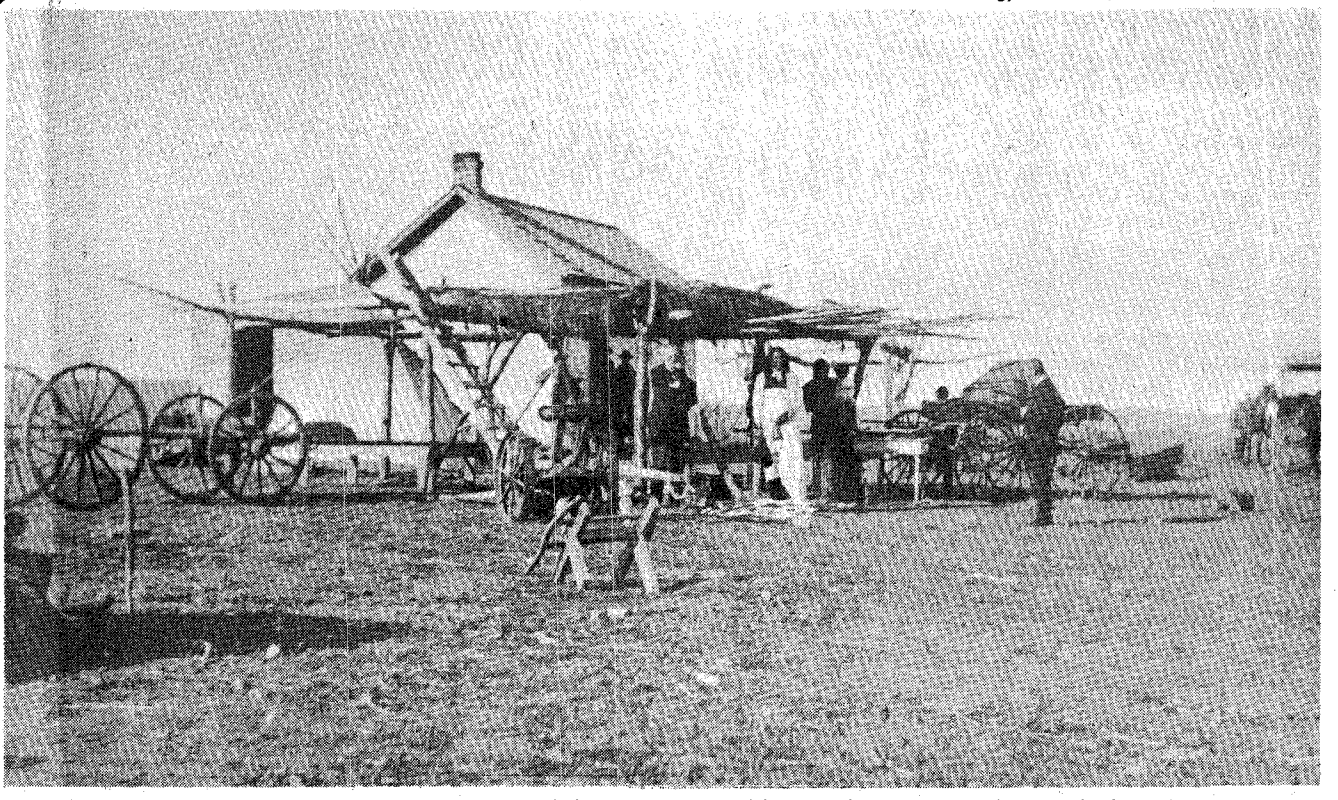

Standing Bear in front of his home with his wife and child and white visitors. This was before the Government order to move the Ponca Tribe to Indian Territory.

"Forget about Washington!" he fairly shouted. "You are not going there. This will be your new land, like it or not!"

He spun round and strode off angrily. He never came back.

Left to themselves, the chiefs pondered their situation. They had no friends here, no money and nowhere to go. Kemble had promised them expenses, but where was he? Despairingly, they waited a couple of days, then set out for Dakota, 500 miles north, on foot. Along the way they slept in haystacks, begged food, and shivered in bitter cold. Two months later, almost barefoot, they reached the Otoe Agency in Nebraska and were allowed refuge by a sympathetic Agent. Here they rested for the last stretch of the journey. The Otoes gave each man a pony.

Once home, they found things in turmoil. Inspector Kemble, returning from Indian Territory, had lost no time in carrying out his orders, consent or none. Already ten families had been loaded into wagons for the trip south. The rest, including Standing Bear, chose to resist and most fled to the nearby woods. But Standing Bear and his brother were quickly seized and clapped in jail, at Ft. Randall on the Missouri River, for ten days. Meanwhile, other chiefs sent a telegram to President Hayes. There was no reply.

Upon his release from jail, Standing Bear joined a council of Ponca men. Head chief White Bear spoke. He was a tall man with heavily-lined features.

"My people, we, your chiefs, have worked hard to save you," he began. "We have resisted until we are worn out. We leave it to you. If you say we fight and die on our lands, so be it."

No one replied. It was just as well, for leaving the council they found their families surrounded with troops. One by one, all were forced into wagons: their plows, mowers, hayforks everything too heavy to carry—left behind to be locked in a warehouse.

The reason for the move to Indian Territory, they were told, was for "protection from the Sioux." But the two tribes already were living in peace. Furthermore the neighboring Onahas, who spoke the same language, had offered any necessary asylum. But the Poncas had no chance to accept.

So the cheerless processsion of wagons set forth that spring of 1877, on its own "trail of tears". Agent Howard (Lawrence's successor) with an escort of 25 troopers accompanied the march. The going was rough, food ran short, and many Poncas died of exhaustion. Four families tried to escape but were quickly brought back.

Twenty-two days later the journey ended at a spot near Baxter Springs, on the Quapaw Reservation in Indian Territory. Wearily, the unhappy travelers unloaded from the wagons. This, they were told, would be their new home. But here there were no houses, no fertile meadows, no sign of welcome. Six old shanties, devoid of furnishings, together with tents they carried would be the tribe's only shelter.

Scratching a living from this rocky soil would tax their resources. They had no farm implements; all had been left behind. But the Poncas were an industrious, enterprising people and somehow they would find a way. They weren't willing to depend on government rations alone. As things turned out they couldn't have anyway, because rations were always short.

For all their resourcefulness and courage, the living got harder and

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harder. At last Standing Bear, feeling that any change must be for the better, led the way to a less arid tract along the Arkansas River. He had asked no permission, but officials looked the other way. The new home, though, was still a far cry from the greenness and comfort of Dakota. After sticking it out for a year and a half the chief decided he'd had enough. Of the 25 yoke of oxen the tribe had brought with them not one survived. The horse herd which had numbered 700 was reduced to 100 head. And 158 people had died from hardship and illness.

It was time to act. One day, with 30 desperate followers, Standing Bear slipped away on the trail back home. Some rode in wagons, some on horseback and the rest on foot. Along the way they bought food until their money ran out, after which they depended on begging. But they never stole nor molested any settlers. Three months later the exhausted band reached the Omaha Agency, two years almost to the day after leaving their old home.

The Omahas, traditional friends, welcomed their kinsmen. Shortly afterwards, though, they got a different welcome: troops from nearby Ft. Omaha came to arrest them. The charge was "leaving a reservation (Indian Territory) without a pass." The band was locked up in the fort's prison, to await the inevitable order for their return.

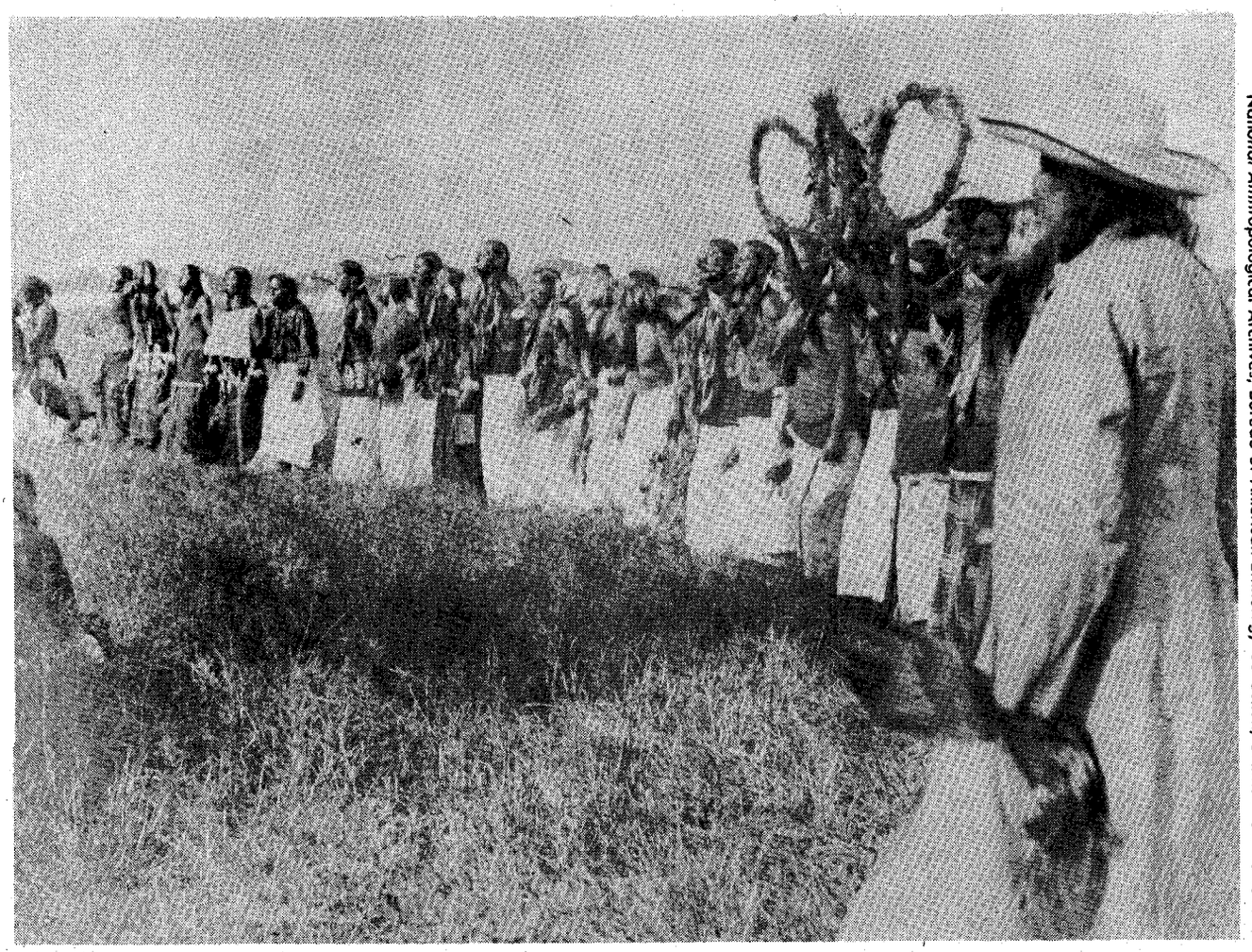
In vain, Standing Bear and the rest protested such treatment. They had sought only to come back home—the land in Indian Territory, with its hostile climate and arid soil, was no place to live. No jobs were to be had and no one had helped them find a comfortable livelihood.

Just when the outlook seemed bleakest, though, when each turn of fate invited greater woe, a new development offered them some hope. The plight of Standing Bear and his band had come to the attention of Thomas Tibbles, fiery, crusading editor of the Omaha Herald.

Tibbles, long a supporter of redmen's causes, was quick to take up the cudgels. He persuaded two like-minded Omaha lawyers, Messrs. Poppleton and Webster, to argue the case of the imprisoned Poncas in court. The plea would be 'habeas corpus,' and Gen. George Crook, Commander of the Department of the Platte, would be named defendant, i.e., the man responsible for their incarceration. The prisoners would be suing for their release.

They couldn't have picked a more willing defendant. Crook sympathized thoroughly with his prisoners, and described his arrest of them as a "disagreeable duty". The fact was, he had acted solely on orders from Washington.

Meanwhile, Tibbles busied himself



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Ponca Indians performing a Sun Dance at the Ponca Reservation in Oklahoma Territory, 1894. Although Standing Bear won the right to return to Dakota in a court battle, a majority of the tribe stayed and prospered in Oklahoma.

(continued on page 76)

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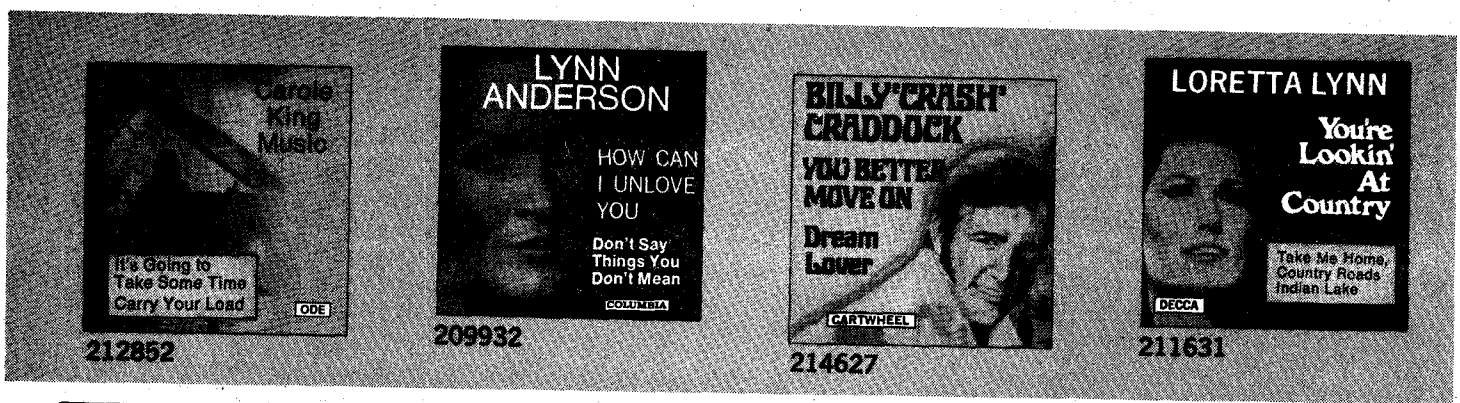

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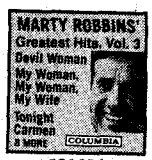

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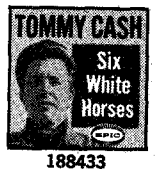

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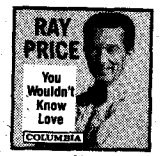

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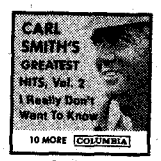

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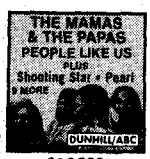

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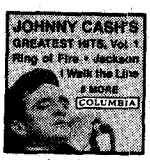

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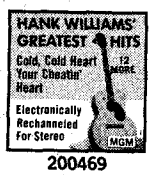

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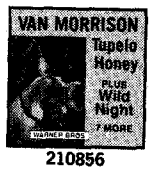

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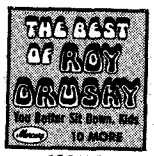

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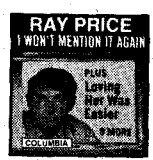

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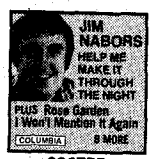

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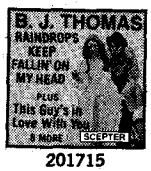

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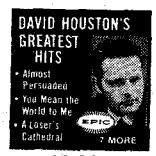

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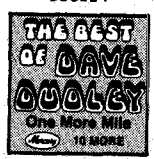

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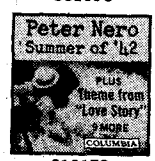

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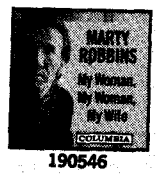

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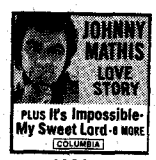

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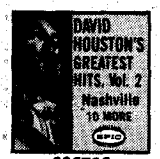

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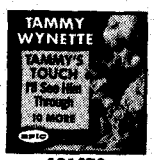

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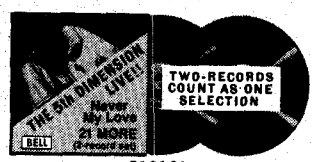

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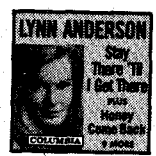

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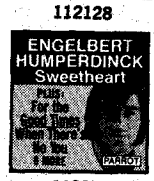

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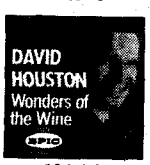

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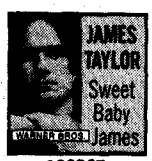

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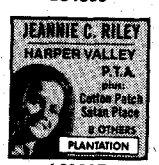

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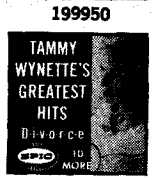

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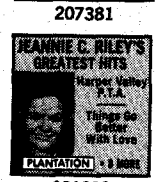

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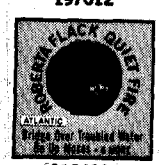

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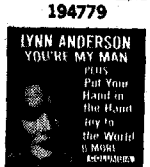

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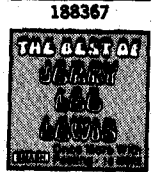

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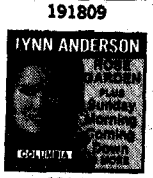

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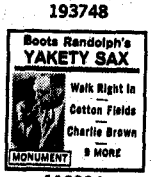

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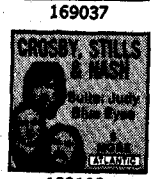

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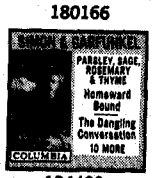

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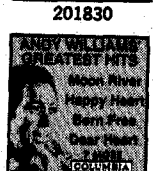

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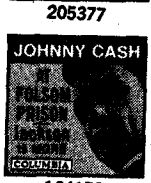

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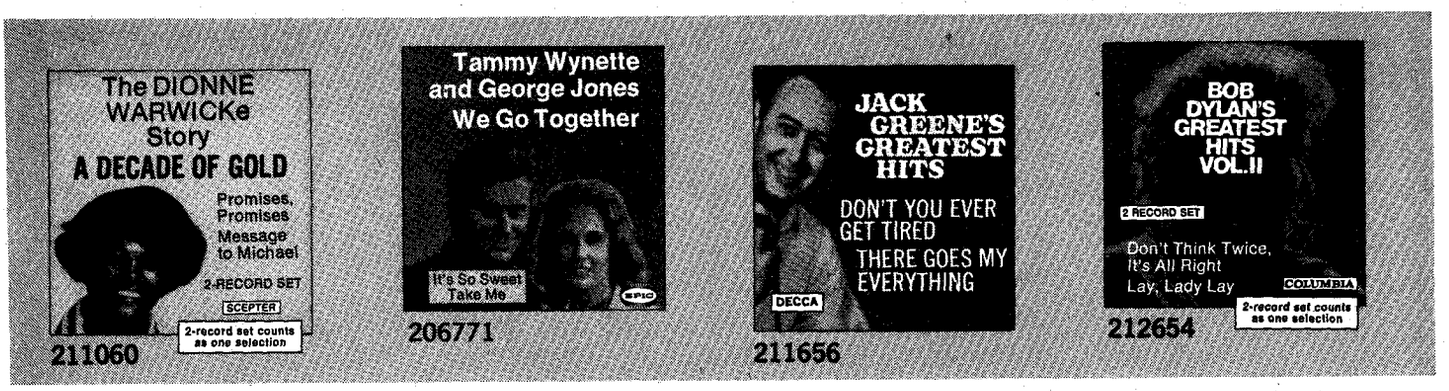

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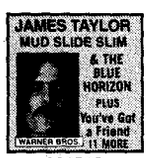

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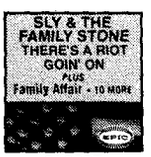

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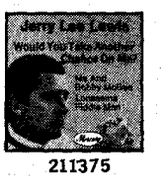

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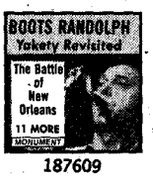

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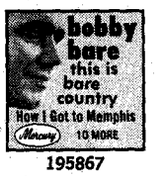

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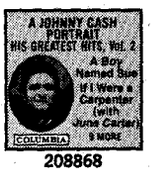

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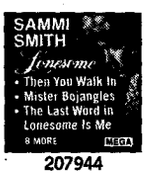

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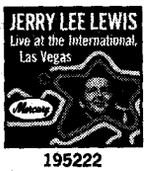

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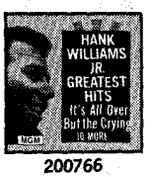

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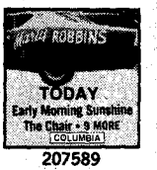

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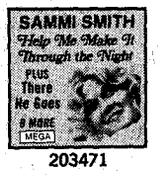

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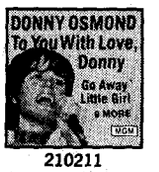

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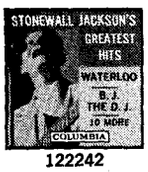

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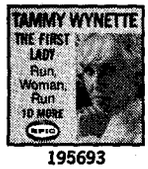

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Write in numbers of 14 selections

All records will be described in advance in the Club Magazine, sent every four weeks. If I do not want any record, I'll return the selection card by the date specified . . . or use the card to order any record I want. If I want only the regular selection for my musical interest, I need do nothing—it will be sent automatically. From time to time, I'll be offered special albums which I may accept or reject by using the dated form.

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only)

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Classical
☐ Broadway & Hollywood ☐ Country ☐ Jazz

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State.....Zip Code.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (check one) ☐ YES. ☐ NO

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THE LEGEND OF TOM HORN

Was He A Vicious Killer Or A Fine Lawman?

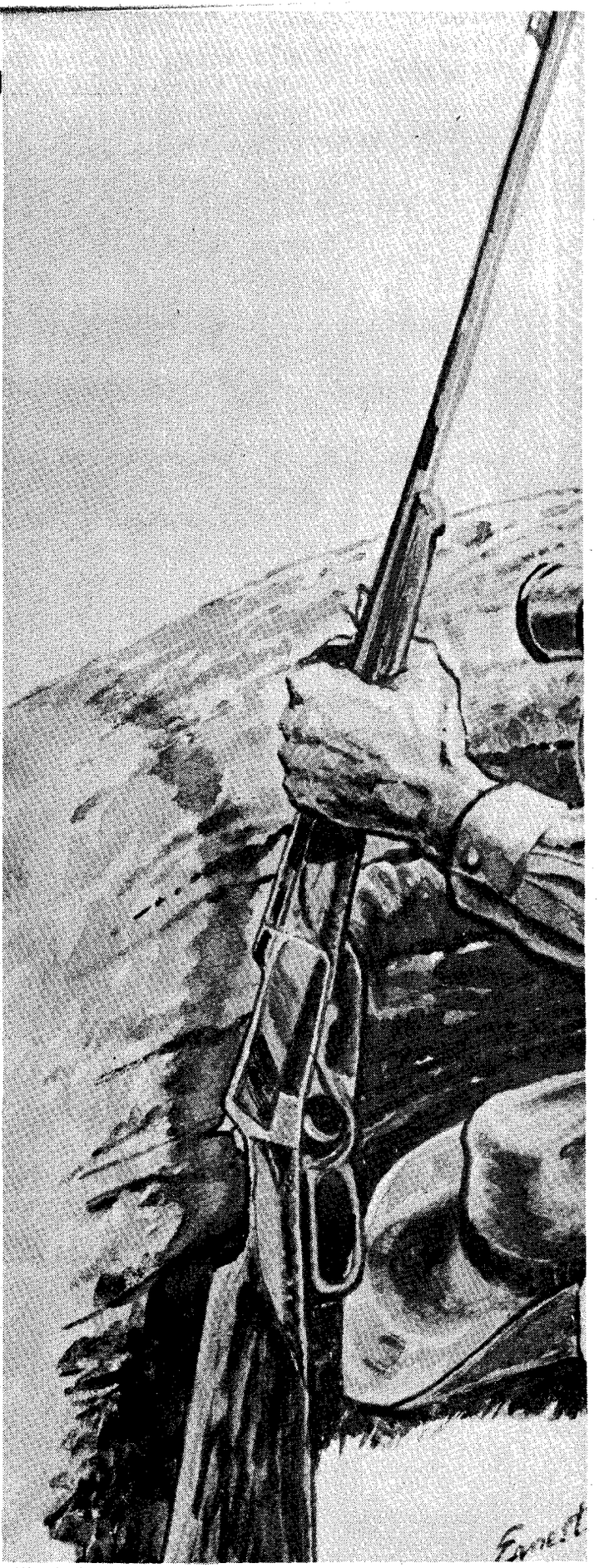
By Ernest H. Hart

As a boy, Tom Horn lived a tough, cruel life and then the Apaches took him into their tribe and he learned an even crueler philosophy of life. He helped round up Geronimo and later became a lawman, stockman's detective, and, finally, a convicted murderer!

The sun was a newly risen ball of flame over the Wyoming hills, lining Cold Spring Mountain in a golden sheath and chasing the night's shadows from Brown's Hole, that notorious sanctuary for rustlers and hardcases. Smoke drifted from a weather-worn cabin surrounded by make-shift corrals in which slant-hipped broncs stood sleepy-eyed in the brightening light. A few early birds sent their first tentative calls into the air, but aside from their vocalizing nothing else seemed to stir. It was as if the world of Brown's Hole stood hushed, waiting for some quick and sudden action to stir swift activity and lift the day to high drama.

The door to the old cabin opened and a man emerged heeling sleep from his eyes. He was fully dressed and his six-gun was holstered at his side. A big man, this, in height and shoulder breadth, heavy with muscle, and he swaggered even this early in the morning. His name was Isam Dart and he was a killer, a rustler, and a negro, known among the gun-using toughs as a vicious, unprincipled criminal.

Behind him two more dirty hardcases rambled out, spitting and hawking and feeling stomach-sick from the raw whiskey they'd swallowed the night before. Another



Sketched by the author

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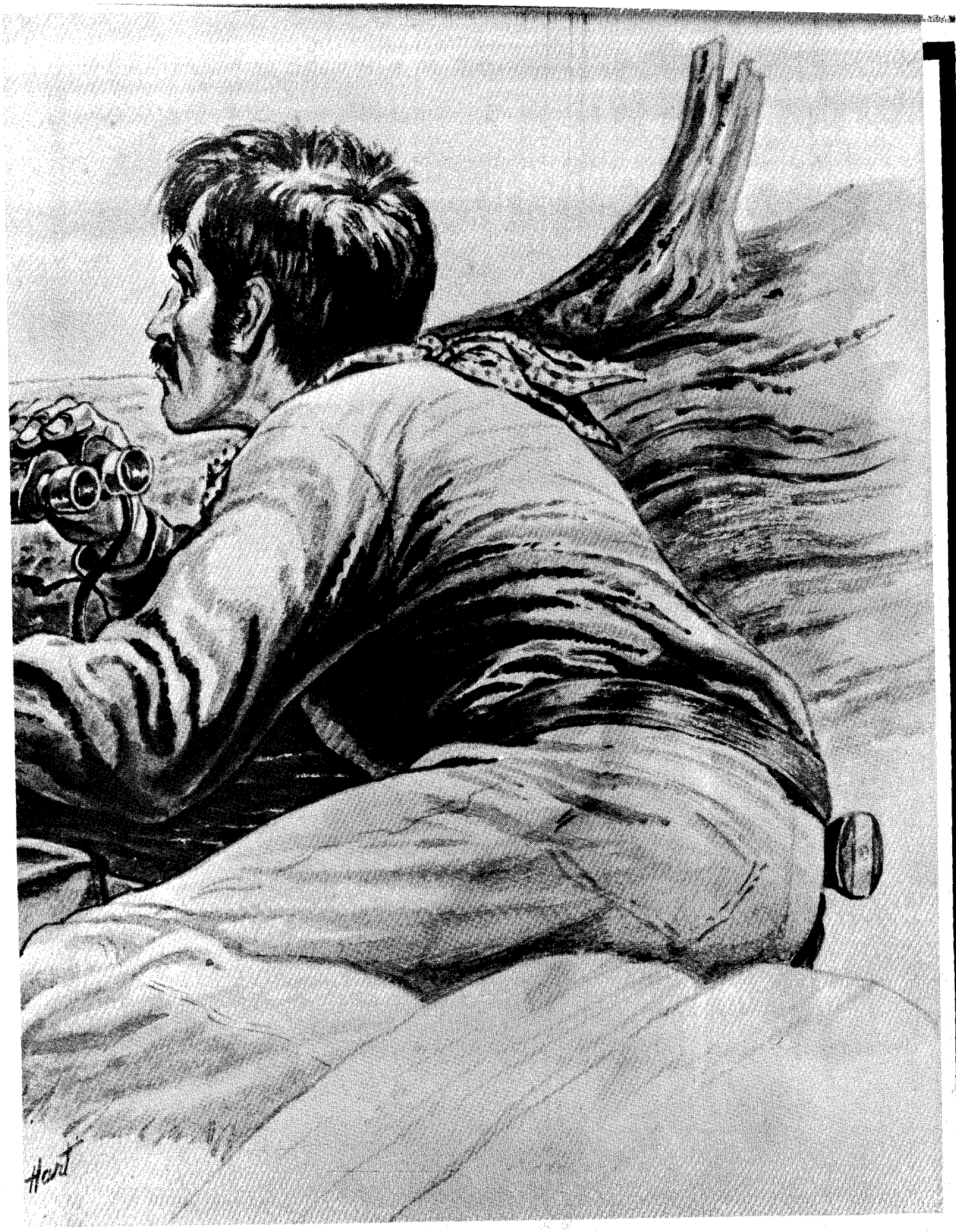

With the stalking skill of a mountain lion, Tom Horn, using the field glasses that were a part of his lethal equipment, watched from behind rocks and fallen trees to collect the evidence of rustlers' guilt so that he could, eventually, mete out his own deadly injustice.

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pair lounged blinking in the doorway and the snoring of a sixth man could be heard from inside the cabin. The big black man fumbled a piece of paper from his pocket, crumpled and dirty. He shook it at the surrounding wildness of mountains and tangled growth and when he shouted his words echoed and ricocheted back.

"Warn me off, huh, Tom Horn? Y'all don' pull that on this here nigger, see. Y'all can go to hell, man. Isam Dart ain't runnin', not evah."

He turned to his companions a mean grin creasing his face. "No bushwacker's gonna take on six men, not even Tom Horn. Sure he kilt Matt Rash, but Matt was alone."

One of the toughs pointed to the piece of paper in Dart's hand. "He left Matt the same kinda message as that one. When he paid no mind to it he up an' kilt Matt. Yuh reckon it really is Tom Horn doin' these killin's?"

This trial, focusing on his life as a stockman's detective, tended to obscure the earlier years of Tom Horn's life, the formative years that shaped him into the man who stood trial, was sentenced on a trumped-up charge, and, on November the 20th, 1903, was hanged by the neck until he was dead. Let us journey back into the past of this man of controversy who lived by the gun and died because of it.

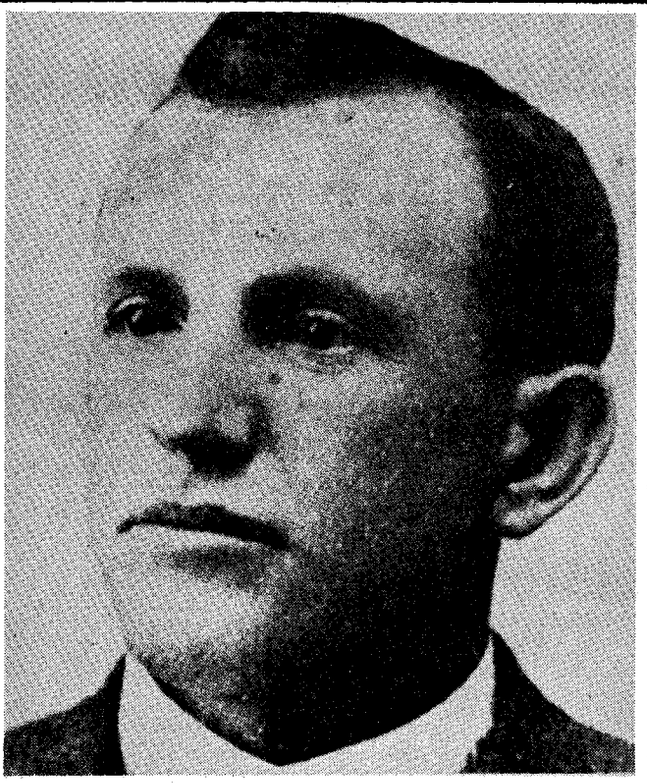
●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

Tom Horn was born in Missouri to a woman who lived in fear of her huge and arrogant husband. Tom soon knew the same fear as did his mother and sisters, for the man who was his father was a psuedo-pious, bible-spouting fanatic who used his belt and his hard calloused hands to bring God to his children and drive out the devil. Tom, as he grew toward his teens, hated school and loved to hunt. He used a rifle as others did a shotgun and could shoot with amazing accuracy, bringing down game from the hip and wing-shoot flying birds. He found peace in the woods, alone, hunting, with his gun as his silent friend. He hated his father who beat him unmercifully innumerable times for both real and fancied transgressions of his ultra-strict rules.

When he was fourteen Tom could take no more and fought back, sobbing in his rage of fear. This time his father almost killed him, beating him into unconsciousness with a harness strap. His mother and sisters dressed his wounds and put him to bed while his young body fought back from the edge of oblivion. When he was on the mend, at the first opportunity, he crawled from his bed of pain and quietly left home heading west. He never saw his family again. The scars on his body healed, but those in his mind never did, and the killings he did later, and the boasting of his prowess, made him, in his own mind, bigger than his father and able, in his hidden subconscious mind, to meet and conquer and kill him at last and so find his revenge.

Tom, as a teenage drifter on the frontier, was fashioned by a tough school. He worked in mines, swept out saloons, worked in railroad towns, took to cowboying, trail driving, and tasted the dubious delights of frontier prostitutes and raw gut-burning frontier whiskey. He drove stage and freight wagons and learned Spanish from the Mexican drovers he worked with in the southwest. At 16 he became a scout with Al Sieber, the famous, tough old veteran of many military campaigns against the Apaches. This was the beginning of another chapter in Tom Horn's life.

"Sure 'tis. He's workin' fo' the big cattle ranchers. Heah tell he's the hombre been workin' 'round heah as Tom Hicks, him as was such a good friend to Matt Rush. Well, he's just nuffin' but bluff 'round Isam Dart. He ain't of a mind to tangle with me. Heah's what ah thinks of his warnin'."



Tom Horn as a young man.

Dart threw the paper, that he'd found attached to a splinter on the cabin door three days before, to the dirt and ground it under his heel. Suddenly his big body jerked and a look of complete surprise washed over his face. Then his companions heard the sound of the shot, like the breaking of a rotten stick, echoing and finally fading. But before the sound had gone they had rushed in wild-eyed terror back inside the cabin, leaving the body of their host sprawled and draining its life blood into the thirsty dust, one dark finger touching the piece of paper on which was neatly printed; IF YOU DON'T LEAVE THIS COUNTRY WITHIN 3 DAYS YOUR LIFE WILL BE TAKEN THE SAME AS RASH'S WAS. The sun rode higher in the sky. Brown's Hole was hushed again. It was the morning of October 11, 1900.

●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

Tom Horn, in his prime, was over six feet tall, lithe and broad of shoulder. He had dark brown hair and lively, dark brown eyes. He was cool and nonchalant, his skin darkened by the elements, and he was considered handsome by the women of that day. He was athletic and physically beautifully balanced. The .30-.30 Winchester rifle that was always close to his hand seemed to be almost an extension of his living body and his ability to use it was legend. During his exciting life he was a Pinkerton detective, a lawman, a cavalry scout, a champion rodeo rider, and a stockman's detective. This latter job, for which he was particularly known in his time, made him famous, or infamous, according to how you viewed it. He also attracted nationwide attention as the central figure, the accused, in the most dramatic murder trial and miscarriage of justice in the annals of Wyoming jurisprudence.

(continued on page 29)

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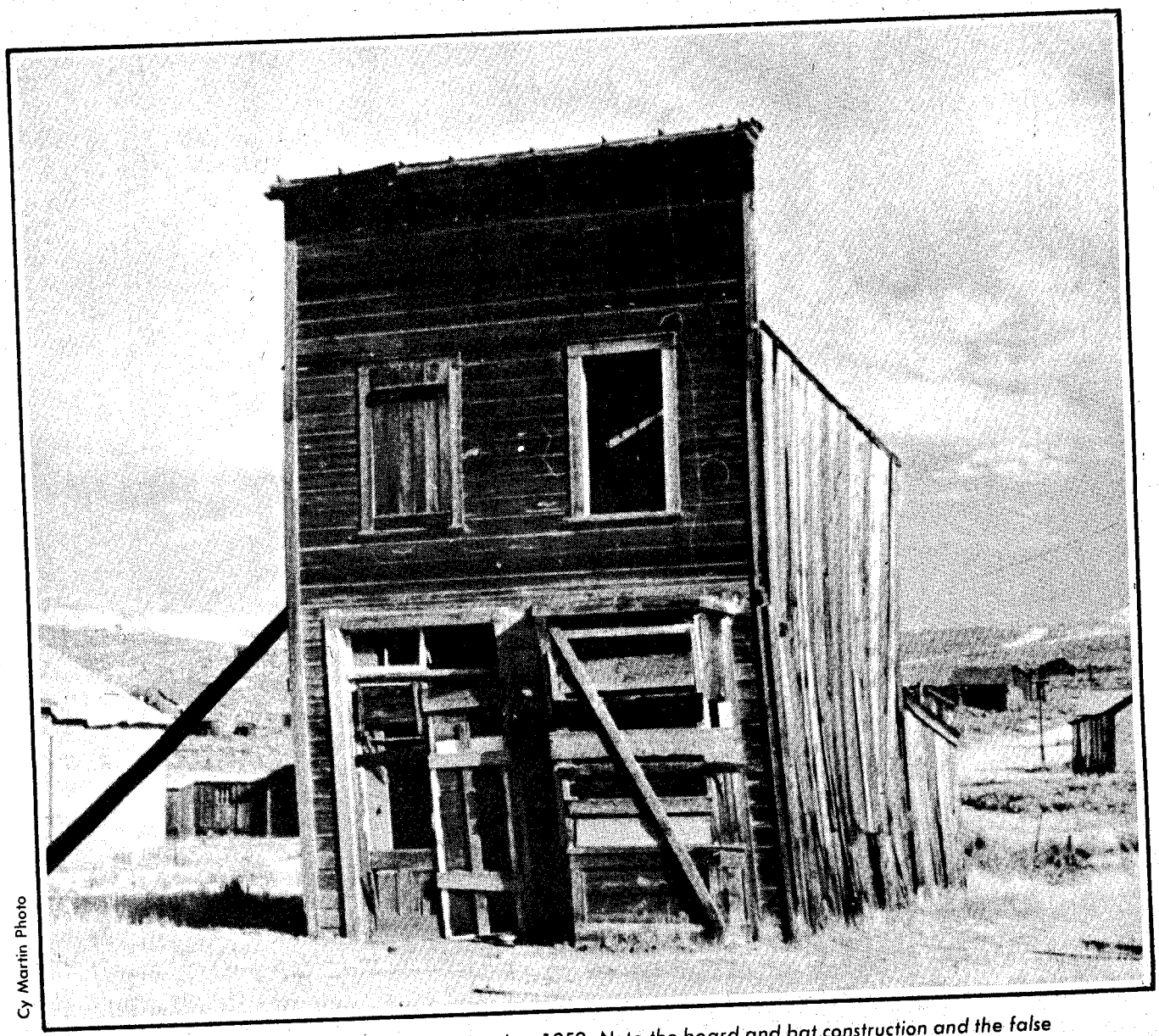
TALES OF OLD BODIE

In the gold diggings of California and Nevada, the expressions "A Bad Man From Bodie" described a cold-blooded killer who cussed out his victims, then killed them without mercy! Local gossips claimed there was a shooting a day and he had hard facts to back his claim!

by Cy Martin



Cy Martin Photo

Building on Main Street, Bodie in October 1959. Note the board and bat construction and the false front. This building is no longer standing.

Bad, bold, bawdy—no matter, Bodie was plenty tough! It ranked with Tombstone and Butte in early day mining camp lawlessness. Bodie became so famous as a raw western mining camp the expression "Bad Man From Bodie" was an everyday description of its men folk who managed to stay among the living.

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Bodie's cemetery in the shadow of Potato Peak was well filled with fresh tombstones each week as outlaws and quick-tempered miners settled their differences with a blaze of hot lead. Killings were so common in the hell-raising camp the residents themselves took no offense to the tale that a "man for breakfast" was a daily affair.

From the Sacramento *Daily Bee* of October 12, 1880:

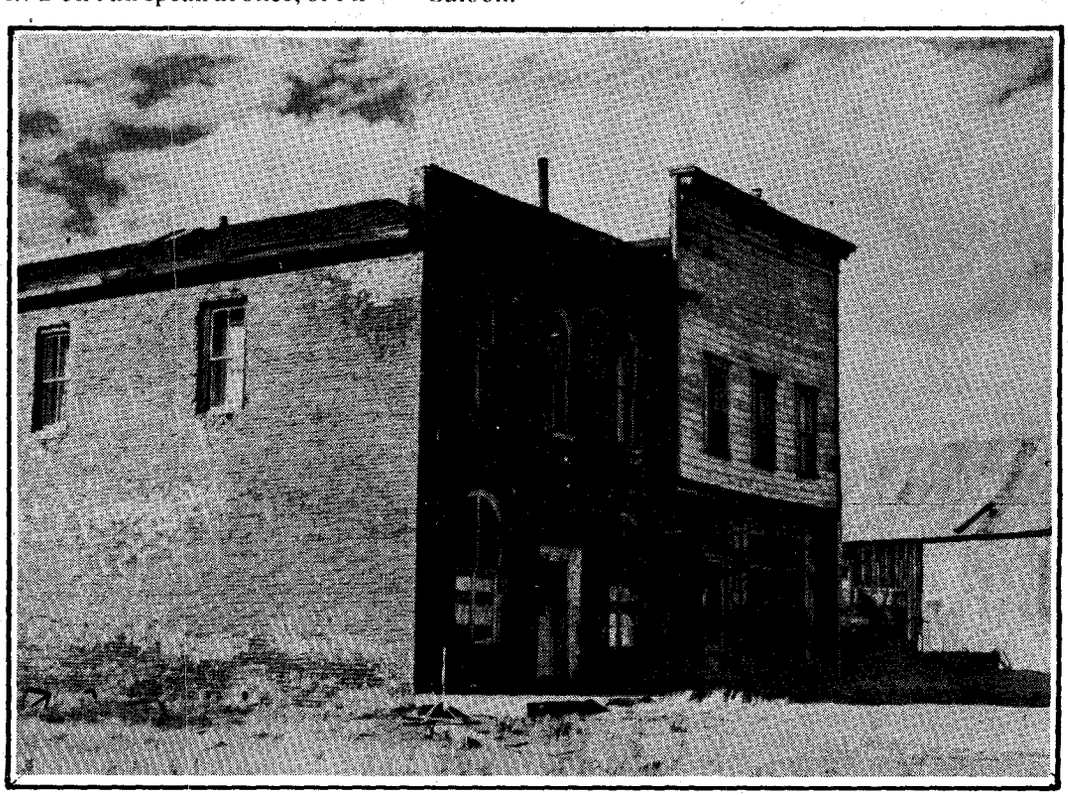
One of the peculiarities of the Bad Man from Bodie is his profanity. A Bad Man from Bodie who never used an oath is as impossible as perpetual motion or an honest election in Nevada. This trait is especially noticeable whenever he kills a man or endeavours to kill one. Whenever you hear of a man from Bodie who did not swear when he "pulled his gun" you may depend upon it that he is base metal, a tenderfoot, a man from Pioche, or Cheyenne, or Leadville. The oath of the Bad Man from Bodie is like the cheerful warning of the rattlesnake . . . His little gun nestles cosily in his right hand coat pocket, the latter generally being lined with velvety buckskin to prevent the hammer from catching and frustrating his purpose of converting his enemies into fully fledged angels. Meeting an eligible candidate for a place in his graveyard he emits his stereotyped oath and blazes away. Sometimes the bad man from Bodie entertains his victim with a short oration before butchering him . . . I have seen him leap upon a billiard table and shout his defiance in the following stirring manner: "Here I am again, a mile wide and all wool.I weigh a ton and when I walk the earth shakes. Give me room and I'll whip an army. I'm a blizzard from Bitter Creek. I can dive deep and come up drier than any man in forty counties. I'm a sand storm mixed with a whirlwind . . . I was born in a powder house and raised in a gun factory. I'm bad from the bottom up and clean grit plumb through—I'm chief of Murdertown, and I'm dry. Whose treat is it? Don't all speak at once, or I'll turn loose and scatter death and destruction full bent for the next election."

The richness of this forbidding region, just over the line from Nevada and north of Mono Lake, was discovered in 1859, the same year as the fabulous Comstock Lode. But some twenty years elapsed before gold production reached its final pinnacle. Meanwhile, the notoriety of the camp spread throughout the western diggin's.

Indeed, so fearsome was its name that when a miner in neighboring Aurora decided to move down the canyon to Bodie in search of better work, his little daughter's tearful prayer at her mother's knee ended with: "Good-by, God. We're going to Bodie!" The impious *Daily Free Press* acknowledged the validity of the sentiment claiming only there was a deliberate typographical error in the reporting. The moppet's quotation should have read, "Good! By God, we're going to Bodie!"

William S. Body (or Bodye or Bodie), "the Dutchman from Poughkeepsie," was one of a party of placer miners who left Monoville and explored the desolate mountains to the east of the Sierras. He found gold in a high hidden valley in 1859, and, of course, in the best mining camp tradition—digging for a wounded rabbit which ran to earth. When supplies began to dwindle, Body started for Monoville with a poke of high grade dust to exchange for the men's winter rations. On the return trip, he and E. S. Taylor were caught in an outsized blizzard, and Body was exhausted. Taylor carried the freezing man as far as he could, then left him wrapped in a blanket while he fought his way through the storm in search of help. When Taylor returned, he was unable to find the spot where Body lay, although he spent an entire day searching for his lost companion.

The body was finally discovered with the thaw of the following spring. It was taken to the camp and buried on top of the hill overlooking the embryo town, which the men immediately christened Bodie in honor of the unfortunate prospector. His skull, refurbished and mounted for the purpose, fascinated customers from a place of honor on the back bar of the Cosmopolitan Saloon.



Cy Martin Photo

Odd Fellows Hall and the Miners' Union Hall in Bodie. The vacant space at the left is probably the site of the first post office.

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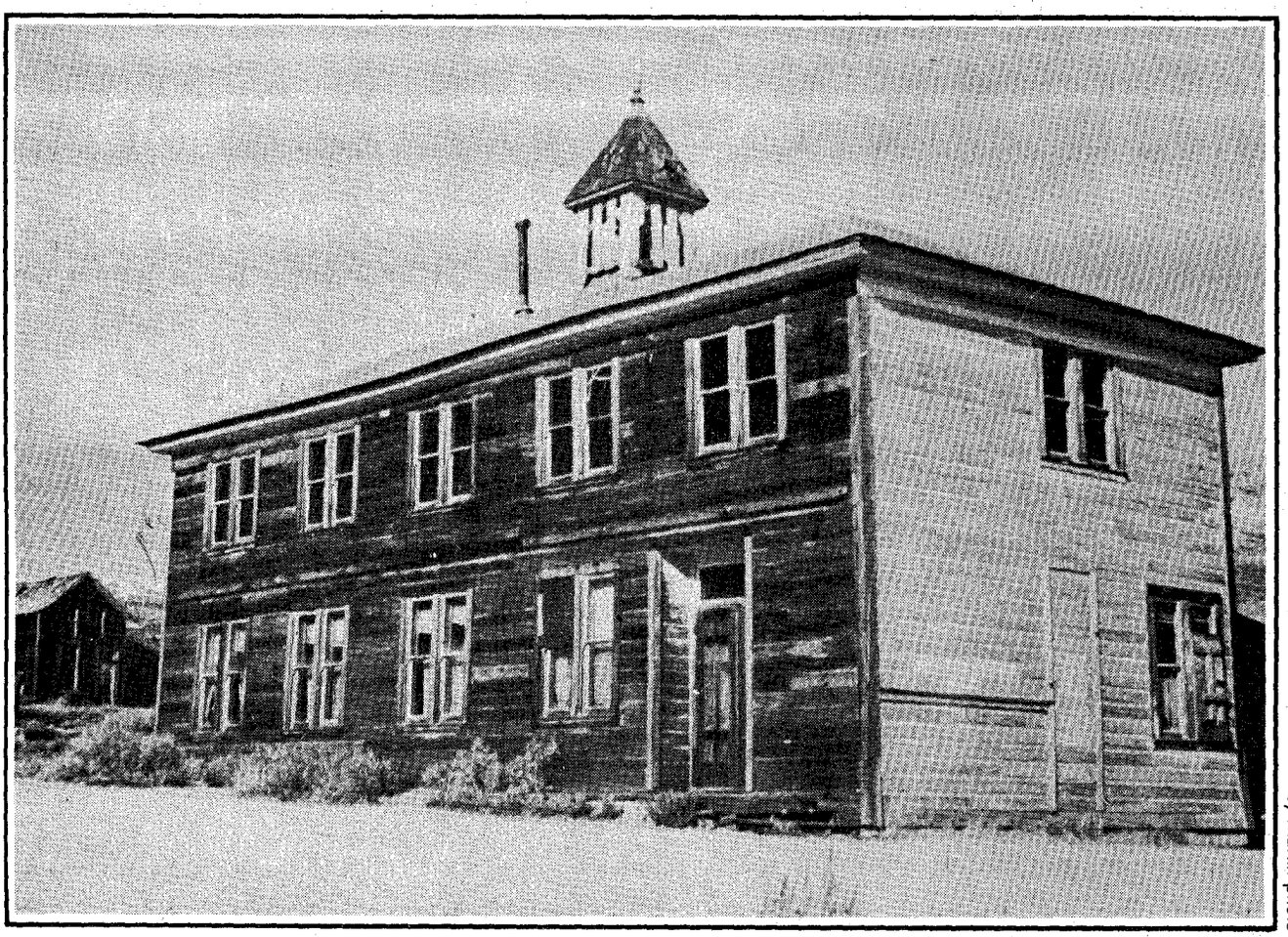

Cy Martin photo

School house at Bodie, California. It was in use until the early 1930's.

Within a year the Bodie Mining District was advertised as "Bigger than the Comstock." The camp drew men of all kinds who swarmed over the mountains and staked claims for miles around. They swelled the population, until sixty saloons and gambling halls and quantities of hastily thrown together hotels and lodging houses were accommodating the sudden influx of humanity. Since the slope above Bodie was treeless, timber for mines, for buildings, and even for fuel was freighted in and sold for outrageous prices.

Colorful as was its reputation, the town itself was only a typical mining settlement of hodge-podge false-front buildings, saloons and dance halls all doing a bang-up hell-raising business. Highlighting the town's entertainment was the arrival of the jerk-line freighters from Carson City, carrying about twenty tons of supplies from the Nevada capital.

The Carson-Bodie fast freight was considered the best mountain route ever established. The teamsters were past masters at jerk-line driving and they guided the twenty-horse teams night and day through the tortuous passes between the two towns. Somewhat like the trucks and trailers of today, the articulated wagon train consisted of a large "lead wagon" and three "back action" wagons to allow for the sharp mountain turns. Every other span of horses in the twenty animal team was harnessed with high wooden hames. From these lanterns were hung to allow for night driving over the mountain and desert roads. The arrival of the fast freight at Bodie was more of an event than any tale of the previous night's shootings. The saloons and other buildings of the town would empty their huge crowds onto the board walks to view the arriving teams.

During the winter of 1877, the mines closed down when blizzards whirled snow around the barren bowl where the town lay and the drifts piled twenty feet deep. As one miner wrote, "There's nothing to do but hang around the saloons, get drunk and fight, or lie out in the snow and die." Yet early in the spring the noise of hammers mingled with the clatter of the mills, and Bodie became a wooden town of 250 buildings, with many small cabins near a multitude of mine shafts. The population increased, first to 13,000 and then to 15,000 and wildcat promoters began to sell stock at 25¢ a share in the "Bodie Mine". For a time the camp was flooded with stock certificates instead of money. But, the tale has a happy ending—unexpectedly large deposits of gold were found in the mine and the once worthless stock jumped to $55.00 a share

By 1879 the camp found its stride and its many streets were solid with buildings. A Miners' Union Hall and an Odd Fellows Hall were built. A church was constructed from funds collected in a single night's soliciting of the many saloons, parlor houses, and gambling dens. Three breweries and a bank established by Mark Hopkins were quickly added to the little city, along with three newspapers. *The Bodie Standard, The Esmeralda Union,* and the *Daily Free Press* reported the wild and colorful life of the raucous camp, whose days were well punctuated with shootings, brawls, and stabbings. It was not unusual to average a shooting or stabbing death per day for weeks on end, and two stage coach robberies in a week was too common to

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deserve much attention.

Bodie soon became known as a "Shooting Town" in which few criminals were ever brought to trial. There were two adjoining cemeteries, one neatly fenced and the other reserved for gamblers, gunmen, and fancy women. But both were well populated with those who died from bad whiskey or poor doctors. Six men died in shooting scrapes within a single week in 1879. Two gunmen, Ed Ryan and Dave Bannon, while roaring drunk got into an argument as to which was the better shot. They staggered out behind the saloon to test their marksmanship. They burned powder against one another at such a close range and with such lightning draw that each shot the other through the heart. A double funeral was held the following day.

There can be no doubt, however, Bodie during the 1878-1881 bonanza was just about as lively, sinful, invigorating, money-drenched, deadly, fascinating, and lawless as any mining town could ever be. As a minister commented, after visiting Bodie in 1881, "It is a sea of sin, lashed by the tempests of lust and passion." It may not have been all that wonderful. But, with a population of 10,000 to 13,000 during the boom years, there were sixty saloons and gold and silver literally poured out the side of Bodie Bluff from thirty or more mine shafts.

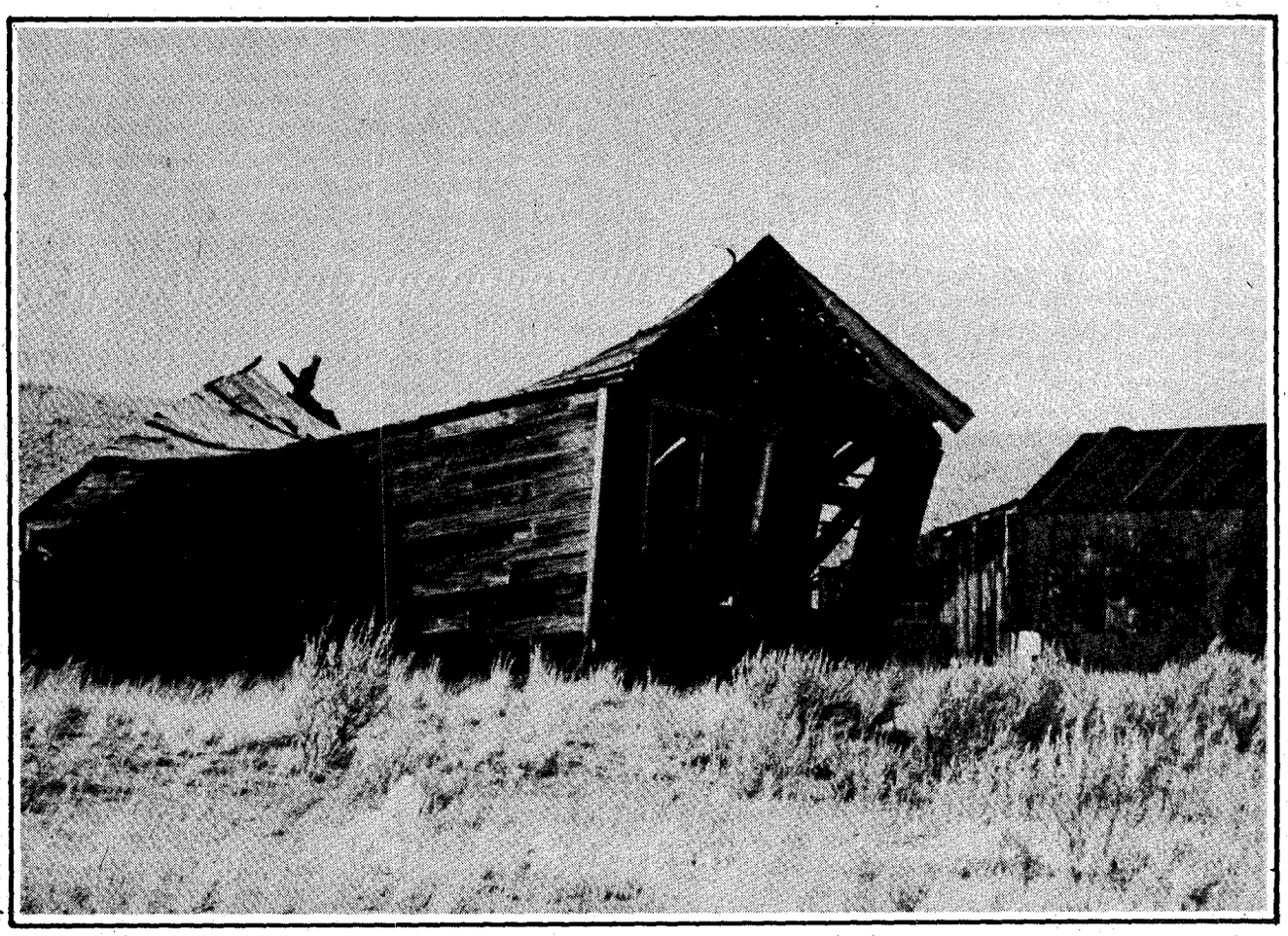
Up the barren canyons to 8,400 foot-high Bodie came the miners, drifters, adventurers, dreamers, and scalliwags who followed the golden riches back and forth across the Sierra Nevada. Some made the trip a dozen times in the thirty years since John Marshal found the first gold nuggets at Coloma in 1848.

Having dined at Stewart's Hotel, the Arlington, the Bodie House, Brown's, the Occidental, Grand Central or Windsor, the off-duty miner was confronted with a bewildering choice of watering places on which to squander his patronage. He had the choice of Wagner's Corner, Parole Saloon, Rifle Club, Cabinet, Senate, Commercial, Champion, Peters, Aldrige's, Gymnasium Hall, Marks' Saloon or the Bonanza. At all of these oases the foaming products of the three local breweries—the Bodie, the Pioneer, and Pat Fahey's—were the favored chasers to a shot of red eye.

The alcoholic juices flowed through everyone's veins. The legendary "Bad Man from Bodie" may not have existed as a single individual, but as a conglomerate "bad man" he most certainly did.

In 1877, the *Sacramento Union,* always fascinated by the news from the Esmeralda mines, reported to its startled readers Bodie was widely known as the scene of "the wildest, maddest years the West has ever known." Naturally Bodie was swollen with a surge of pride and made every effort to justify this ferocious reputation. The local shootings, bludgeonings, stabbings, hackings, horsewhippings, gouging, and other casual mayhem vied for space in the *Daily Free Press* with the almost daily accounts of larceny on a grand scale. There was hardly room for the minor local calamities, such as the death of miners by all manner of cave ins in the pursuit of their regular occupation.

A company of *East Lynne* or *Ten Nights in a Bar Room,* both favorites in the Old West,



Cy Martin Photo

The Solderling Assay Office as it appeared in 1959. It was reported that Solderling went to Germany to learn the cyanide process and became an expert in his field. The building is now gone.

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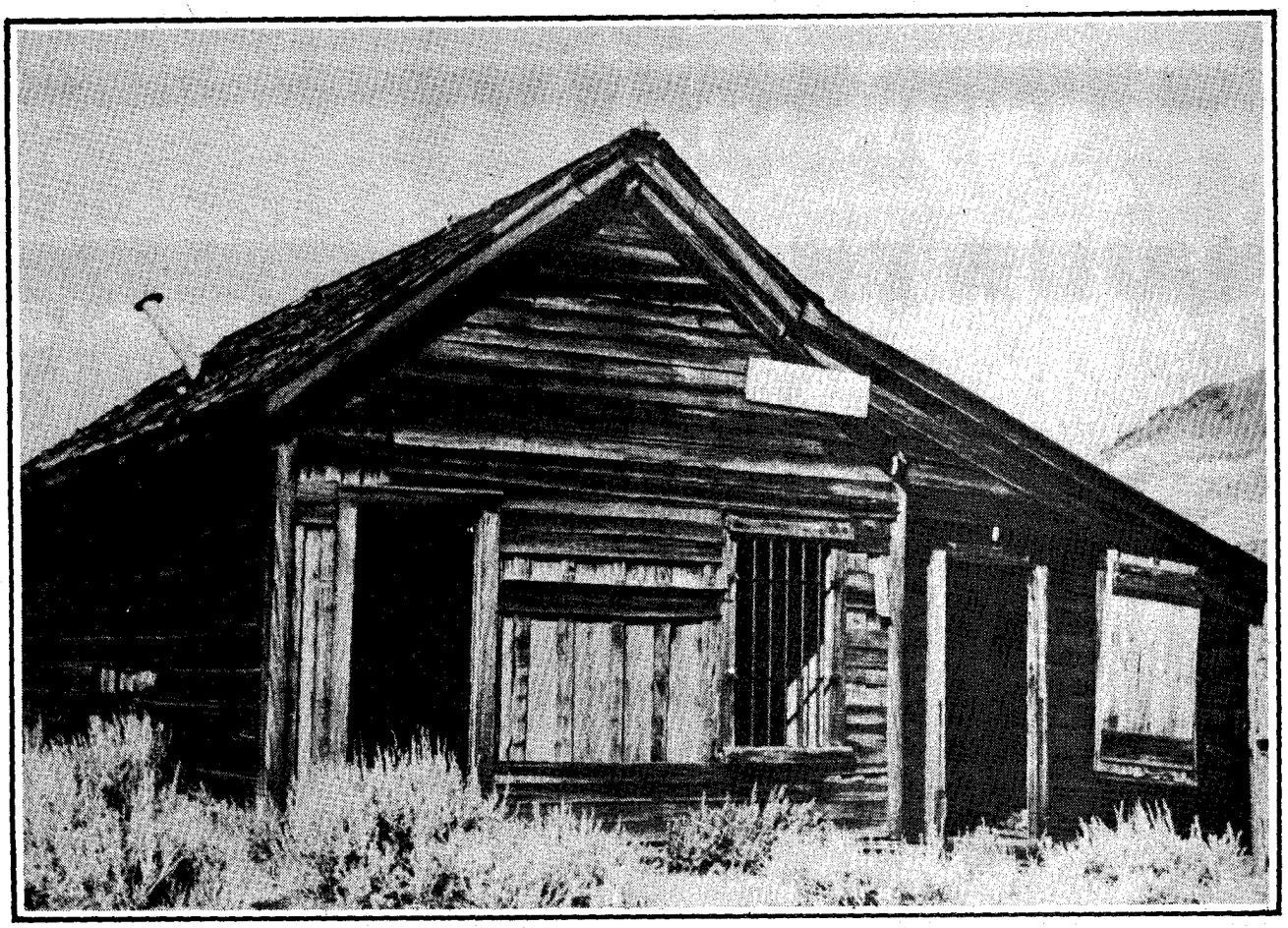

Cy Martin Photo

Jail at Bodie as it appeared in October 1959.

frequently performed at Miner's Union Hall. After the show, when real high life was in order, the reveler could save his final thirst of the evening for one or both of the town's resorts of quality and fashion. These were the Mason Doree Restaurant where the best quail in aspic in the Esmeralda District was served for supper and the Philadelphia Beer Depot, "Opposite to Wells Fargo, the Handsomest Saloon in Bodie and Patronized by all Classes. Sandwiches for Customers at All Hours."

In these golden days there was little or no effective law in Bodie, and there is no record of any of the gun fighters, knife fighters, or stage robbers being caught and more or less being permanently jailed. There was one particularly unpleasant chap who was lynched by the local "601" vigilantes after shooting a man in the back for objecting to his dancing with the man's wife at the 1887 New Year's Eve party. But such frontier justice never happened again in the wide open town.

As a result of this rich background of rompin' and stompin' Bodie was rough and tough and the Bad Man from Bodie took his place in the Western legend along with Pistol Pete, Deadwood Dick, and Wild Bill Hickok. Wells Fargo, shipping large quantities of bullion out of Bodie was very much aware of the Bad Man. "Throw down that box!" was a commonplace roadside conversation.

The gold and silver poured out of the ground, and the Bad Men from Bodie did their level best—or their crooked best—to see it didn't reach the security of the Carson City Mint. Shipments of $25,000 in bullion were common, with at least one shipment of $50,000 in gold—over 1,000 pounds—heading down the narrow canyon to Aurora and points north. *The Bodie Standard* of September 5, 1880 mentions three shootings and two stage robberies so casually we can only assume there was nothing unusual about the particular day's happenings. One group of Bodie Bad Men held up the stage coach into bodie one afternoon, then waited around for the down stage the next morning and robbed it, as well.

Milton Sharp, noted for his charming manners, good looks and cultured speech, made a specialty of single-handed robberies of the stages along the Smith Valley Road from Carson to Bodie and Aurora. In June 1880, he robbed a stage near Wellington and while being hunted for that holdup, broke his rule of working alone for the first time and used a helper.

A Wells Fargo detective tracked him by moonlight to his hideout, and Sharp's man opened fire. The detective returned the fire, killing the man. But Sharp ambushed the officer and wounded him in the arm. In the resulting melee, Sharp caught a nearby stage driver off-guard and made away with the express box of bullion bound for the Carson Mint.

The stories vary, but either the laundry marks on the slain man's clothing, or his carpet bag led the detectives to a San Francisco rooming house where Sharp took his loot. Here Sharp was arrested, taken to Aurora and jailed.

The jailers let him have a small pen knife to carve toys for the town's children. Then on one dark night he used it to dig through the mortar, lifted the bricks out, squeezed quietly and breathlessly through the wall and escaped. Again he was

(continued on page 59)

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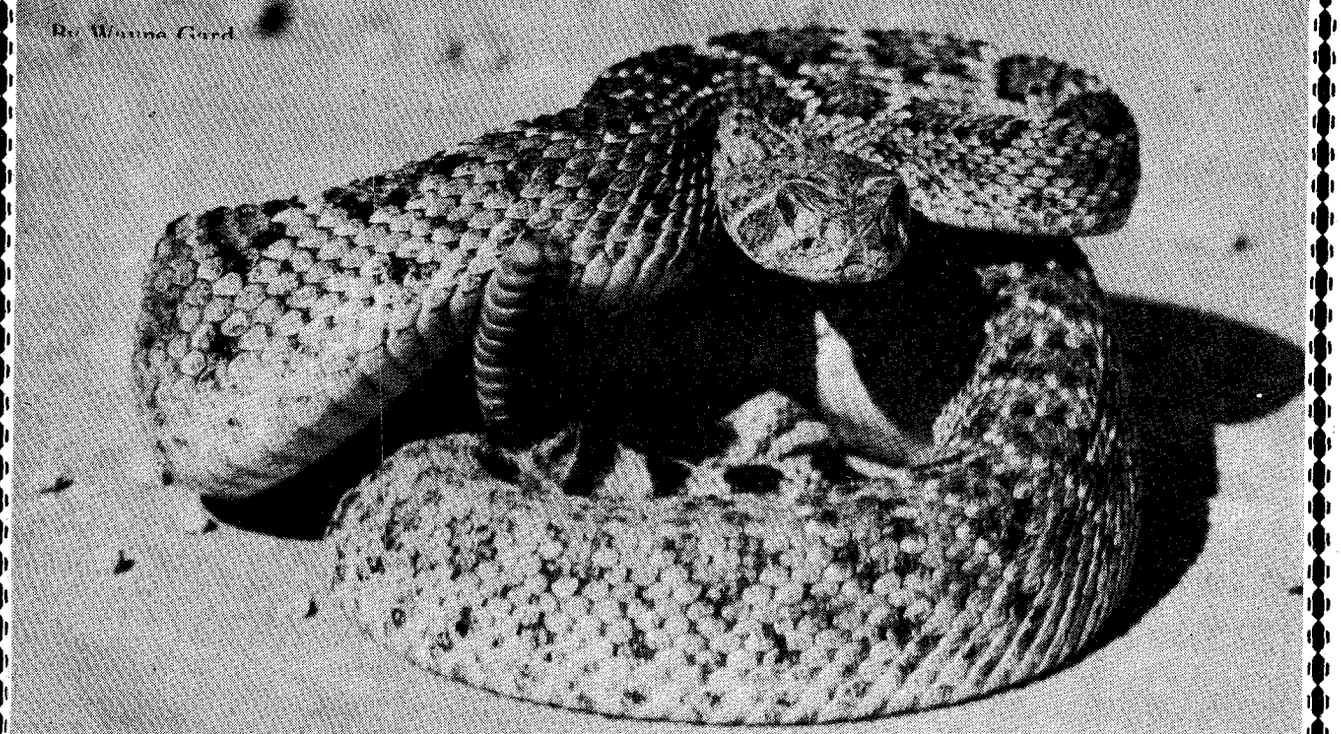
RATTLESNAKE COUNTRY

By Wanna Card



Texas Parks and Wildlife Department

A kingsized rattler coiled ready to strike.

Down in Texas where they do everything bigger and better than most other places, they grow more and bigger rattlesnakes and when they organize a snake hunt they bring in the killer snakes by the thousand!

In many parts of the Southwest capturing live rattlesnakes has become one of the fastest-growing outdoor sports. All a fellow needs is a forked stick, a gunny sack, a little nerve, and someone to guide him to a rattlesnake den. Even though he may catch no reptiles himself, he will gain increased respect for the country boy who thinks little of bringing in a dozen angry rattlers before breakfast.

At some Army camps soldiers have taken up snake hunting. At Albany, Texas, the USO gave a thrill to men from Camp Barkeley and Stamford Flying School by taking them to two snake dens, where, with eight-foot forceps, they pulled out forty rattling, writhing coils of poison. This party included servicemen from Idaho, Illinois, Ohio, and New York, all of whom brought in diamond-back trophies.

A similar one-day hunt, led by Mr. and Mrs. Mose Dameron of South Plains, netted thirty-five dead rattlesnakes and fifteen live ones. This excursion ended only when a skunk was chased out of a snake den.

Although hunts are held at all times of year, the favorite season is early spring, when the rattlers have just come out of their winter hibernation and are still sluggish. In midwinter they usually have to be blasted from their dens. Roadbuilders in rocky country often uncover them in large numbers. Near Childress, Texas, a steam shovel working on a railroad tunnel scooped up 150 in a single dip. It was hard to say which were the more scared—the workmen or the snakes.

Either for fun or for profit, many a rural Texan likes to carry a sack and a sturdy stick as he wanders across the prairies and to bring back a bag of reptiles. At eighty the late G. A. Holland of Weatherford, a retired banker, took up rattlesnake-catching as a hobby and began to comb the rocky ledges and mesquite thickets within fifteen miles of his home. In two years he captured more than six hundred rattlers alive. Once he tossed four choice diamond-backs in the back of his car and drove three thousand miles to Washington to present them to that city's zoo.

At Breckenridge an oil-field worker, P. C. Walker,

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achieved the Stephens County championship by catching more than three thousand rattlers in a single season. He took up snake-catching as a pastime and soon was in demand by farmers and ranchmen who wanted their snake dens cleaned out to protect their livestock. After locating a den, usually in a pile or bed of rocks, Walker would open it with either dynamite or a pick and shovel. Then he would drag out the snakes with a long hook and put them in cans. Usually there were seventy to ninety rattlers to the den, but once he took out 277.

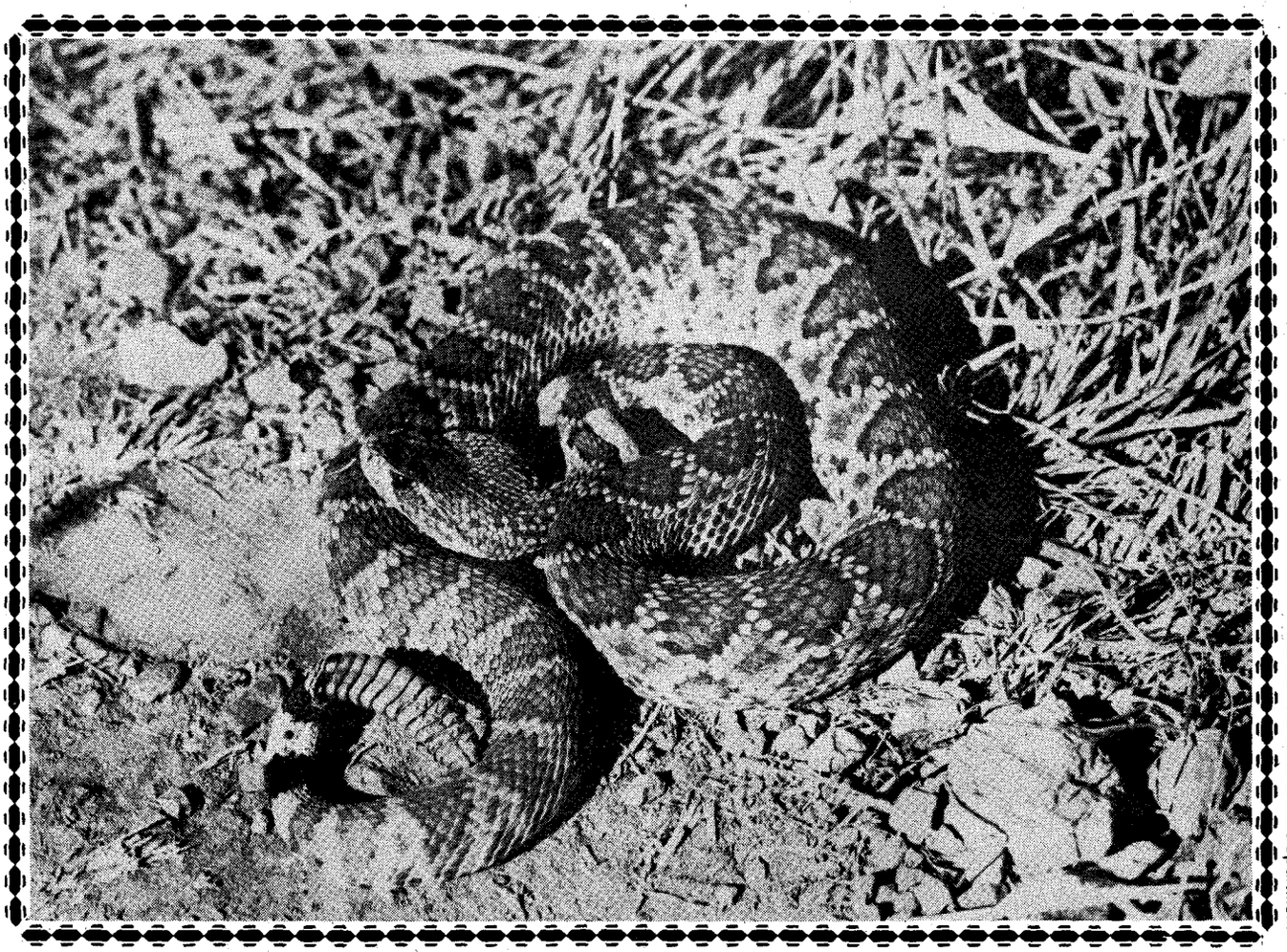
Out in the rugged country along the Pease River, Gus Byrd of Matador, Texas, led a hunt that did away with more than a hundred rattlers that had been destroying quail and other game birds. The conservationists used clip rods made of four-foot lengths of pipe, each strung with a small, strong wire with a dangling noose at the end opposite the catcher. After throwing the loop over the snake's head, the hunter would give a quick jerk at the other end to guillotine the reptile. On this hunt, mirrors were used to throw sunlight into caves and other hiding places of the rattlers. In addition to the snakes killed, twenty-five big ones were captured by Bob Robertson, a gas-station operator, for exhibition.

Sometimes a Texan doesn't have to go far from home to find a rattler. At Quanah, Clarence Dunn went into the kitchen of a down-town cafe to get some scraps for his hound. There he heard a buzzing that soon led to the meat-cleaver decapitation of a rattler. At Electra, two counties distant, Jack Ray, a carpenter, crawled under a house to inspect the foundation. When he turned on his flashlight, he saw, a few inches from his face, a rattler coiled and ready to strike. Frightened, he grabbed the snake just back of the head and crawled out. With the reptile already almost choked to death, he completed the job with his pocket knife.

In Texas and Oklahoma some of the local hunts to capture live rattlesnakes grew into community enterprises, a few of which began to draw hunters from over the country and even from foreign lands. Annual hunts began to be sponsored by such organizations as the Waynoka (Oklahoma) Saddle Club, the Texan Herpetological Society, the Caprock Peace Officers Association, the Irish Snake Hunters Association at Breckenridge, the Parker County Sportsman's Club at Weatherford, and the Clay County Rattlensake Association at Nocona.

One of the larger Texas events is the Brown County Rattlesnake Roundup at Brownwood, sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. It now draws several thousand spectators, serves rattler meat, and crowns a Rattlesnake Queen. Besides prizes for the most snakes caught and the largest one measured, it offers a prize for the pair who can sack ten rattlers in the shortest time. In 1971 this award went to Warren Clay and his daughter, Sandra McNeill, of Lingletown, Pennsylvania, whose time was 47.2 seconds.

The largest of the Texas rattler roundups is the three-day one at Sweetwater, started in 1959. Sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, it draws up to five hundred hunters and several times that many observers. The hunters scatter out over ranches in two counties and capture two to five thousand snakes in three days.



Texas Parks and Wildlife Department

A Texas rattler sunning himself.

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The Sweetwater roundup was started at the request of ranchmen who were losing calves, lambs, and dogs to the rattlers. It serves rattlesnake dinners at low prices and crowns Miss Rattlesnake Charmer. Hunters at Sweetwater are not allowed to use firearms. Some carry only a forked stick and a burlap bag. Others have an aluminum rod with a grab at one end, operated by pressure handle at the other end, the box of plexiglass and screen wire for carrying the snakes.

To rout the rattlers from their dens, the hunters use a pressure gasoline tank and various lengths of copper tubing. When the gasoline fumes permeate the dens, the reptiles begin to slither out, usually in large numbers.

Even bigger than the Sweetwater hunt is the older one at Okeene, Oklahoma. It was started in 1939, after nearby farmers complained of the infestation of snakes, but skipped four years—1942-45—because of World War II. It is sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the International Association of Rattlesnake Hunters. It attracts two thousand or more hunters and a throng of spectators. It awards the usual prizes, serves a banquet of rattlesnake meat, and crowns Miss Snake Charmer. Anyone bitten by a rattler during the roundup is initiated into the Order of the White Fang.

What happens to the several thousand rattlers captured each year in the big hunts? Some are given or sold to city zoos or commercial snake pits. Others are used for extracting venom for medical use or are eaten and have their skins used as hat bands or belts. Most of the belts are worn as novelties, although some rustics believe they will ward off rheumatism or other ailments. Snake rattles are in demand as souvenirs. Nelson Bassham donated 736 of them to servicemen in the hospital at Camp Barkeley.

Usually there is a ready market for live rattlers in San Antonio. Many of the snakes are exhibited in the Witte Museum reptile garden; and hundreds of others are served in Sunday snake feasts, when rattlesnake-burgers are prepared over a campfire and consumed by eager visitors.

Transportation difficulties have not kept the snake-catchers from bringing their wares to San Antonio. One man from southern Texas, depositing at the reptile garden a suitcase containing thirty-five rattlers, said he would have brought them in his car but couldn't make it on four gallons of—then rationed gasoline. "I got them to the bus station the first time," he continued, "but rattled so much I had to go back home and wrap their tails in cotton, I put 'em in a suitcase, and nobody knew but that it was a parcel of clothes."

The biggest demand for live rattlers comes from those who extract their venom for medical use. Military needs have greatly increased this demand, since the venom is used not only in making antivenom for snakebites but also in treating asthma, chorea, arthritis, epilepsy, excessive bleeding, and even cancer. Catchers receive several dollars per snake, depending on the size. If the reptiles are plentiful, each is milked only once and then killed. Otherwise they are milked every fortnight, each extraction yielding from a few drops to a teaspoonful of poison. A regularly milked snake usually dies within six months because its mouth is delicate and is easily damaged in the milking process. The venom is dehydrated into yellow crystals, the fluid from 120 to 130 rattlers being needed for one ounce of crystals. Then the crystals are mixed with distilled water and shipped to medical centers in every continent.

In addition to snake hunts, several Texas communities have tried holding rattlesnake races. McCamey held its first rattlesnake derby on a football field in 1936 and had at least two others in later years. The reptiles were placed in a special starting box, which was wired for electricity. When a charge was turned on, the snakes scooted out of the box. The box was surrounded with wire wickets, and the first rattler to go through his wicket was declared the winner.

P. C. Walker of Breckenridge devised several other types of rattlesnake racing. In one, a toy balloon with the name of a sponsor was tied to each snake for identification so that its progress could be followed easily. In another, the snakes were hitched to miniature sulky carts and put in competition at several county fairs. In a third, the snakes were poured into the middle of a roped circle; and the first to reach the outside edge was the winner. But rattler races have not proved popular, probably because snakes are not consciously competitive.

Texans have not followed the example of some Kentucky hill people in carrying rattlers to church to prove their faith, nor are there Indians at hand to bring in hundreds of serpents for ceremonial rain dances as in New Mexico and Arizona. But the ranchmen do like to tell rattlesnake stories as they recline about their campfires, and the newcomer is likely to hear tales that will raise his hair and tax his credulity.

The less pleasant stories tell about the Indians' use of rattlers in torturing their prisoners, of the homesteader who made the mistake of building his fireplace over a rattler den and found his cabin ankle-deep with snakes, and of the hunters who crawled into a cave at night to escape a storm and awoke in the morning to find themselves covered with rattlers that relished their warmth but that slithered out after the sun rose.

Many of the better known anecdotes some of which have gone far beyond the borders of Texas—have to do with the winter dormancy of snakes. One tells of a Mexican who gathered sticks for his breakfast fire but soon noticed some of the supposed sticks crawling away. Then there were the ranch hands who, in winter fence-building, picked up a lot of crooked sticks for posts, only to find in the spring that the posts thawed out and crawled off with several miles of barbed wire. Similar was the experience of the cattleman who, while camping out, swung his hammock between two trees; in the night he was wakened by a strange jerking and discovered that, in the dusk, he had used chilled rattlers instead of ropes.

Anyone inclined to doubt the strength of the rattlesnakes's venom is likely to be cited the experience of Charly Wiley of Sterling City, Texas. "Some people say rattlers ain't pizen," said Charley, "but I know different. One time I was hauling cordwood out of a bottom on Big Willer when my right horse reared up and jumped across the tongue. I looked down and seen what had happened. A big rattlesnake had struck at this horse and had sunk his fangs into my wagon tongue instead. In less'n a minute that wagon tongue started swelling. Had to chop it off to save the wagon. I was might quick in

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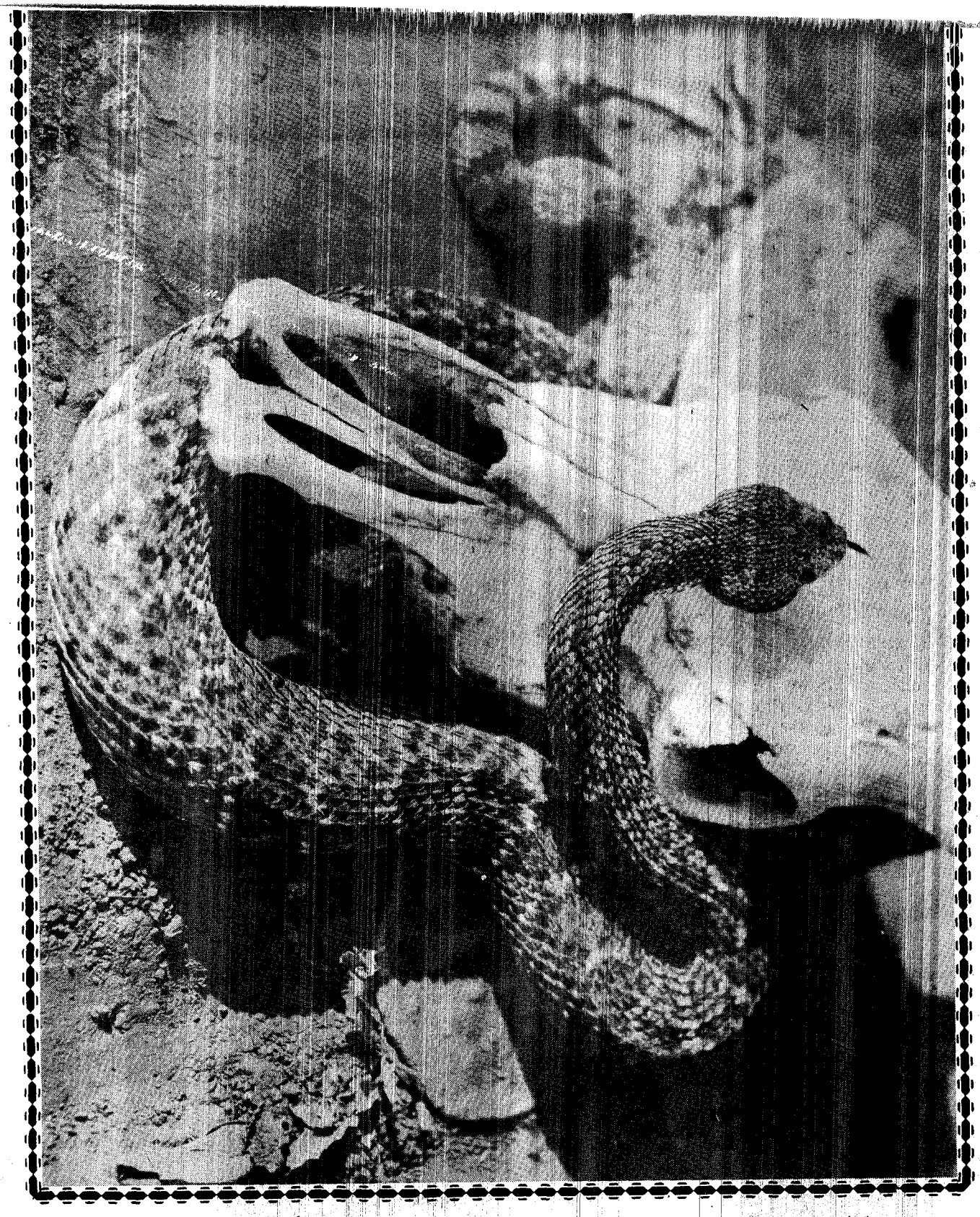

Texas Highway Department

Rattlesnakes are hunted in many areas of the southwest with prizes given to individuals who catch the most. The photo of the rattlesnake above was taken near Laredo, Texas.

doin' it, too, I can tell you."

Other folk tales recall snakes that kept time to music with their rattles or guarded chicken coops or gold hordes from marauders. One ranchman told of a rattler that became his pet after he had saved its life when he found it pinned under a stone. This snake regularly slept under his bed and later repaid his kindness. On this occasion the man was wakened in the middle of the night by the screams of a thief the snake had caught. The diamond-back had wrapped itself about the intruder's ankle and a leg of the table and had pushed its tail through the keyhole to rattle for the sheriff.

Some Texans also retell the story with which Chester McCarty of Portland, Oregon, won first prize in the liar's division of the Izaak Walton League. He was fishing in the De Sautes River, he said, but luck was bad and he had tried many

(continued on page 75)

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Zane Grey near his lodge under the Tonto Rim in Tonto Basin early in the 1920's.

Photo supplied by the author

It was a long way from the dentist's office on West 74th Street in New York City to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon in Colorado but the young dentist made the trip and it started him on his fabulous writing career.

ZANE GREY MAN OF THE WEST

By G.M. Farley

It was evening when the two riders trotted their tired horses down the long sage slope. More than two dozen horses moved before them and entered the coral at the foot of the hill. The foremost of the two, a tall shaggy headed man with white beard, dismounted to close the corral gate. The second rider, a younger man, slim and clad in newly purchased western clothing, dismounted and was just stepping away from his horse when a deep, fierce imprecation caused him to turn.

To his surprise he saw his friend standing with gun in hand, his flaming eyes directed to a rock house nearby. At the edge of the house stood a tall man, rifle held low, head erect, a look of intense fury on his face. He thrust the rifle forward.

The men were bitter enemies, and death suddenly threatened the quiet of the peaceful valley. The man with the rifle had previously accused the other of rustling cattle. The charge was false, and hatred, intense and deep, burned between them. The young man stared in horror as the two men continued to face each other. He was fully aware that the slightest word or move from either man could cause the other to fire. Then suddenly the young man leaped between the threatening guns.

That young man was Zane Grey, and this was his first taste of the life he would soon make famous in his more than six score books about the West.

This was Zane Grey's first trip into the heart of the West, and this trip was to change his life. This year was 1907. The aspiring young writer had already published *Betty Zane*, *The Spirit of the Border*, and several articles, none of which had brought him any semblance of fame or fortune. Then through a friend, Alvah James, he was

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introduced to the famous Colonel Charles J. "Buffalo" Jones. Jones took Zane Grey into Buckskin Forest on the north rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It was on this trip that the hopeful writer learned the ways of the West, met men who would influence his entire life and who became the prototypes for the characters he later used in his books. It was on this trip that he first heard camp-fire stories that later led him into various parts of Arizona in search of material to write about. Although the young man did not realize it at the time this trip would change him to the extent that he would one day become the most famous Western writer in the world.

Zane Grey was born Pearl Zane Grey January 31, 1872 in Zanesville, Ohio. The house in which he was born still stands at 705 Convers Avenue in the section of Zanesville once known as the Terrace.

There has been a mix-up as to the correct date of Zane Grey's birth. For years biographical sketches and "Who's Who in America," listed the year as 1875. There are no records of Zane Grey's birth at Zanesville, but there is a record of Romer C. Grey's birth in 1875. Zane was three years older than his brother R. C. How this error came about is still uncertain, but as late as 1971 a Zane Grey book was published with the incorrect date.

If Zane's own story, as well as that of childhood friends, is to be accepted, he was everything but a model child. Because of his capricious escapades he earned the sobriquet of "The Terror of the Terrace." He organized his own group of loyal if rowdy followers.

It was not altogether uncommon for the band to go on sprees of smashing windows, breaking into vacant houses, raiding melon patches, destroying flower beds, and robbing hen houses. In milder moods they merely skipped school and went hunting or fishing.

Of his earlier childhood Zane Grey later wrote: "At that precocious period I used to run off from home, hide in the woods, throw away my clothes and make believe I was a savage. In strict truth I have been yearning to do that ever since."

School was never easy for the young man. He preferred to read the sensational thrillers of that day, "Beadle's Dime Novels," or to dream of open fields, green forests, and streams filled with black bass and trout. In a homemade cave behind his home Zane Grey, who at that period was still called Pearl, made his first attempt at becoming an author. There he wrote his first story, *Jim of the Cave*. As remuneration for this first effort, the manuscript was consigned to the flames, and he received a severe thrashing with a strip of carpet from an irate father. The whipping was not so much for writing the story as the discovery of the cave filled with stolen kitchen utensils and other items secretly "appropriated" from the house. It was several years before Pearl Grey wrote another story.

Photo supplied by the author

Zane Grey in Monument Valley, northern Arizona, Scene for several of his novels including "Riders of the Purple Sage" and "Wildfire".

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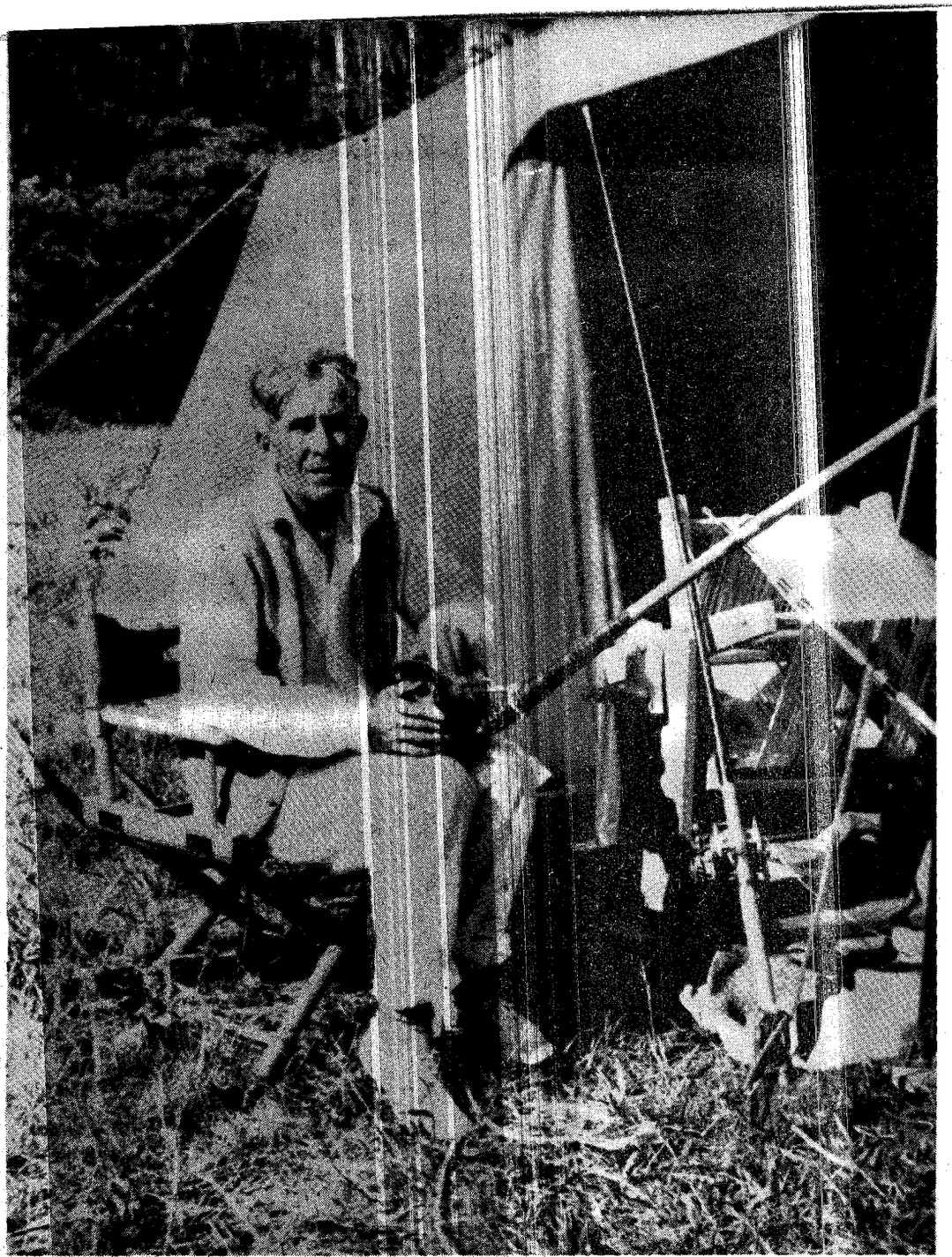

In addition to being a Westerner, Zane Grey was a foremost deep sea fisherman. Here, in New Zealand, he has just put a new line on his reel. At one time he held all the big-game fishing records.

Photo supplied by the author

Having been discouraged as a writer the Terror of the Terrace turned to baseball. His prowess on the diamond won him a scholarship to the University of Pennsylvania where he studied dentistry at his father's insistence. The elder Grey had been a farmer, hunter, preacher, and finally a dentist. He wanted his son to follow in his footsteps.

Young Grey did not like the lecture rooms and laboratories. He shirked classes; but at the same time he was a star player on the varsity baseball team. He was a dreamer, and the classes were difficult for him. In spite of his aversion to studies he achieved a degree in dentistry in 1896. He opened his practice in New York City at 117 West 21st Street about mid-1899. In 1900 he moved his office to 100 West 74th Street where he remained until 1905.

Zane Grey loved the outdoors and whenever possible would escape the city to pursue what would later become a passion, his love for fishing. Somehow he learned of the fishing qualities of the Delaware River which forms part of the border between New York and Pennsylvania. Zane Grey and R. C. fished this river at every opportunity. In 1900 while fishing along the banks of the river they became aquainted with a group of girls. One of the girls caught Zane's fancy. Her name was Lina Elise Roth whom Zane always called "Dolly." There followed a five year courtship during which time Zane continued to extract teeth. His life was changed in 1902 when an editor asked him to write a fishing story which he had heard Grey relate. This story appeared in *Recreation* magazine May, 1902 under the title *A Day on the Delaware.* He received ten dollars for the story.

Following this taste of literary success, Grey decided to write a book. He chose for his subject the story of his great-great aunt Betty Zane of Fort Henry fame. She was the sister of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, founder of Wheeling, W. Va., who was Zane Grey's great grandfather.

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TOM HORN

(continued from page 16)

The major indian wars were over, the big and bloody campaigns against the Plains Tribes had become a part of our American heritage. So Sieber took the young Tom Horn to the San Carlos reservation and asked Chief Pedro to give him a taste of tribal life. The Chief liked the boy and adopted him into the tribe and Tom became a true Indian. He learned the difficult Apache language which depends almost as much on hand and shoulder movement and stress and feeling as on the spoken word for meaning. He was named Talking Boy and learned to think like an Apache. The lack of value of life and the depth of savagery that was part of the stoical Apache philosophy, added to the tough willfulness that he had acquired as a drifter, became built into Tom's character. He also learned to move on moccasined feet swiftly and without sound, to merge with brush and earth when stalking, and to get greater distance and speed from a pony than any white man could. In short, he became a white Apache, and the knowledge he gained on the reservation he would use to his profit later.

Meanwhile Geronimo was raiding the southwest, leading his braves up from Mexico to strike and then fading across the border again with their plunder. Al Sieber came for Tom then, and young Horn became a contract scout for the U.S. Army. He it was who acted as an interpreter when Geronimo asked for meetings. The name Tom Horn became known and was to be reckoned with in frontier circles, for he was living a life of hard survival of the fittest in a tough and deadly area, during a reckless, dangerous era in the West.

Working as a team with Sieber and a one-eyed, Mexican halfbreed, Mickey Free, the scouts, who could think like Apaches, helped the troops to harass and bottle up Geronimo and his braves. It was during this time, while an Apache attack was going on, that Tom killed his first man, an Apache. He killed several of them that day, some of them had been his blood brothers on the San Carlos reservation. The killings bothered him not a whit. Later he said that it was no different from a turkey shoot. But he did feel the deadly power of the gun, and the feeling of high exaltation that came with knowing that he held life or death for another human being in his trigger finger, could, in effect, play God, never left him.

As a U.S. Army scout he was officially cited for bravery several times and was recommended for a medal by General Wilcox when he talked Geronimo into surrendering and leading his braves peacefully back to the reservation. Geronimo didn't stay cooped up in the reservation, however and, when Al Sieber retired Tom Horn replaced him as Chief of Scouts under General Woods and General Miles in the Geronimo wars. Then, when Geronimo came to heel finally and was sent to Florida and the wars were over, Tom Horn, at the age of 26, found himself out of a job.

Again he drifted, to become a cowboy, a top hand with the Chiricuahua Cattle Company and a rodeo rider in his spare time. But he was restless, bored... his gun was idle and nothing, in Tom's mind, could bring him the excitement and exhilaration of pitting his gun against another's. He killed a Mexican Army officer during a "Fandango" in a Mexican border town, and high-tailed it to sign on later as a Deputy Sheriff. He drifted from one deputy job to another, whenever crime festered and there was a chance for gun action. He needed the excitement of man work. His apache training made him a great trailer and hunter of men in the desert and the badlands. As a man hunter he acquired the reputation of being fast with a gun. Where other lawmen brought in the criminals they went after, handcuffed and alive to stand trial, Tom brought them in "dead-meat" over their saddles. He loved the danger of stalking other men and used any excuse he could think of to turn an arrest into a gunfight and killing. He always used his .30-.30 Winchester, never a hand gun, and he added a pair of binoculars to his "war bag", giving his hawklike eyes even greater range. He carried moccasins and wore them when stalking and his Indian patience on the trail was legend.

Tom's prowess as a lawman got him assigned to the Pinkerton National Detective Agency and his capture of the dangerous and infamous train robbers, Burt Curtis and Peg-Leg Watson after 43 days of relentless trailing over the Sangre de Cristo Range, into New Mexico, became legend in the annals of this famous detective agency. He worked for the Agency for over four years but was finally discharged in 1894 for using his rifle too much and without valid excuse. Horn became a cowboy again working for the huge Swan Land and Cattle Company in Wyoming.

Again the stream of his life was to change. In the bunkhouse the men were uneasy, sensing the strange currents that seethed in the 34 year old drifter. When he was on one of his monumental drunks after payday, he was a good man to keep away from. The feeling of the men came to the attention of John Clay, the Swan Company's general manager. Clay had heard the name Tom Horn and dug back into the history of the man, then made Tom a proposition after he had cleared the way with the Wyoming Stockgrowers Association.

Clay called Tom Horn into his office and over a pair of drinks offered him a new job. "You're the perfect man to fill this job. A stock detective has to know scouting and be a fine tracker, read signs an' gather evidence, be handy with a gun, know cattle and have background of law enforcement. You fit the picture like a glove an' you'll be paid twice as much as you get now. How about it?"

Tom took the job because he would be pitting himself against men again and feeling the excitement and danger of the hunter. This was the sunset era of the big cattlemen, each company claiming huge chunks of land. But smaller ranchers, new settlers, nesters and farmers were beginning to move in and they preyed off the big herds, for meat, hides, to build up their own spreads, or to kill and sell beef. All the skills he had acquired during his amazing life Tom used. And he brought in cattle rustlers and handed over solid evidence of their criminal activities. Then he stood by in absolute amazement as the law threw his evidence out of the court and released the culprits who immediately went back to their occupations of cattle rustling.

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Sketched by the author

Tall, dark, athletic, moving with the silence and grace of an Indian, Tom Horn rode the Wyoming prairie as a stockman's detective, his 30-30 Winchester rifle always ready, putting the fear of God and the Stockman's Association into the hearts of all rustlers. In his own time he became a legend, a myth of quick and sudden death.

What Tom Horn didn't realize was that the West was changing and that the golden years for the big beef barons were declining. After the Civil War the Texas cattlemen had moved north to Wyoming and formed giant spreads, 43 of these huge ranches forming the

(continued on page 62)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. What did (and does) a typical Indian look like? What were his physical characteristics? V. Manthorne, Bloomington, Ind.

A. Tribal characteristics varied, but we will take the Sioux as typical, since they are the ones who most frequently come to mind whenever the name "Indian" is mentioned and are the ones usually depicted in paintings, drawings, sculpture, etc. The historic Sioux had an average height of over five feet seven inches, though many were less than five feet six, and some few were over six feet. Their frame was what one would call lanky rather than heavy and upon reaching middle age many were inclined to develop a paunch. The women were a little shorter than the men, and were inclined to be willowy when young, but upon reaching maturity, due to their height, appeared broad and heavy set. The Sioux height was due in large measure to the extreme length of their legs. Pigment types varied: there were dark and light but most had blue-black hair, deep brown eyes, reddish-brown skin and a generally large physique.

Q. I say that the Indians had intoxicating beverages long before the white man introduced them to whisky. Am I right? M. Herlihy, Ottumwa, Iowa.

A. You are right. The Indians of Mexico and the American Southwest made fermented liquors from maguey, nopal, mesquite beans, native grapes and other fruits, honey, pine bark, manzanita berries and saguaro fruit. Apaches and other tribes fermented corn to make "tizwin." Two Mexican Indian drinks remain popular today: pulque and tequila. Peter Collinson, an eary observer, wrote in a letter in 1768 that Indians of Virginia and "other Nations to the eastward" had no intoxicating liquors "but when we come to Florida and all on to the westward and southward they fermented corn and sweet potatoes and other things."

Q. From my readings I know that the cowboy had a picturesque language all his own. Has a book ever been published on the subject? F.X. Corr, Tulsa, Okla.

A. Yes, indeed: COWBOY SLANG, by Edgar R. Potter, published 1971 by Hangman Press (Superior Publishing Co.), Seattle, Washington. Some typical excerpts: BRAVE: As gritty as eggs rolled in sand. He knows how to die standing up. More guts than you could hang on a fence. COWARD: All purple and no guts. As yeller as mustard without the bite. Harmless as a pet rabbit.

Q. You mentioned Black Bart in a previous column but neglected to give his real name. What was it? J. Devereaux, Grand Island, Neb.

A. I'm sorry; I thought I did. It was Charles E. Bolton.

Q. What can you tell me about the old mining town, Panamint, California? O. Brandt, Minot, N. Dakota.

A. Briefly, it was located near the western wall of Death Valley in the Mohave Desert, founded in 1873, never produced much silver, lasted about three years, never had a population of more than 2,000, was lawless as any of them, and is now a ghost town.

Q. You covered many Western movie stars in your columns but never mentioned my favorite, Randolph Scott. How about that? L. Blakely, Greeley, Col.

A. No one asked about him until now. Scott was born Randolph Crane in Orange City, Va., on Jan. 23, 1903 and attended the universities of Virginia, Georgia Tech and North Carolina and was an administrative engineer. Came West for his health. Roomed with Archibald Leach (Cary Grant) in the lean days of looking for movie work. Made a myraid of movies. Westerns in the preponderance.

Q. You've made some tantalizing references to the Donner Party. Could you give more specifics? B. Bollings, Bowling Green, Kentucky.

A. They were a party of comparatively well-to-do emigrants bound for California. They left Springfield, Illinois in the summer of 1846 and followed the Oregon Trail to what is now Utah; then, unfortunately, they headed for the Sacramento Valley by an unfamiliar route - unfamiliar to them, that is. When they reached Truckee Lake in the Sierras, early and unexpected snows caught them and they were actually marooned for the winter. (According to existing diary, the snow was seven to eight feet deep.) Food soon gave out and half the party survived by eating the flesh of the other half that had died. Donner Pass is named for them.

Q. I recently read a reference to an extraordinary operation performed on Jim Bridger, the Mountain Man. What was it? D. Teehan, Roswell, N.M.

A. It wasn't too extraordinary, judged by the times. Bridger was with a caravan of the American Fur Company, bound for Oregon. Accompanying them were a party of Presbyterian missionaries, one of whom, Rev. Marcus Whitman, was also a physician. At one extended stop Bridger asked Rev. Whitman to remove from his body an arrow, three inches long, which he had received from the Blackfeet three years before. The operation was difficult because the arrow was hooked at the point by striking a large bone and a cartilaginous substance had grown around it, making it that much more secure. In a day without anesthetics (except copious draughts of liquor) it must have been a long and painful episode for Bridger. Much digging and probing and blood.

Q. What were John Brown's last words? J. Barry Grand Island, Neb.

A. John Brown, the fanatic abolitionist, was hanged December 2, 1859 at Charlestown, Virginia. When upon the scaffold he was asked if he wanted to hold a handkerchief to drop which would signal that he was ready he replied, "No, I don't care; I don't want you to keep me waiting unnecessarily." Those were his last words. He died apparently unafraid.

Q. Who was the first white man to see the buffalo? Q. Hawne, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

A. Really, we don't know, what with the Viking and early Irish claims of being here before Columbus. However, the first written account of seeing buffalo comes from Coronado, the Spaniard who, at the time was governor of one of the northern districts of Mexico. He went on an expedition to discover the fabled "seven cities of Cibola" and probably got as far as central Kansas. There he saw buffalo, or, "cows", as he called them. Here is an extract: "And I found such a quantity of cows. . . of the kind that I wrote Your Majesty about, which they have in this country, that it is impossible to number them, for while I was journeying through these plains, until I returned to where I first found them, there was not a day that I lost sight of them."

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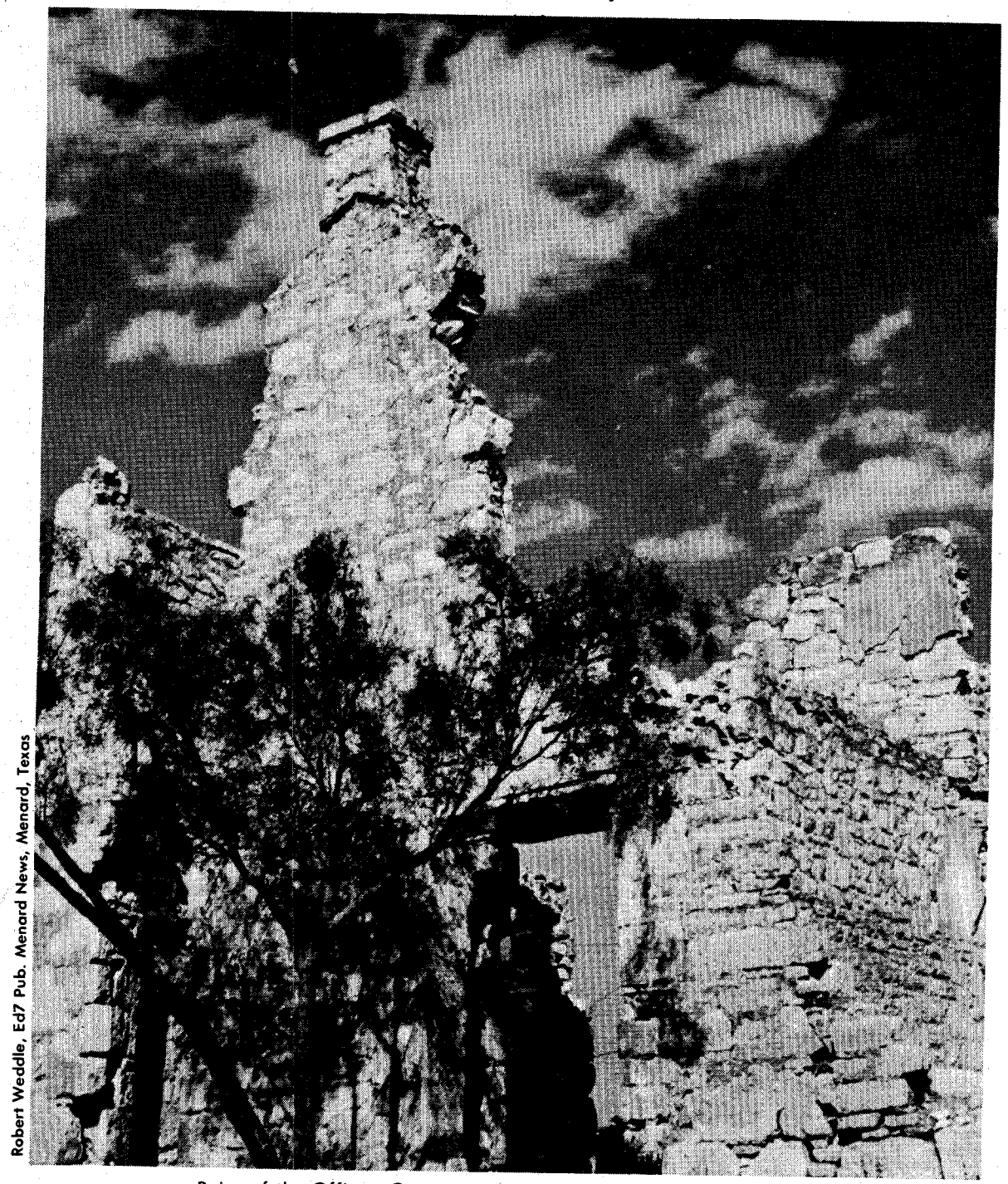
FORTS OF THE WEST

By Louise Cheney



Robert Weddle, Ed7 Pub. Menard News, Menard, Texas

Ruins of the Officers Quarters at Fort McKavett near Menard, Texas.

FORT McKAVETT

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From *Cattleman*, December 1969

Near the city of Menard, Texas are the crumbling remains of the once proud army post of Fort McKavett. Strongly identified with Colonel Ranald Mackenzie, the famed Indian fighter, the fort was established as a bulwark against the Indians and as a protection for westward bound emigrants in 1852. The post helped to throttle for all time to come the red menace in West Texas and played an important role in accelerating the pace of westward movement.

Robert Weddle, editor and publisher of the Menard News in a series of fine articles in his paper on Fort McKavett lists the two most important factors in the establishment of Fort McKavett as the Mexican War and the California gold rush.

The Treaty of Guadalupe Hildalgo signed at the end of the Mexican War in 1848 guaranteed that the United States would stop the Plains Indians from marauding beyond the Rio Grande. And as Mr. Weddle points out gold was discovered in California in 1848. With the discovery of the precious metal a great tide of humanity surged toward the setting sun in a frenzied search for *el oro*. It was then that the United States was faced with the responsibility of locating routes for the emigrants and protecting these routes from the savage Indians that infested Texas at that time.

It was Captain William Henry Chase who laid out the route which became the upper Emigrant Road and which ran through Menard County in west Texas. Upon inspection of this country, he recommended a chain of military garrisons along the route he had laid out. Near Menard was an old presidio established years earlier by the Spanish when the Province of Texas was under the flag of Spain. It was suggested that this fortification be restored and that other garrisons be placed near the Comanche war trails in the vicinity.

As a result of these recommendations, Forts Belknap, Mason, Phantom Hill and Clark were erected and garrisoned with U.S. troopers. At Menard the Army decided against rebuilding the old Spanish presidio and established a new post, Fort McKavett, on the San Saba River 21 miles upstream.

Prior to this time, the county now known as Menard was an uninhabited wilderness, distinguished only by the abandoned presidio. But with the great migration to the gold fields of the El Dorado of the Pacific, some enterprising souls with imagination and vision quickly threw up a trading post named Mud Flats. When Fort McKavett was erected in 1852, Mud Flats died.

The new post was first called Camp San Saba after the river on which it stood but the name was later changed to Fort McKavett in honor of Captain Henry McKavett who was killed in the Battle of Monterey in 1846 during the Mexican War.

The first unit to occupy the garrison was the Eighth Infantry Regiment under the command of Major Edmond B. Alexander. By the summer of 1853, Alexander was in charge of five companies of the Eighth, totaling seven officers and 185 men. The Eighth encountered no serious trouble with the Indians in the vicinity of the post when it was first established. In fact no trouble from the hostiles came until the Civil War was in progress. However in 1853 Alexander reported that three bands of Comanches lived within a radius of 60 to 100 miles from Fort McKavett.

Many men who were destined to earn fames as officers of the Civil War saw service at Fort McKavett, among them Albert Sidney Johnston who was to distinguish himself at the Battle of Shiloh. Before the war he was paymaster for the army and among his duties was paying the men at Forts Belknap, Chadbourne and McKavett. His headquarters were in Austin and every two months he made a 35-day round trip in an ambulance powered by mules. It was while he was at Fort McKavett on one of the above trips that he was notified that he had been promoted to Colonel of the Second Cavalry, a frontier regiment which Jefferson Davis, then secretary of war, staffed with men who were to become generals in the forthcoming Civil War.

National Archives

General Ranald Mackenzie who led his 4th Cavalry to victory from Fort McKavett over the Indians in Palo Duro Canyon, the battle that ended Indian warfare in Texas.

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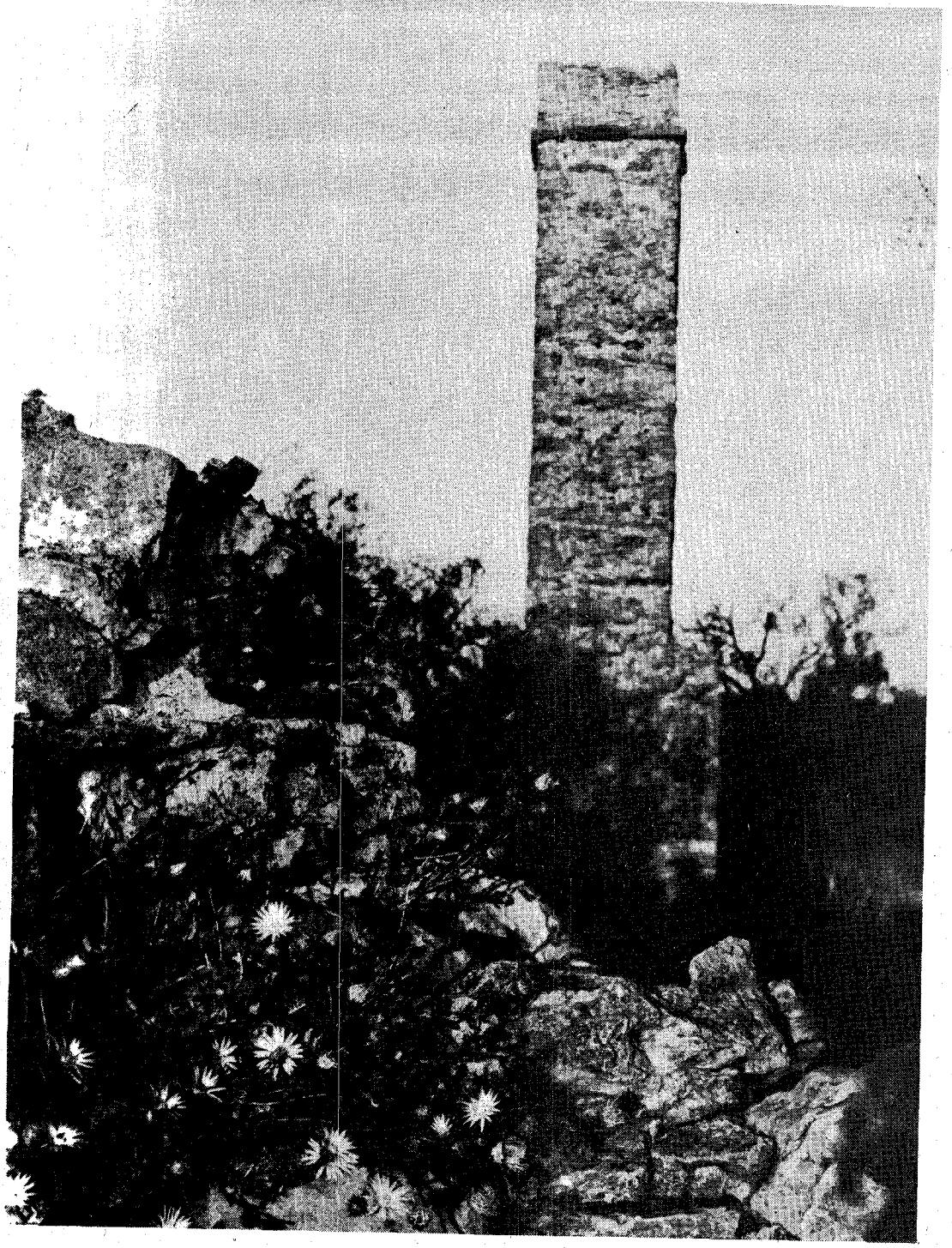

Texas State Highway Department

Ruins of Fort Phantom Hill near Abilene, Texas and near Fort McKavett. It was one of the chain of forts established for the protection of westward bound emigrants and settlers against the menace of the red men in Texas at the time.

On March 22, 1859, General David E. Twigs, commander of the Department of Texas ordered Fort McKavett closed down. Whether this order was triggered by the gathering clouds of war between the states is not known. However, other frontier posts were closed for that reason.

When the army moved out of McKavett, civilians took up their abode there. During the years of the Civil War many refugees, not wanting to take up arms for either side, stayed in the abandoned buildings. Confederate forces may have stopped there, but they never used it as a regular garrison.

When the war ended, the secretary of war dispatched a commission to evaluate various military posts along the frontier which had been abandoned prior to and during the conflict. The mission, escorted by two companies of cavalry arrived at Fort McKavett in August 1866. Shortly after the military personnel had passed, a large band of Indians staged a raid in the vicinity and drove off about 15,000 head of cattle from Menard County ranches. Near the old post the hostiles killed one man.

There was only one horse to be found in the post vicinity, and a Mexican boy jumped upon his back and rode after the soldiers. When he begged them to help in running down the renegades, the commanding officer refused, saying that he had brought his soldiers along to survey forts, not to fight Indians.

Fort McKavett was reactivated March 30, 1868. The commission had recommended reactivation of the garrison and also the establishment of a post in San Angelo which became Fort Concho.

On October 1, 1869 a Negro regiment moved to McKavett. It was commanded by Colonel Ranald Slidell Mackenzie who was to gain fame as an Indian fighter. He had graduated from West Point in 1862 and had been breveted a major general in the Civil War while serving in the Union Army. At the

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

THE CHEROKEE PHOENIX PRESS

by Nono Minor

Indian journalism had its origin some 143 years ago at New Echota, Georgia, the capital of the Cherokee Indian nation, where a weekly newspaper called "Tsalagi-twi-le-hi-sani-hi," or "The Cherokee Phoenix," was printed in both English and the Cherokee Indian language. This journal of four, five-columned pages measuring 21 by 14 inches had its inaugural issue on February 21, 1828. The vignette included the representation of the Egyptian bird, the fabulous Phoenix, who is said to have lived for 500 years, was consumed by a cleansing fire, and arose from its own ashes in all its youthful freshness.

The first issue announced that the weekly "Phoenix" could be purchased for $2.50 a year paid in advance, or $3.50 a year if paid at the end of the year. For non-English readers the rates were reduced to $2.00 and $2.50 a year. The paper said it would contain: "The laws and published documents of the Cherokee Nation. Accounts of the manners and customs of the Cherokee along with their progress in education and religion, as well as the arts of civilized life. It would also include notices of other Indian tribes, as space would allow. The paper would print miscellaneous articles, and hoped it would promote literature, civilization and religion among the Cherokee."

A Cherokee alphabet had been developed by Sequoyah, sometimes known as George Gist (also spelled Guess or Guest). Sequoyah, who spoke no English or language other than his native Cherokee, gave his people a system for "talk on paper" or writing which consisted of 85 fundamental symbols, plus one recurrent prefix. This phonetic transcription of the Cherokee vocabulary has 9 modes, 15 tenses and 3 numbers (singular, dual and plural.)

He started this work in 1809, by carefully noting every sound in the Cherokee language and designating each by an arbitrary character. After a decade of this experimentation he developed an alphabet, or more precisely a syllabary. The prime significance of his work was not so much his own mastery of a complex lingual problem, but the amazing facility with which others could learn this system. It was found to be the sesame which opened doors and unfolded new knowledge to many of his unschooled tribesmen. Those who scoffed at Sequoyah were silenced by a successful public demonstration of the system in 1821. Thousands of Indians took it up, and in 1825 it was adopted officially by the general council of the Cherokee Nation.

Workers at the Brainered Mission, an institution near the present city of Chattanooga mentioned this form of alphabetical writing in the "Missionary Herald" of February 1826. The article mentioned that young Cherokees who came to study could, in 3 days, write a letter home and could soon return to teach others to read and write.

A New England missionary, Dr. Samuel A. Worchester, who had lived among the Cherokee for 34 years, and who also had served for a time as New Echota's postmaster, seized upon Sequoyah's syllabary as a way to spread religion among the Cherokee. The American Board of Commissioners for foreign missions received a plea in September 1825 to use this system for printing of books for use among the Indians. Then a Prospectus was issued for a newspaper to be called The Cherokee Phoenix and printed partly in English and partly in Cherokee. It was further stated that "Among the Cherokee then, we are to see the first printing press ever owned and employed by any nation of Aborigines of this Continent, the first effort at writing and printing in characters of their own; the first newspaper, and the first book printed among themselves; the first editor; and the first well-organized system for securing a general diffusion of knowledge among the people. Among the Cherokee, also we see established the first regularly elective government, with the legislative, judicial and elective branches distinct; with the safeguards of a written Constitution and a trial by jury. . ."

A font of Cherokee type had been cast in Boston and "an iron press of improved construction" purchased. This press and type were shipped by water from Boston in November 1827, arriving at Augusta, Georgia, via Savannah, and after an overland trip by wagon finally reached New Echota in January 1828. Two printers had waited at New Echota since December 23, 1827, Issac H. Harris and John F. Wheeler were delighted with the new equipment. Wheeler later went to Arkansas and became a pioneer typographer in the new country of the West, but while in New Echota designed the first Cherokee type case, but never received a patent for this. He described the Press thus. "The Press, a small royal size, was like none I ever saw before or since. It was cast iron, with spiral springs to hold up the plates, at that time a new invention. We had to use balls of deerskin stuffed with wool for inking, as it was before the invention of the composition roller . . . . . ."

The publication of Volume 1 Number 1 was delayed by the absence of newsprint, finally a supply was obtained from Tennessee and so on February 21, 1828, the Cherokee Phoenix, the first newspaper of the American Indian, appeared. Elias Boudinott, also known by his Cherokee name of Galagina or Male Deer (other spellings have it Kub-le-ga-nah or The Buck) became the first "Indian editor". He had been sent to a church school at Cornwall, Conn. and among his many achievements was the distinction of having calculated a solar eclipse.

Elias Boudinott was aware of the many handicaps imposed upon him by this pioneer publishing venture and he was diplomatic but purposeful, when he wrote his first editorial. He explained that it would depend largely on supporters. He went on to say: "We would not commit our feeble

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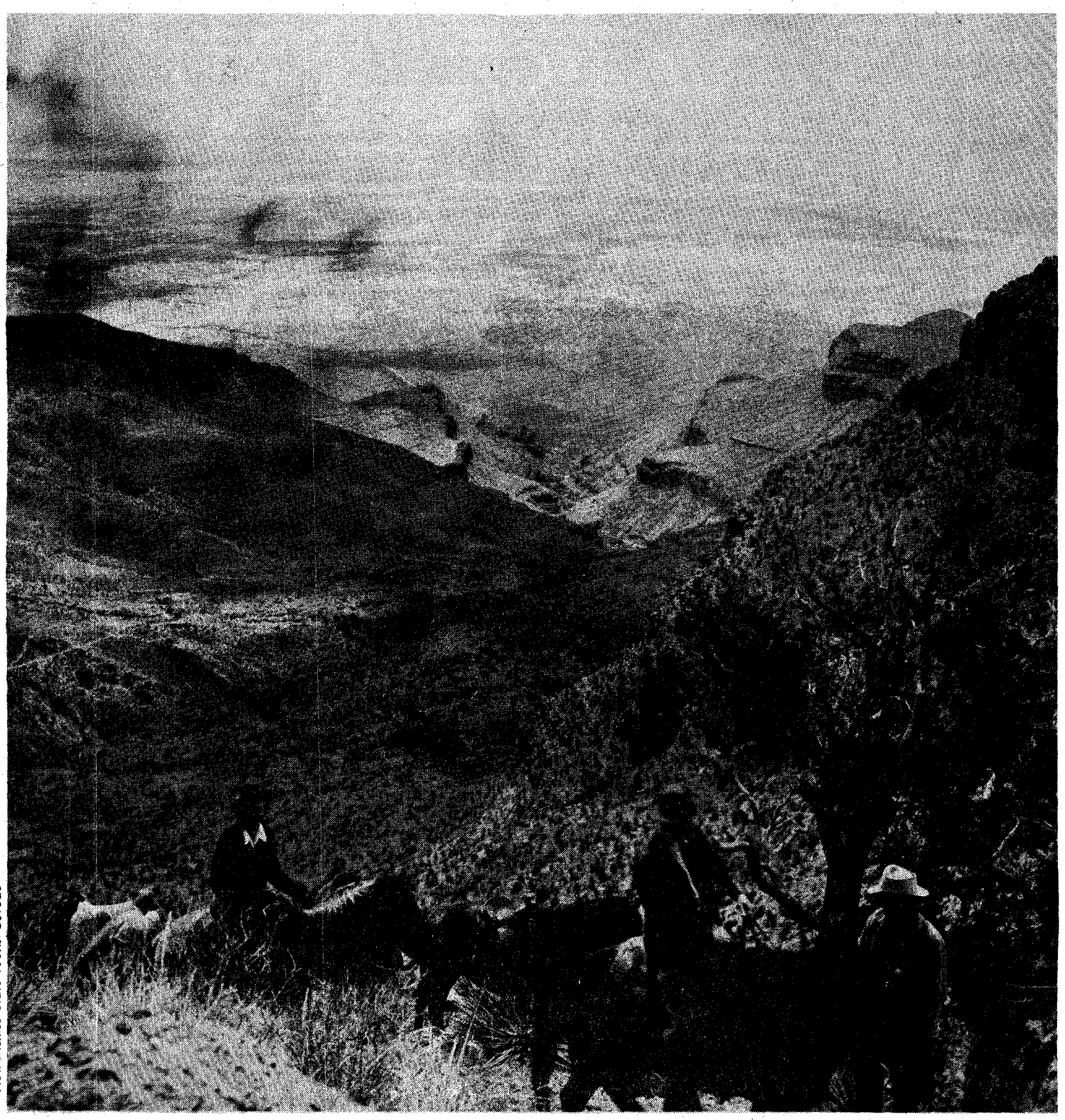
A party of pack riders winds its way along the eyebrow trail of Dog Canyon, near Alamorgordo, New Mexico. The vast Tularosa Basin, which contains White Sands National Monument, may be seen in the background. Dog Canyon was an Apache hideout in the 1880's and the scene of many costly ambushes.



New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

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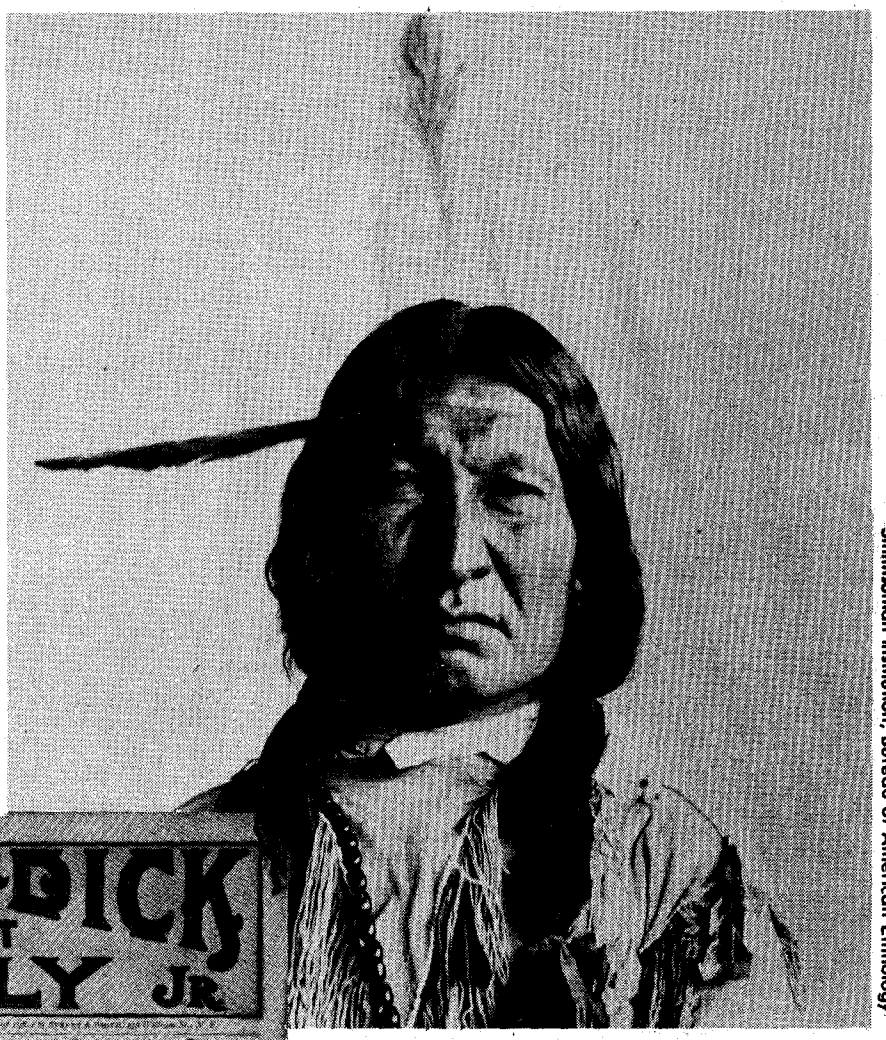
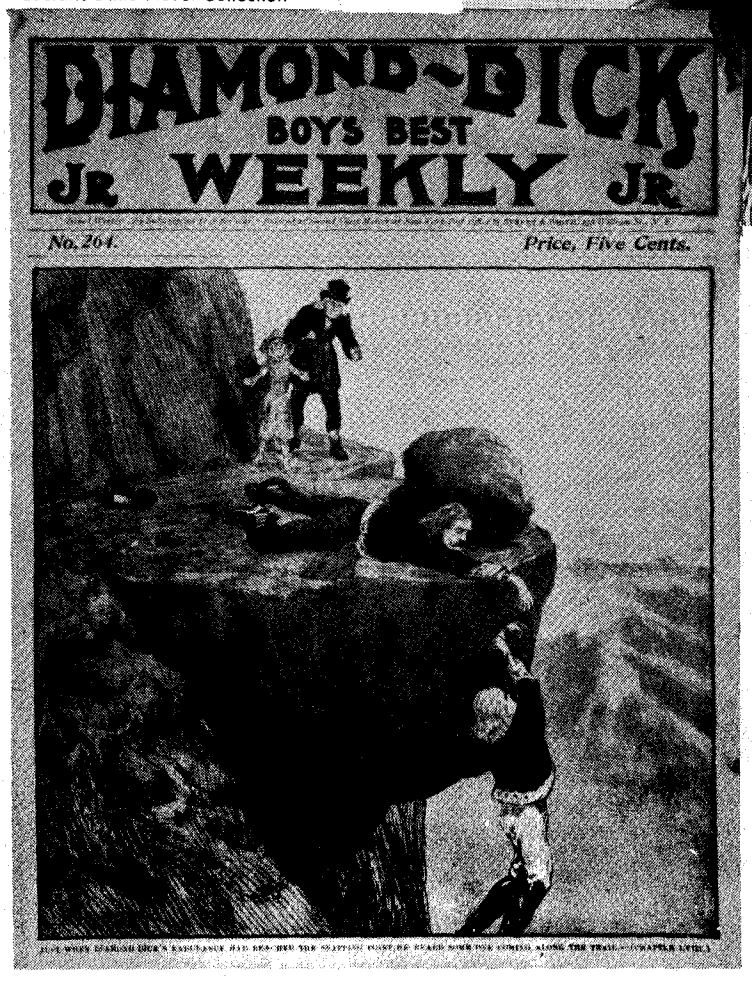
PICTORIAL

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY NO. 46. YELLOW BEAR of the Cheyenne Tribe. Portrait taken by D. L. Gill at Washington, D. C. in 1899.



Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology

LeBlanc Dime Novel Collection



DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST NO. 30. DIAMOND DICK WEEKLY. For 762 weeks beginning on October 17, 1896, a western adventure about Diamond Dick appeared on the newsstands. Diamond Dick roamed the contemporary West of the 1890's and 1900's and managed to get into and out of scrapes as the one depicted above. He always triumphed in the end ready to appear in the next adventure. His career came to an end on May 20, 1911 when Street & Smith, the publishers, decided to call it quits.

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REAL WEST'S HALL OF FAME

GEORGE O'BRIEN

By Mario A. DeMarco

George O'Brien was one of my favorite western stars. He was my idea of what a hero should look like. With his infectious grin and bulging muscles he would usually go into action, knocking over the outlaws like ten pins. With his great physique he was capable of performing great feats of strength. Believe it or not this great cowboy star spent almost half of his life in the Navy. The story about some of his great experiences in the service alone would make several good action movies.

George was born in San Francisco, back on April 19, 1900. His dad a policeman, rose to become San Francisco's chief of police and police commissioner, and later the States' director of penology. When young O'Brien was about 8, he was first introduced to horses by his father, who brought him down to the police stables. Eager to ride the mounts the policemen would let him curry and do odd jobs and for his reward he would be placed atop the horses where the lad would gallop the mounts about the area. His education in this art continued when his dad brought him along to a friend's ranch in nearby Los Gatos. George learned to rope and bulldog the young steers (experience that would later be put into good use in the movies).

While attending high school he was quite a star athlete. He managed to win letters in four sports, baseball, football and was captain of both the basketball and swimming teams. With all this participation in sports, he still managed to squeeze a little music in between, he played in the school band as a drummer and in later years was good enough to play professionally at different well-known resort areas.

With such an active boyhood one would imagine that he would be quite satisfied with the action. Not George, he was looking for greater excitement, so at the age of 17, he joined the Navy to see some action.

Being underage he got his father's permission and signed up. After finishing his training in radio and as a signalman he was sent to gunnery school. At this time the call came for volunteer stretcher bearers overseas. Prior to enlistment, George had ambitions of becoming a physician. Wanting action with the Marines and assuming the experience would be beneficial to his pre-med schooling, he volunteered.

It wasn't too long before he was promoted to Pharmacist Mate 3rd class. He played on the unit basketball team and was good enough as a boxer to win the light heavyweight championship of the Pacific Fleet. Upon his discharge from the Navy in 1919, he decided to attend college and take his long planned pre-medical course. The turning point in his life occurred while he was at a famous restaurant in San Francisco, his father introduced him to the famous cowboy star, Tom Mix, who offered the young O'Brien a job as assistant cameraman in his company. George's dream of becoming a doctor quickly disappeared.

While with this movie company, the young, husky O'Brien lugged heavy cameras and equipment for a while, later breaking into pictures as a prop boy, stunt man, and bit player. It was as a bit player in Hollywood that he got his big break. He was offered the lead in an epic movie entitled "The Iron Horse," directed by John Ford, (who was to direct more famous westerns in years to come). The picture was an instant hit and so was O'Brien, and from then on his billing in the movies was that of a "star". He acted and starred in over 74 pictures, more than half of them westerns.

When Pearl Habor was bombed, George was back in Naval uniform four days after the attack! He was sent to the Naval Training Station at San Diego to help get the raw recruits in good physical condition, and he was the right man for the job. The young recruits must have been "bug eyed" seeing this famous western movie star in their midst.

Looking for action, he became a Beachmaster and participated in more than 15 invasions. When the A-bombs dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, George and his outfit were preparing for the invasion of the Japanese homeland. He left active duty in February of 1946 after five years of war. Returning to civilian life he resumed his acting career and the operation of his horse ranch with his wife and children. Several years later he was back in uniform during the Korean Conflict. In 1958 he was ordered to duty as Project Officer for D.O.D. and CINC-PAC, for Southeast Asia Operations in eight Asian Countries.

He has held the permanent rank of Captain since 1954, and has been recommended for Rear Admiral four times! As a western star in his earlier days, he stated that his athletic ability was very important to him. He would often train vigorously for some of his roles. George did all his own riding, fighting and his own "stunts". His last starring picture was entitled "Gold Raiders" in 1951. He now resides in Los Angeles and is active in veteran affairs. George O'Brien, western star and Naval Officer- a credit to his country.

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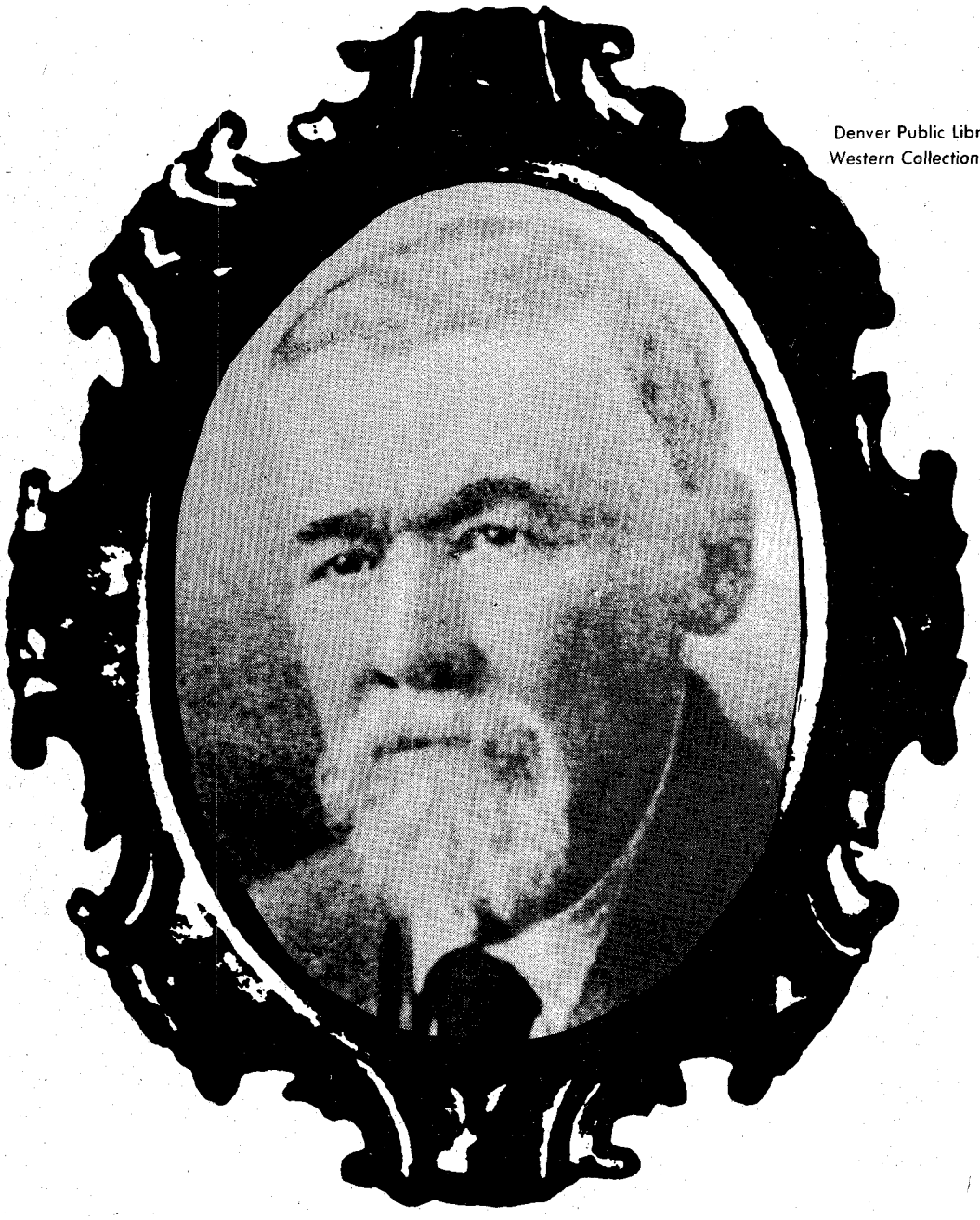
I KNEW

By JUDGE CLAYTON R. BAIRD
As Told to HAROLD PREECE



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Western Collection

John H. Slaughter, lawman, sheriff of Cochise County, Arizona.

The most feared lawman of Tombstone told Judge Baird how it really was and the readers of Real West finally learned the truth about Wyatt Earp and the notorious Clanton Gang. None of the gunslingers willingly tangled with this quiet peace officer.

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JOHN SLAUGHTER

The raw era that he symbolized has become history. The tamed town with the grim name is living proof of how a forceful man can shape an epoch.

Today awed tourists walk along Toughnut Street in Tombstone where he carved some fitting epitaphs. Except that he was a greater and better figure of the West than swaggering hell raisers like Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday who never got up enough nerve to mess with him.

His name — John Slaughter.

I am a Texas judge and one of that fearless lawman's last surviving friends. I can recall breaking bread with him. And riding saddle to saddle with him for journeys across his vast San Bernardino ranch there on the turbulent Texas-Mexican border. Though he was a very modest person, I did hear from his own lips some recollections of what he had done to clean up Arizona Territory so that timorous congressmen would vote for its admission into the Union. Other details in this strictly factual account were researched and collated by a native Western writer, Harold Preece who, for years, has published definitive historical pieces in this magazine.

Harold and I talked mainly about John Slaughter after our first encounter on a New York street to recognize each other intuitively as Texans off their home range. At Harold's request, I have let my memories of that superb Texas-Arizona lawman keep growing till we could have something that would inform and please the readers of REAL WEST.

A Louisianan by birth, John Horton Slaughter had been a celebrated Texas Ranger before he settled in Arizona as a major cattle grower during 1874. I can remember as clearly as yesterday my first meeting with him.

A brash West-struck, wandering kid, age 21, I was then. After leaving Tennessee, my birthplace, I had kept rambling around the states and territories that had given us so many enduring legends. At one time in California I was a piano player or "professor" working saloons and variety theaters.

Finally during 1917, I had landed at Douglas, Arizona, to find a job as a cashier in a restaurant located within a stone's throw of municipal police headquarters. A great many officers from various agencies would be among the customers. I got to know many of them including the great railroad detective, Jeff Milton, and Billy Breckenridge ex-deputy of Tombstone who had played a brave part in running the Earp gang out of Arizona.

Everywhere I heard talk of John Slaughter who, people said, had been the finest lawman of them all. In my youthful imagination, I figured he must be eleven feet tall with a pair of six-shooters for hands.

I had been at the restaurant for several months when on a Saturday afternoon around 3:30 p.m. a short-statured old man entered, removed his Stetson, and asked the waiter to bring him an order of eggs.

Nothing set him off from any of the average people who patronized this border area cafe. From my place at the cash register, I noticed that he was neatly dressed and very quiet in his manner. I guessed that this peaceful looking elderly gentleman was a retired rancher or business man;

Baird family album

Clayton R. Baird, a judge on the Texas border, narrator of this account, one of John Slaughter's last surviving friends.

perhaps, too, a major stockholder of Arizona's largest industry, the Phelps-Dodge Copper Company, based right here in Douglas.

The customer finished his meal then walked up to the register to pay, handing me a $20 bill and a tab for eighty-five cents. Since my cash was running low, I asked:

"Do you have any smaller change, sir?"

"Let me see." He dug around in his pockets, came up with a one dollar bill then said:

"I am about out of any kind of money, been loading cattle all day and didn't get to the bank."

From the register I handed him a dime and a nickel in change. At that minute, I reckoned that he wasn't any kind of colossus out here in this cattle and copper rich country. But maybe just some played out ancient cowboy that the boss trusted on business matters.

He did look kind of lonesome. And my folks back in the

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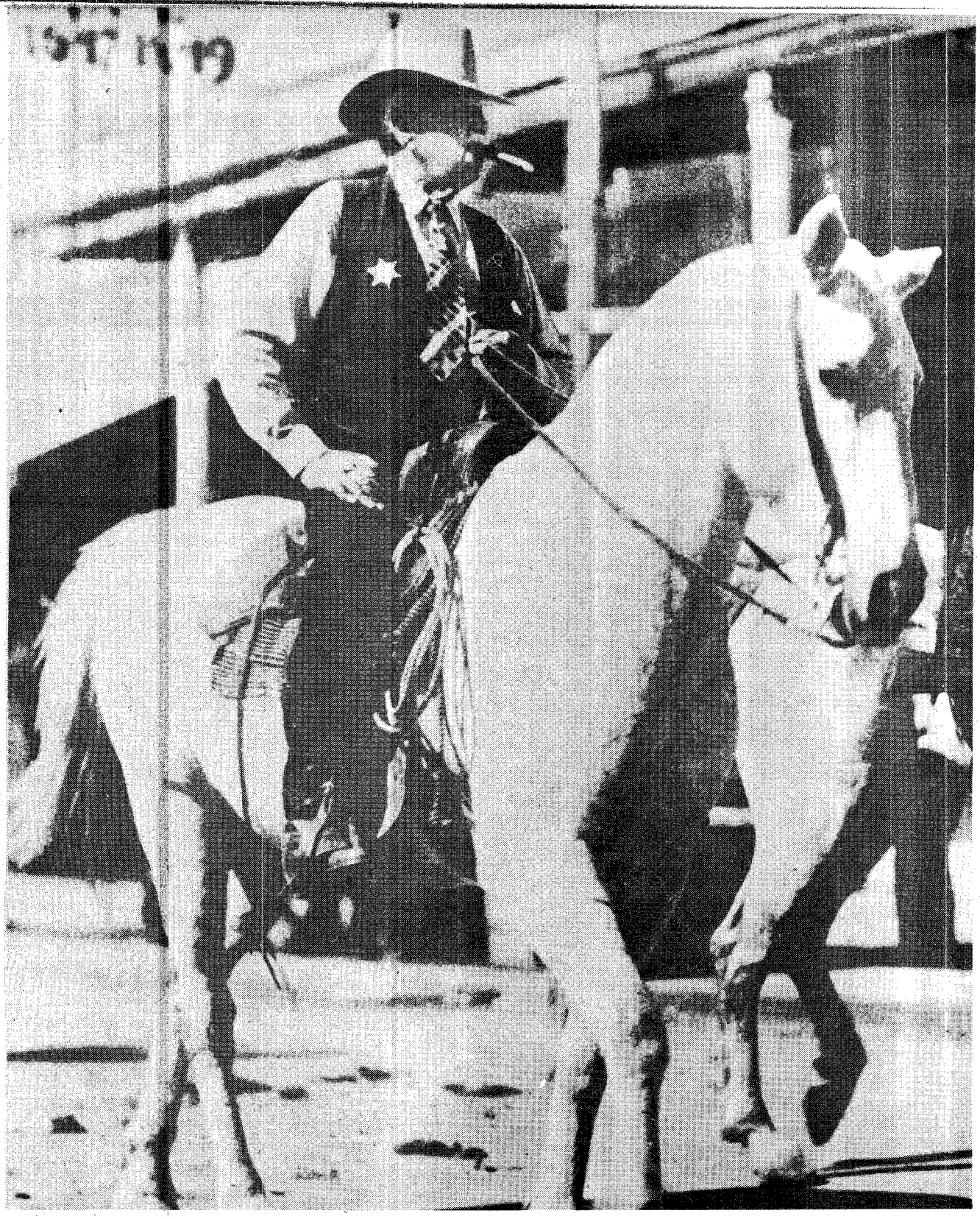

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Col. William Breakenridge, noted Tombstone lawman was one of John Slaughter's closest friends and told Clayton Baird much about the latter's epic career as sheriff of tough Cochise County, Arizona.

South had taught me to be attentiye toward old people. So I wanted to be as polite to this gray-headed stranger as I would have been to my own grandpa.

"Are you working for a rancher?" I inquired.

"Not exactly," he replied in that Texas-sounding drawl you heard all over Arizona. "I was just leading a few of my own cattle." Then he extended his hand: "The name is Slaughter, John Slaughter."

Something must have clicked in my kid mind. Something that I guessed was true yet I just couldn't quite believe.

Was this little old man, weighing just about 135 pounds, *the* John Slaughter. The man who had first identified Marshal Earp's comrade-at-arms, Doc Holliday, as a fleeing bank robber. Who had warned Arizona's most efficient gang of wideloopers, the Clantons, to stay off his land and away from his herds with that trigger tribe heeding words said just once. Who had given Tombstone's last famous outlaws 24 hours notices to hit the road and buried those who didn't.

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Yet this dignified, soft-spoken oldster had neither the bearing, the look nor the tell-tale movements of a gunslinger, not even one who had slain for the law. Maybe he could be a second John Slaughter of whom I had heard: a prominent Texas-New Mexico rancher. So trying to be casual, I asked:

"Are you the Mr. Slaughter who used to be sheriff?"

Still in that mild tone he answered: "Yes, I was sheriff of Cochise County for awhile."

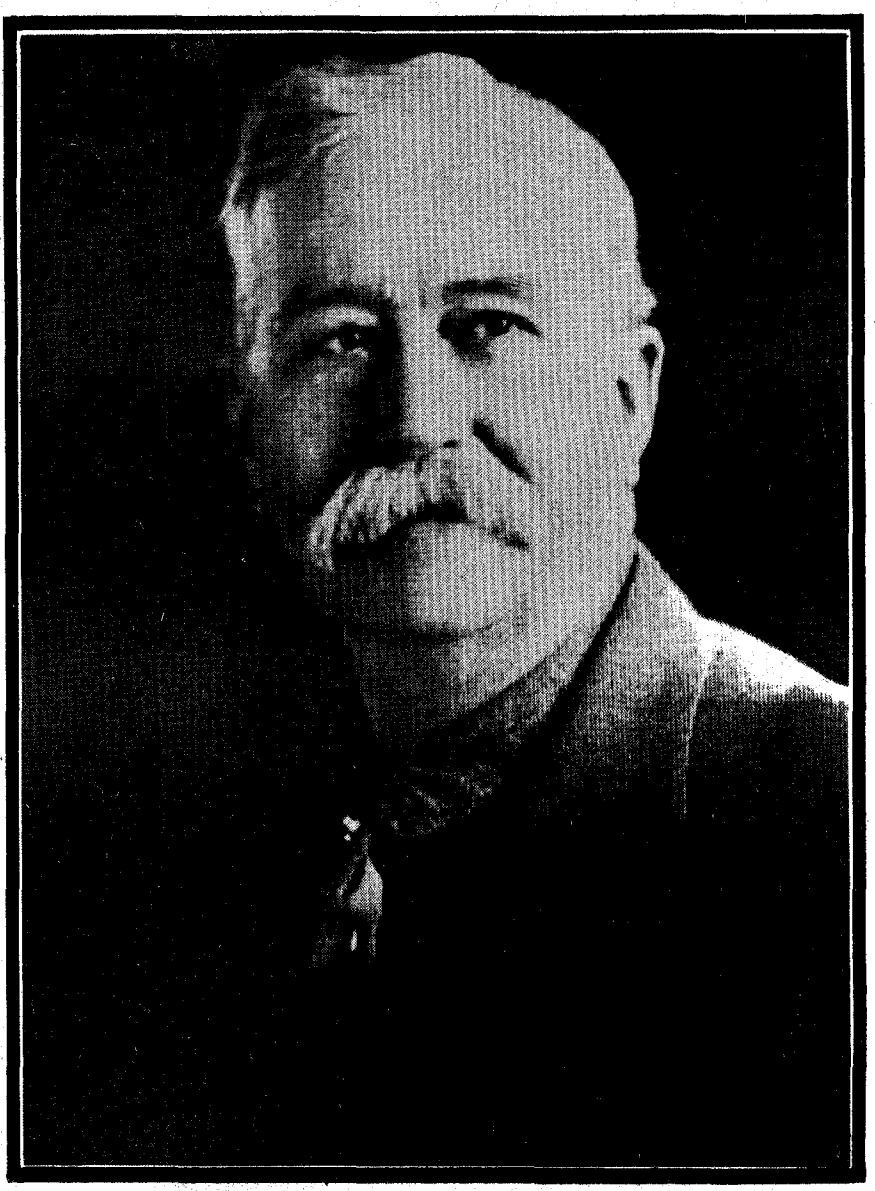
My startled eyes were looking at an age of history.

That John Slaughter should eventually choose me as one of his friends seems, in retrospect, one of the great, outstanding honors of my life. Half a century later, I wonder what caused him, one of Arizona's founders and richest men, to extend himself to an obscure, wandering boy scraping along on restaurant wages.

His acquaintance with my brother, D. N. Baird, might have had something to do with it. D. N., also fresh out of Tennessee, was one of the American troopers patrolling the border area embracing Slaughter's San Bernardino ranch at the time of the Pancho Villa revolution in Mexico. Slaughter had much respect for those boys who had been national guardsmen in various Southern and Southwestern states till their units had been incorporated into the regular army. His hospitality was boundless toward them. Mrs. Slaughter was always fussing around fixing special delicacies for them to eat and sending it over by her husband's own private force of armed, combat trained Mexican vaqueros. Any man wearing his country's uniform was always welcome at the luxurious, pleasantly informal Slaughter home, 17 miles east of Douglas and lying just a few whoops and hollers from the Mexican line. Any trooper was welcome to stay as long as military orders permitted and to eat all that he could hold.

I was no soldier. Yet from the time that I hit the West, I found myself moving within the orbit of its surviving pioneers. Particularly so among its pioneer lawmen who, in retrospect, were just about the finest men I have ever known.

I think that John Slaughter may have appreciated my deep interest in the West where history lives ever on the lips of the people. He may have liked also the tactful way in



Denver Public Library Western Collection

Jeff D. Milton, famous railroad detective and close friend of John Slaughter whom Clayton Baird met at Slaughter's San Bernardino Ranch. Milton was U. S. Customs inspector at Tombstone, coping with border smugglers when Slaughter was elected sheriff in 1886.

which I put questions about a past still so recent within the memories of other Westerners still living. Plus the fact that I didn't grill him about his own very major role though I knew that he had also helped frame Arizona's constitution before it had been admitted as a state in 1912, just five years before. Nor did I quiz him about his own far-flung business interests which included a directorship in the historic Bank of Douglas still in operation at the time of this account.

For unlike squalid old badge wearers such as John Selman and Wild Bill Hickok, John Slaughter was basically a very reserved sort of man. Nobody who wished to keep on calling terms with him overstepped that boundary I always felt between ordinary casual friendliness and egregious over-familiarity. Years before, I would learn, a breezy stranger, trading on his Southern accent, had twice dared address him as "Tex."

Second time was the last time. Slaughter had turned, stared the fellow out of countenance through piercing black eyes and said:

"My name is Slaughter, sir. If you ever have reason to greet me again just remember the name is Slaughter."

I can remember that he always addressed me formally as Mr. Baird and never as Clayton. That rule of decorum was never relaxed during the numerous times when I was his house guest. In his manners, he was still the Southern squire of a classic

(continued on page 53)

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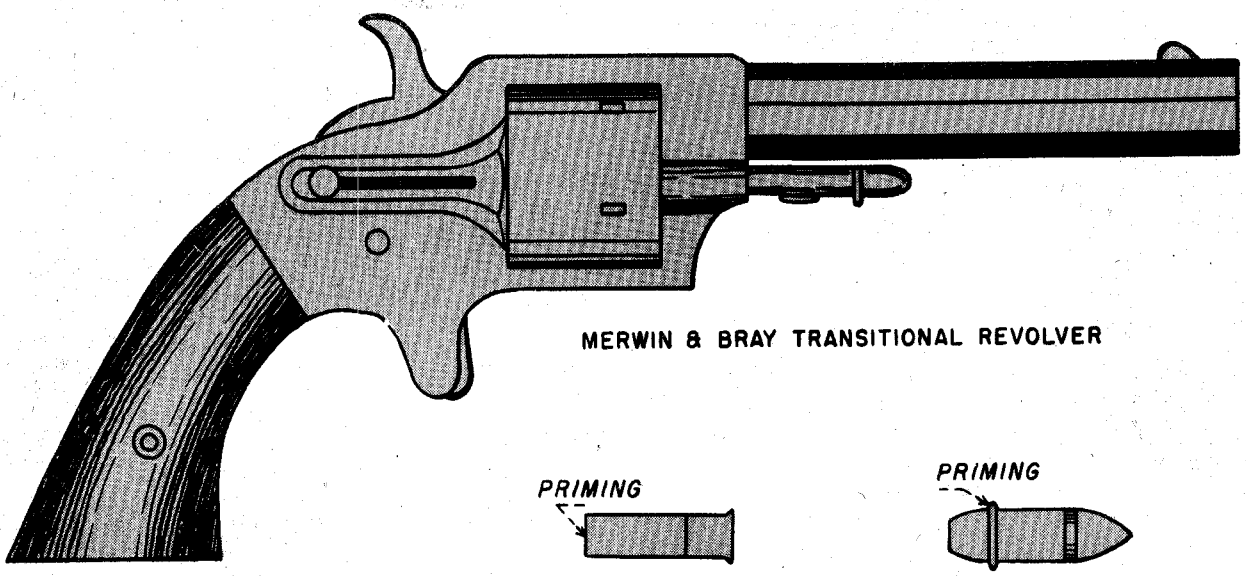
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



MERWIN & BRAY TRANSITIONAL REVOLVER

.28 CUP PRIMER

.31 CRISPIN

Undoubtedly the most unusual and interesting revolvers which were ever seen on our western frontier were those known as the "transitionals". These were the arms which very briefly spanned the narrow gap between the muzzle loaders and the conventional cartridge breech loaders as we usually think of them.

A confused period of experimentation was inevitable at this point. But added to this was a legal struggle by which Smith & Wesson protected an exclusive patent (purchased from Rollin White). Until its expiration, this patent effectively prevented any other arms manufacturer from drilling a revolver's cylinder chambers all the way through—to be loaded from the rear!

To take advantage of the new idea of metallic cartridges which were completely self-contained, many ingenious designs were advanced to circumvent the Rollin White patent. While this period saw several hot patent-infringement lawsuits, our present concern is with those who depended more upon ingenuity than upon lack of ethics. These make the more interesting stories.

One example was the Slocum revolver. This had a sliding sleeve on each chamber, which was pushed forward to permit loading from the *side* of chamber, rather than from the front or the rear. Patented in April 1863, this was made by the Brooklyn Arms Co. There was a tiny opening in the rear of each chamber, only large enough to permit the hammer to fire the .32 rimfire cartridge. While this design avoided any infringement of the Rollin White patent, it was prone to get out of order. Particularly, black powder residue caused the sliding sleeves to stick. As soon as the White patent expired and true breech loaders flooded the market, odd-balls such as the Slocum dropped out of sight.

The cup primer metallic cartridge was another idea which circumvented that patent. As shown in the illustration, this was designed to load into a cylinder chamber from the front. Through a small opening at rear, the hammer nose mashed the rimless edge of the cartridge base, containing the fulminate. An ejector rod behind the cylinder was much more efficient than some other systems, as we shall see. Made in different calibers, the cup primer cartridge was used in the Merwin & Bray revolver as well as the Plant Army revolver.

One front-loading cartridge which gave considerable trouble was the teat fire. This was made in several calibers and in two types round teat and flat teat. Obviously, the centrally-

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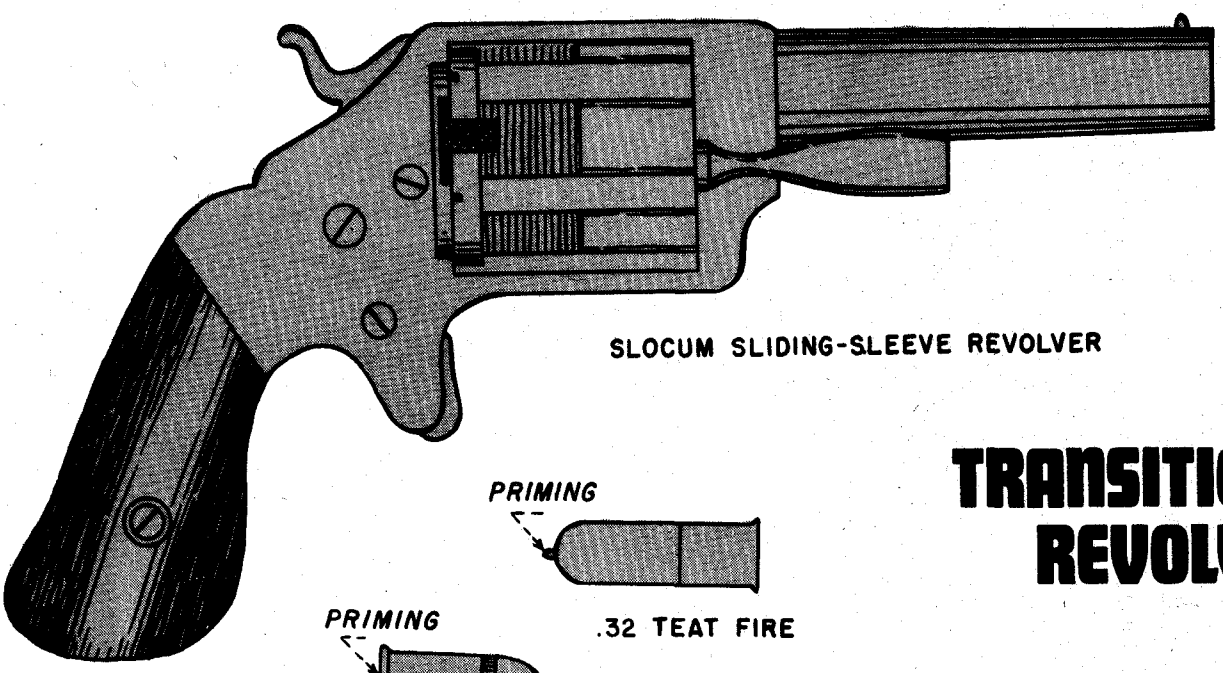
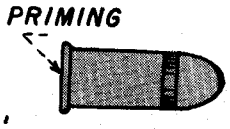


SLOCUM SLIDING-SLEEVE REVOLVER

.32 TEAT FIRE



.32 RIMFIRE

TRANSITIONAL REVOLVERS AND CARTRIDGES

Sketched by author

located teat contained fulminate and protruded through a small hole at the rear. As long as the little anvil was not battered, against which the teat was mashed, they were fairly sure-fire. However, some revolvers made for this cartridge had a very poor system for extracting the empty cases from the front. A hook was supposed to catch in the soft copper of the case and withdraw it. As you might expect, in black powder days these cases usually resisted such crude removal, rendering the arm useless in an emergency. Moore revolvers and National revolvers were made for teat fire cartridges.

The oddest cartridge in this category is now also the rarest collector's item. A single specimen in certain calibers would bring many dollars! This is the Crispin cartridge invented by Silas Crispin of New York. While the cup primer and teat fire cartridges both had the bullet seated entirely inside of the neck of the case, the Crispin had the projectile normally exposed. The fulminate of mercury priming was in the annular projection around the middle of the case. The chamber of any arm designed for this cartridge had to be hinged to open in the center. The forward end of the round was placed in position—then the chamber was closed and locked over both ends. The firing pin hit this primed belt midway of the case, through a small aperture where the halves of the chamber joined, and where the raised ring was retained.

Rifles and carbines were made for Crispin cartridges, and of course were single shot. Then old Silas invented a revolver, in which the entire cylinder was in two halves. This rates as the strangest arm of all those inspired because of the Rollin White patent restrictions. The Crispin revolver, as well as its cartridges, is today one of the great rarities even in leading museums.

Wild and wonderful were the "transitional" revolvers in their ingenuity. Because the raw western frontier of the Civil War period eagerly tried every new development in firearm technology, we can be sure that these first of all metallic cartridge revolvers saw rugged use there. They represent the last confused period of firearm history before the advent of true breechloaders, although a few of those were contemporary with these transitionals.

It was only eight years after most of the arms described here were patented, that the famous Colt .45 breech loading, single action revolver was introduced on the frontier. After that, the situation stabilized.

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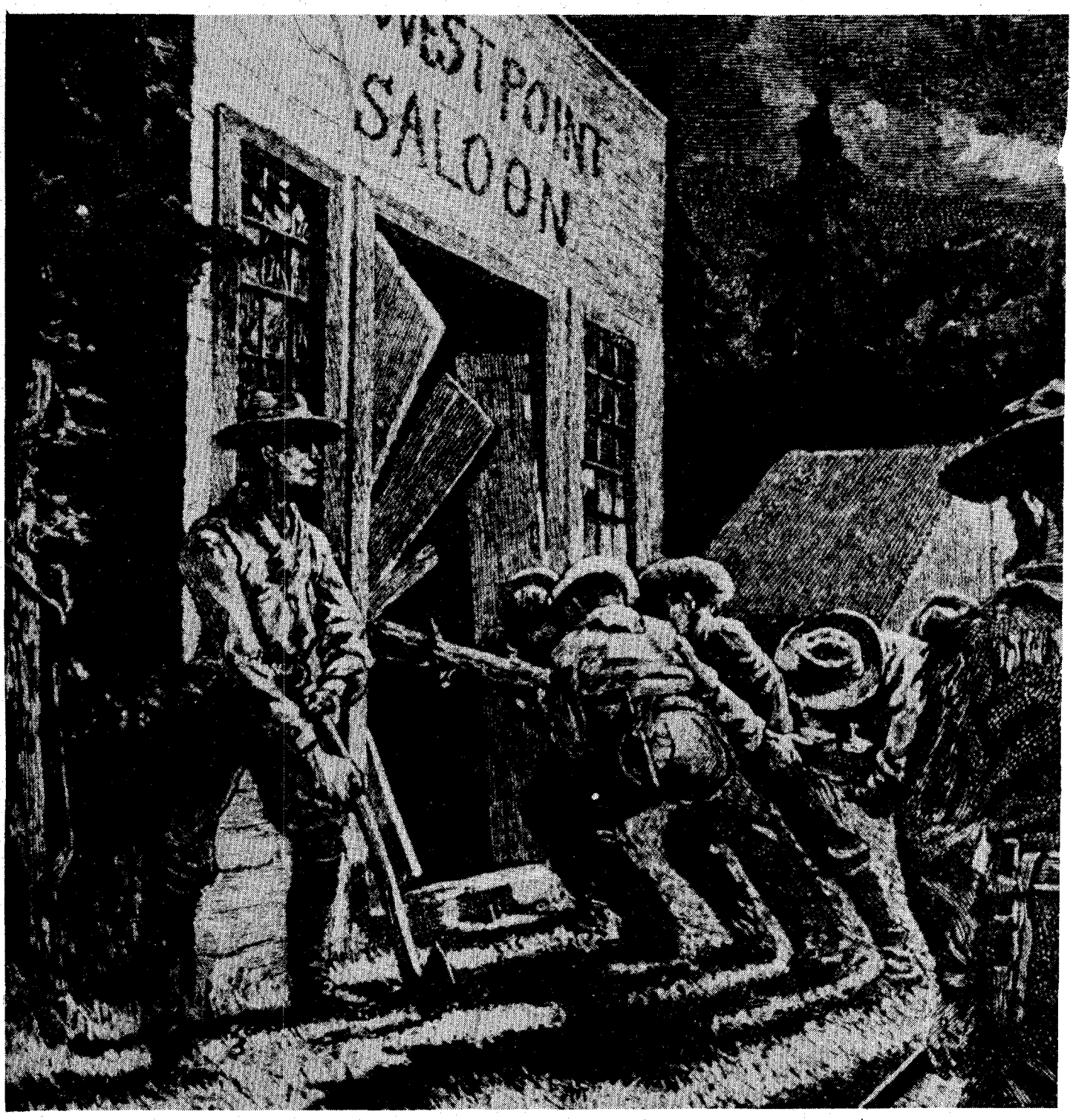

A group of Vigilantes batter in the door of the West Point Saloon where a thief has been temporarily held. Soon he will be hanging from some nearby hanging tree.

THE SPIRIT OF THE

When vicious, murderous outlaws plundered the lawless mining towns, honest men had to fight back or die! No man could fight the killers single-handed so they organized themselves into 'vigilance committees' to rid their communities of the criminal element.

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Bancroft Library, Univ. of California, Berkeley

VIGILANTES

By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

Many an old western movie has a thrilling scene in which some murderous scoundrel is captured by a mob of angry citizens, and strung up to a tree. This exciting view of frontier justice is all most of us ever hear about the work of vigilance committees in the early West, and while there were many summary hangings on the frontier, the real story of vigilante justice is far more dramatic and complicated than the Hollywood version.

Our civilization has become so complex and structured that it's not easy to imagine a time when our western lands were completely undeveloped, still the home of primitive Indians who were not particularly glad to welcome intruders. The terrain, climate, and resources of the western regions were largely unrecorded; all that was known was that this vast land held gold, just waiting to be plucked up. It was enough to bring forth a multitude of people, with a unique heritage of individual enterprise, fierce pride and independence, whose spirit and daring were destined to have a profound effect on history, in expanding the borders of the United States clear to the Pacific coast. But in their frontier settlements, the establishment of some sort of law and order swiftly became a problem for these people. Vigilante justice, with its roots deep in the American experience, was their peculiar way of coping with it.

No one seems to know exactly where the name "vigilance committee" came from, but "vigilance" is a good stout word, and there were plenty of respectable quotes using some form of it. For example, Patrick Henry once declared, "The battle . . . is to the vigilant, the active; the brave," and Abraham Lincoln urged Americans to "retain their virtue and vigilance." A favorite, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," is a restatement of a quote by an 18th Century Irish statesman, while the Bible itself counsels, "Be sober, be vigilant." The form "vigilante" is from the Spanish, meaning vigilant or watchman, and was probably first adopted in California during the Gold Rush.

There was plenty of need for vigilance, in the crime-ridden fledgling communities of the new West. Every mining excitement attracted crowds of people from all over, from homes or farms back east, from worked-out or unsuccessful claims, even from foreign penal colonies. Many of the would-be miners planned their trips to the unknown regions too hastily, and arrived in the dead of winter, or without even the barest necessities of life. Poor sanitation, a lack of proper medical care, extreme weather conditions and agonizing poverty caused intense suffering in all the gold camps, even when the ore was good and reasonably plentiful.

But there was a more insidious problem as well. Unfortunately, not all the new arrivals were interested in working for a living. In fact, the most uninhibited hard cases were likely to pour into a place where there was a promise of ready gold to be taken by gambling or theft, with no troublesome law to bother anybody. Furthermore, the criminals generally operated in gangs. Individual citizens or families had little chance against the depradations of organized gangs of killers, thieves, and extortionists, and things inevitably progressed from bad to worse.

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Eventually, the decent citizens of a new mining community were faced with a disagreeable choice: to submit to the growing outrages of the lawless element; to move out, leaving promising mining claims; or to band together and fight. Some people followed each of the three courses, but in time, a "miner's court" was usually formed, to hear cases, and a committee of vigilance gathered, to capture suspects and bring them to trial, or scare them out of the country. Usually the names of committee members were kept secret for safety.

Naturally, it was necessary for a fair percentage of the solid citizens in a camp to support such an action, or it would collapse. In any emergency; there are always some people who prefer destruction to confrontation, and others who just don't care one way or another. Right or wrong, the vigilantes were people who cared.

In fact, one of the most famous of all vigilante groups started exactly as the Spanish name implies, as a volunteer group of guards to assist the police. The year was 1850, and the place was the bustling, mushrooming, sensational city of San Francisco, the gateway to California's golden Mother Lode.

San Francisco, which has been a sleepy hamlet until the discovery of gold on Sutter's grant just two years before, had a law enforcement problem of colossal dimensions. Swarms of adventurers with varying degrees of gold fever had turned the little port town into a great, if disorganized, metropolis, almost overnight. Many of the new arrivals were cutthroats, both foreign and domestic, and the city's officials and courts seemed unwilling or unable to handle the problem.

But among the fascinating people whose curiosity drove them to see the golden land for themselves was Colonel Jack Hays, late of the Texas Rangers. Shortly after his arrival early in 1850, the soft-spoken, unassuming Colonel Hays ran on an independent ticket for Sheriff of San Francisco, and after a colorful campaign, was elected in April of 1850. But although the new sheriff was a popular and capable law officer, he was hampered by the city's lack of organization, and by alleged embezzlement of funds by city officials, who had neglected to build adequate jail facilities. Though he managed to hold onto most of his prisoners, despite the fact that some were actually "housed" outdoors, in the yard of the half-completed jail, Sheriff Hays decided to try to enlist the help of interested citizens. He, therefore, accepted the aid of a volunteer night patrol, to assist his limited staff in keeping an eye on the prisoners. This volunteer group developed into the first Committee of Vigilance of San Francisco.

Hays worked well with the vigilantes, as long as he could, even inviting the Committee to tour the jail and see the deplorable conditions first hand. He informed the Committee that over $20,000 would be needed to finish the building, and frankly asked for help. The Committee praised the Sheriff in one of its "official" reports:

"Your Committee were pleased to see the care which Sheriff Hays took of his Prisoners and the order and decorum which reigned throughout the Prison."

The result was that the Vigilance Committee, composed mostly of local businessmen, voted to raise the money to complete the jail.

Sheriff Hays tried to keep the vigilantes in control. He always dealt with them openly, but deep political differences and a burgeoning crime problem made the vigilantes decide to take the law into their own hands. From the jail, they kidnapped two prisoners, who were expected to escape justice in the unreliable local courts, and sentenced them to hang, but Hays coolly recovered them, backed up by only one deputy. However, soon after that, the vigilantes lured Hays away from the jail, and took the prisoners again. This time they were hanged.

In spite of this outrage, Sheriff Hays continued to get along pretty well with the vigilantes. In September of 1851, they were still praising his work:

"Your Committee further report that their confidence in said Sheriff remains firm and unshaken . . ."

The Sheriff and the vigilantes finally completed the jail, without help from the city government, which maintained only a skeletal police force and no detectives. After a time the Committee of Vigilance became inactive, and in 1853, Sheriff Hays moved on to greater things, as Surveyor-General of the United States.

But the crime problem in San Francisco didn't go away, and in committee

sprung up. This time there was a new sheriff, and he was on the other side. The entire city was sitting on a dynamite keg, as a crusading newspaperman named James King was shot down in the streets. On the day of King's funeral, two suspected murderers, including his, were hanged from a prominent public building.

It happened that two major figures in future American military history

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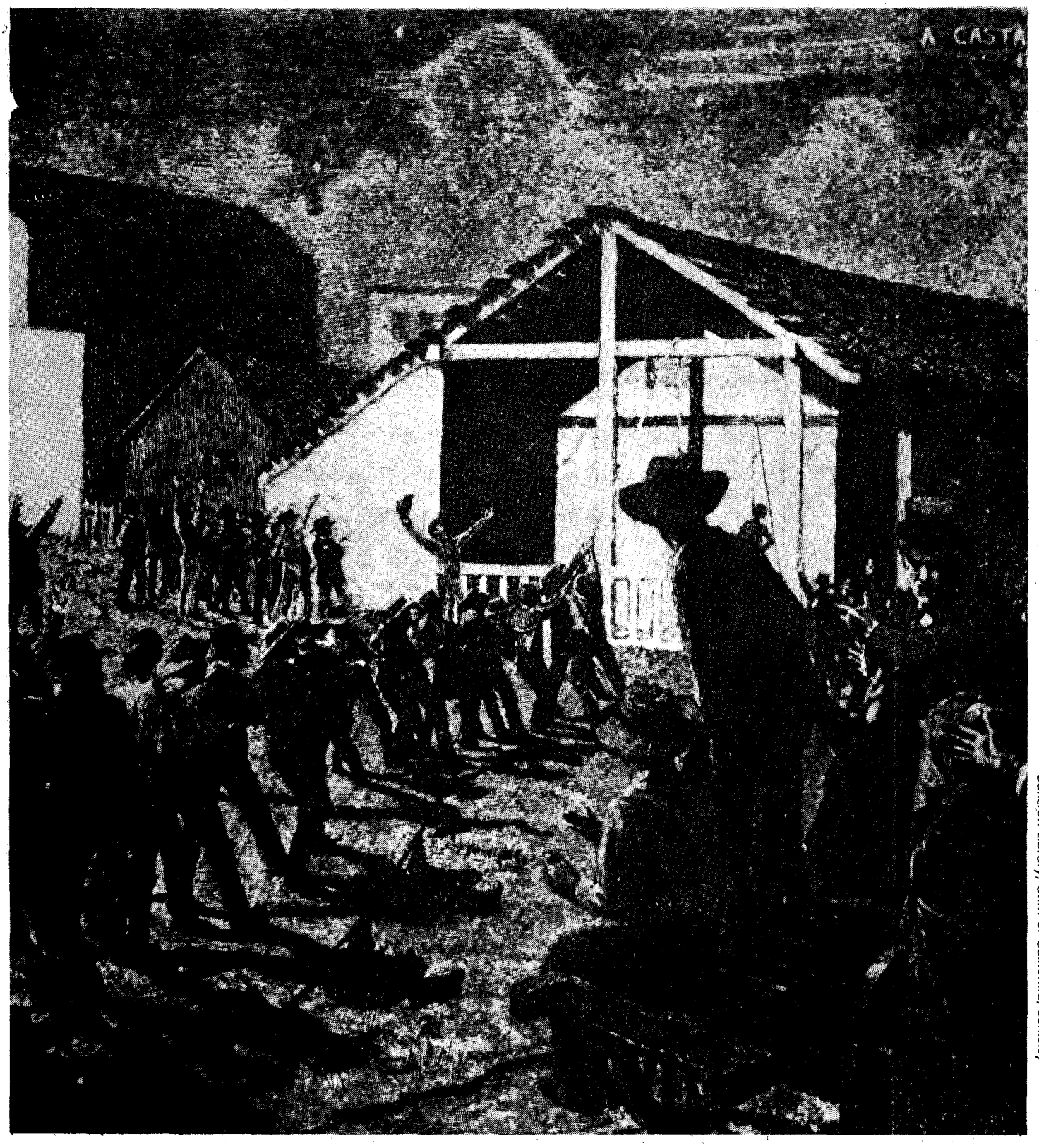

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Vigilantes consisted of responsible citizens banded together to halt lawlessness. Their trials usually ended with the hanging of the culprit. Above a large group of willing hands hoist a pair of desperadoes from the cross beams of a porch while a cheering crowd looks on.

were present at the time, and each played a part in the affair. General William T. Sherman, who was on leave from the army and was a San Francisco banker, had agreed to head the state militia just before the trouble broke out. He remembered the events with little pleasure, and noted them with his own frank assessment many years later in his memoirs:

"Politics had become a regular and profitable business, and politicians were more than suspected of being corrupt . . . too generally the better classes avoided the elections and dodged jury duty, so that the affairs of the city government necessarily passed into the hands of a low set of professional politicians."

Because of the popularity of the vigilante cause, there were not

(continued on page 69)

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LOST TREASURES

THE DONNER BROTHERS CACHE

1. NAME OF TREASURE: Donner Brothers Cache
2. LOCATION: near Truckee, California
3. DESCRIPTION: Gold coins
4. AUTHENTICATION: Excellent, historically documented.
5. TIME: 1846
6. VALUE: $20,000

High in California's mighty Sierra Nevada mountains, alongside U.S. 40, near the small town of Truckee, there is a bright, sparkling little body of water now known as Donner Lake. In a beautiful, well-kept park by this lake—atop a massive fieldstone shaft—is the statue of an emigrant family, an enduring monument to the ill-fated group of people remembered by history as the Donner Party. On the shaft is a bronze plaque inscribed with these words: *"Virile to risk and find; kindly withal and a ready help. Facing the brunt of fate; indomitable, unafraid."*

My many years' of interest in this story and a great deal of study of the available books and historical documents on the subject have convinced me that some mental reservations might well be in order, if those noble words are to be applied to each member of the Donner Party. But there are no such reservations in my mind about the existence of a valuable cache of Donner Party money which, in my opinion, probably ties some six air-line miles northeast of that handsome monument.

The Donner brothers were successful, middle-aged farmers who, when they became infected with "California Fever", converted their Sangamon County holdings into cash, a wagon train and supplies, and headed for Independence, Missouri. There, they planned to join one of the emigrant trains heading westward to the promised lands of California and Oregon.

really drastic, voluntary "pruning away" of things not vitally necessary or essential to survival was done by every member of the party.

Historians have come to accept as fact that when, with the cry of *"Ho! for California!"* on their lips, they rolled their wagons westward from Indian Creek, a few miles out of Independence, on May 17th, 1846, they had substantially more than $20,000 in gold coins stashed away in those wagons!

The hardships, disasters and occasional tragedies suffered by most emigrants to the western lands during those years were bad enough at best. What happened to the Donners and those who became part of their group is well-nigh incredible. For them, due to inexperience, weak leadership and countless follies, hardship, disaster and tragedy continued to pile upon other hardships, disasters and tragedies. But, this is all well-recorded history. *What we are here concerned with is the gold coins the Donners had — and which disappeared without a trace before the episode was concluded!*

During the century-and-a-quarter since this all happened, four areas have come to be considered as prime cache-site possibilities. They are:

1) In the middle of the salt lake desert that lies between present-day Grantsville, Utah, and Pilot Peak, Nevada. This is where the Donner Party members first lightened their wagons by discarding the least necessary of their treasured possessions. Most of those articles were, in later years, found within an area extending from twenty to forty miles east-southeast from the springs at the base of Pilot Peak.

2) At or near Pilot Peak Springs. It was here that the first

3) At Flowery Lake, some ten miles south-southwest of present-day Shafter, Nevada. This was another "pruning" site, where many more possessions were abandoned.

4) At or near the Prosser Creek, California, encampment where the Donner brothers died, as did six of their sixteen-member family and two of the nine others in their section of the wagon train. This is the place where the Donner family wagons became snowbound, on November 3, 1846.

The probable reasons why the Donners wound up on Prosser Creek instead of at the main encampment by the lake are: a) To expedite the difficult crossing of the Sierra summit, the wagon train had been divided into three sections at Truckee Meadows, just before entering the mountains. The Donner wagons made up most of the third or last section. b) The first section arrived at the lake on November 1st. The second section arrived on November 2nd, in the midst of a severe storm. c) The Donners somehow missed the way in the storm that day. They turned to the right, off of the Truckee River, onto Prosser Creek, probably thinking that they were some nine miles farther upstream, where present-day Donner Creek enters the Truckee from the right. They were stopped by deep snows, not far upstream from where Alder Creek enters into Prosser Creek.

A fifth and a sixth possible cache-site are sometimes mentioned: One is at the Truckee Meadows campsite; this is where the emigrant train laid over for five fateful days to rest and strengthen their oxen, in order to make the difficult summit crossing. Those five days made the difference between crossing safely and being caught in the deadly jaws of a smothering, snowy trap! The other possible cache-site is "somewhere" along the deep-sand section of the road, near the Humboldt Sink. Many additional items were abandoned here by the emigrants, in a desperate attempt to

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further lighten their wagons.

What do I believe about this story?

As far as the Donner's personal gold is concerned, there isn't a doubt in my mind that: a) It existed. b) It was cached for safe-keeping. c) None of the survivors of the party recovered it. d) It was not found by any of the various relief party members who sought it so avidly. e) If it has been found, the recovery has been since the development of sensitive, electronic metal detectors, and kept totally secret.

Further, I believe that the logical cache-site is somewhere near the Donner's Prosser Creek encampment, probably within a few hundred feet. It just doesn't make a bit of sense to me that the Donners would have cached their gold in Utah or Nevada, while, at the same time, keeping Tamsen Donner's heavy cases of books, cloth and household items, or the other similarly-heavy items later found by the various relief and salvage party members who searched their camp.

$20,000 in the gold coins of those times wouldn't take lots of room, but it would weigh about 100 troy pounds; any silver coins would have caused the weight to increase greatly. The fifteen persons of the group who made up what came to be known as the "Forlorn Hope" party certainly didn't have it with them when they made their terrible crossing of the Sierra summit in mid-winter. And by the time the first relief party reached the trapped emigrants, on the 18th of February, 1847, the persons yet alive, and the relief party members themselves, were concerned with raw survival, not gold!

It wasn't until late in April, 1847, that any cash or valuable goods were recovered from the encampments and brought across the summit, to Sutter's Fort, at Sacramento. This final expedition, W.O. "LeGros" Fallon's Fourth Relief Party, was organized to bring out any remaining survivors, and all the cash and valuables that they could find. This salvage effort was ostensibly for the benefit of the Donner Party survivors, but history tells us that Fallon and his men got most of what they recovered. Yet, it is recorded also that they found a total of only $498.00 in cash in the encampments, a mere pittance, considering the large amount of money possessed by this group of emigrants when they left Independence.

After the departure of the Fourth Relief Party, the desolate encampments contained only the few remaining possessions of the emigrants, and famine-shrunken, mutilated corpses. Digger Indians from the Truckee Meadows area apparently looted some of the emigrant's supplies about this time, but they certainly would have had no use for gold coins.

The next white men to visit the encampments were Elder Sam Brannon and a group of Mormons, on their way eastward to a meeting with Brigham Young. And, in June, 1847, General Kearney and his troops halted their journey to the States long enough to bury the pitiful corpses, and to burn at least one of the cabins at the lake and the tent encampment of the Donners, at Prosser Creek. No treasure hunting efforts by members of such large groups of men, whether successful or not, could have been kept a secret. History indicates no such activity by members of these parties.

How much money did the Donner Party members have?

In addition to the $20,000 from the sale of their Illinois farms, the Donner brothers also had $1500 in gold and silver coin that had been bequeathed them by Luke Halloran, just before he died of "consumption," at Black Rock, Utah. The dour, irascible German, Louis Keseberg, was considered by the emigrants to have been a wealthy man when he started the trip west from Independence. Yet, when he was brought out by Fallon's men, he didn't have a cent, and his subsequent life belies any possibility that he ever returned to the encampments to salvage money.

Another German, remembered only as Wolfinger, was also considered by his fellow-emigrants to have had considerable money with him, for which he had been murdered, in Nevada. And then there was James Reed: educated and autocratic, of Polish nobility; a prosperous Illinois merchant, contractor and furniture manufacturer. It is highly unlikely that he had no cash in the wagons, when they were caught in the snows, even though he had lost heavily of his possessions during and after the crossing of the Great Salt Desert.

Other than the small amount of money recovered by Fallon's men, the only other Donner Party cash known to have been found was a cache of several hundred dollars in coins, which was located in 1891, by Edward Reynolds. This must have been the money left behind by Mrs. Elizabeth Graves, on March 4th, as she was leaving the lake encampment with the Second Relief Party.

Where could all the cash known to have been possessed by the various members of this ill-fated emigrant train have disappeared to? No one really knows, or, if they know, they have never told!

The Donner Party survivors, 47 out of a total of 90 persons, have all long since passed away, but their group will never be forgotten. Throughout the west, the name lives on in many places along the route they traveled, immortalizing not the Donner family name alone, but rather, all who were part of that epic venture.

Countless words have been said and written about them .. both good and bad; their story has been told times without number. But, woven into the complex tapestry of all those words, one principal theme is always evident: "They were very human people!" And, perhaps, therein lies the reason for the continuing interest in them. Even today, when we read of their experiences, we are each brought irresistibly to that moment of truth when we must admit to ourselves, *"There, but for the grace of God, could have gone I!"*

If you ever become interested in seeking any of the Donner Party treasures, my advice is to concentrate on the Donner brothers' cache. The site of their encampment on Prosser Creek has for many years been tentatively agreed by researchers as being approximately one half of a mile northwest of the point marked Prosser House on the U.S. Topographical Map (Truckee Quadrangle, ed. 1895), or, within one mile northwest of where SR 89 crosses Prosser Creek (see AMS Map NJ 10-3, Chico Quadrangle).

What would you need? A good, frequency-stable, sensitive electronic metal detector, a steel probe-rod, a small pick and a shovel, a tent, sleeping bags ... and some groceries. Even if you don't find the money, think of the enjoyment you will have! This is a beautiful, fascinating place to spend a wonderful week or two; it is yet full of old mine and mill sites, and still contains no small amounts of placer gold that you can pan out, between detector searches for the Donner's gold coins! ●RW

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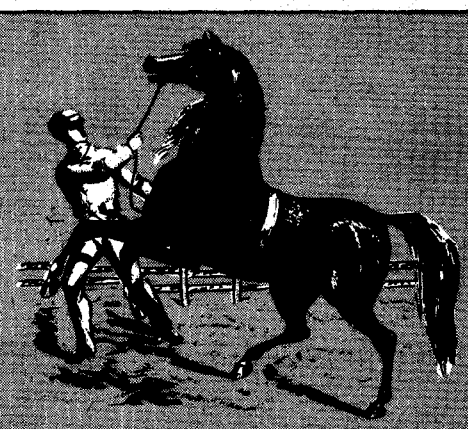
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

EARTHQUAKE CURES INFIRMED

The last California earthquake had the effect of suddenly curing several lame beggars in San Francisco.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 27, 1872

CALIFORNIA AHEAD OF ITS TIME

The California legislature has passed a bill that "religion shall neither be taught nor *practiced* in the public schools.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 8, 1872

TIT FOR TAT

A Chinaman in Nevada celebrated his release from jail by robbing the institution of its blankets.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 8, 1872

GOLD DISCOVERED IN THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS

Great excitement prevails in the vicinity of Fort McKinney, Wyoming, on account of the recent rich discoveries of gold-bearing quartz in the Big Horn Mountains, about seventy-five miles northwest of that post, at the head of the Tongue River. Large numbers of miners are passing through that place on the way to the mines. Nearly all the citizens of that region are starting for the mountains. Ore has been assayed with the following results: Lowest, $4, highest, $70 per ton.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 1, 1879

SIOUX ARRIVE IN WASHINGTON

Red Cloud, the Sioux chieftain, with Red Dog, Little Wound, Blue Horse, and about twenty-two other prominent Sioux, have arrived in Washington.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 8, 1872

CHICAGO & ALTON TRAIN ROBBED

A Chicago and Alton Railroad train was stopped by highwaymen near Kansas City, Mo., October 8, and robbed of $6,000 in the hands of the express agent

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 25, 1879

FURTHER REPORTS FROM UTAH

Recent dispatches from the Ute country encourage the belief that the women and children who were at the White River Agency with Mr. Meeker were not molested.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 25, 1879

NEW MEXICO GROWING

Governor Wallace estimates the present population of New Mexico at 125,000. A large immigration is following the construction of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 25, 1879

APACHES ON THE WARPATH

The Apaches in the southern part of New Mexico are said to be committing serious depredations. Forty settlers are said to have been killed, and at last accounts the citizens at several points were still under arms.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 1, 1879

MORE NEWS FROM THE WHITE RIVER AGENCY

The bodies of all or nearly all the white men employed at the White River Agency were found about the burned buildings by General Merritt's forces. It is believed that the women and children are safe, and that the influence of Chief

(continued on page 68)

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JOHN SLAUGHTER
(continued from page 43)

mold, affable, welcoming anybody who knocked at his door yet leaving the distinct impression that hospitality did not invite a buddy-buddy sort of intimacy.

Correspondingly I learned little of the Slaughter epic from the tacit lips of the man who had shaped it. Occasionally when he would ask me to join him on a ride, he might point toward some distant arroyo and remark quietly:

"Over there is where the Clanton boys and their pardners, the McLowerys, bunched stolen cattle before running them into Mexico."

Or:

"Across that mountain Jack Taylor's train robbing gang used to make camp."

Then silence would become eloquent. Never one word of some sequels that are unforgettable episodes of Arizona's touch-and-go struggle for law and order.

Of how on October 25th, 1881, a strutting Earp-Holliday posse had penned the Clanton-McLowery gang inside the OK Corral at Tombstone then shot them down like so many hogs. Two bands of trigger thugs clashing in that celebrated shootout. One left to keep killing.

Or of how John Slaughter, during his last year as sheriff had personally led the posse which tracked down the five-man Taylor Gang happily robbing trains in Mexico then laying low in the Whetstone Mountains on the American side. A profitable, reasonably safe business it had been for the slippery Mr. Taylor and his four Mexican cohorts till Sheriff Slaughter, at the request of Mexico's border police had decided to close down the enterprise.

Taylor had already been arrested while buying a three dollar hat in Nogales along with a German to whom he had supposedly taught the art of engine boarding. As a humiliating follow-up the trapped pair had been sentenced to life imprisonment in one of Mexico's highly unpleasant and antiquated penitentiaries. American train robbers like the Daltons and Bill Doolin would rest easier in comfortable cemeteries.

From Jeff Milton usually at those ranch gatherings, I heard the sequel to that punctured saga of Jack Taylor's bandit mob. By Milton's words, quoted from memory.

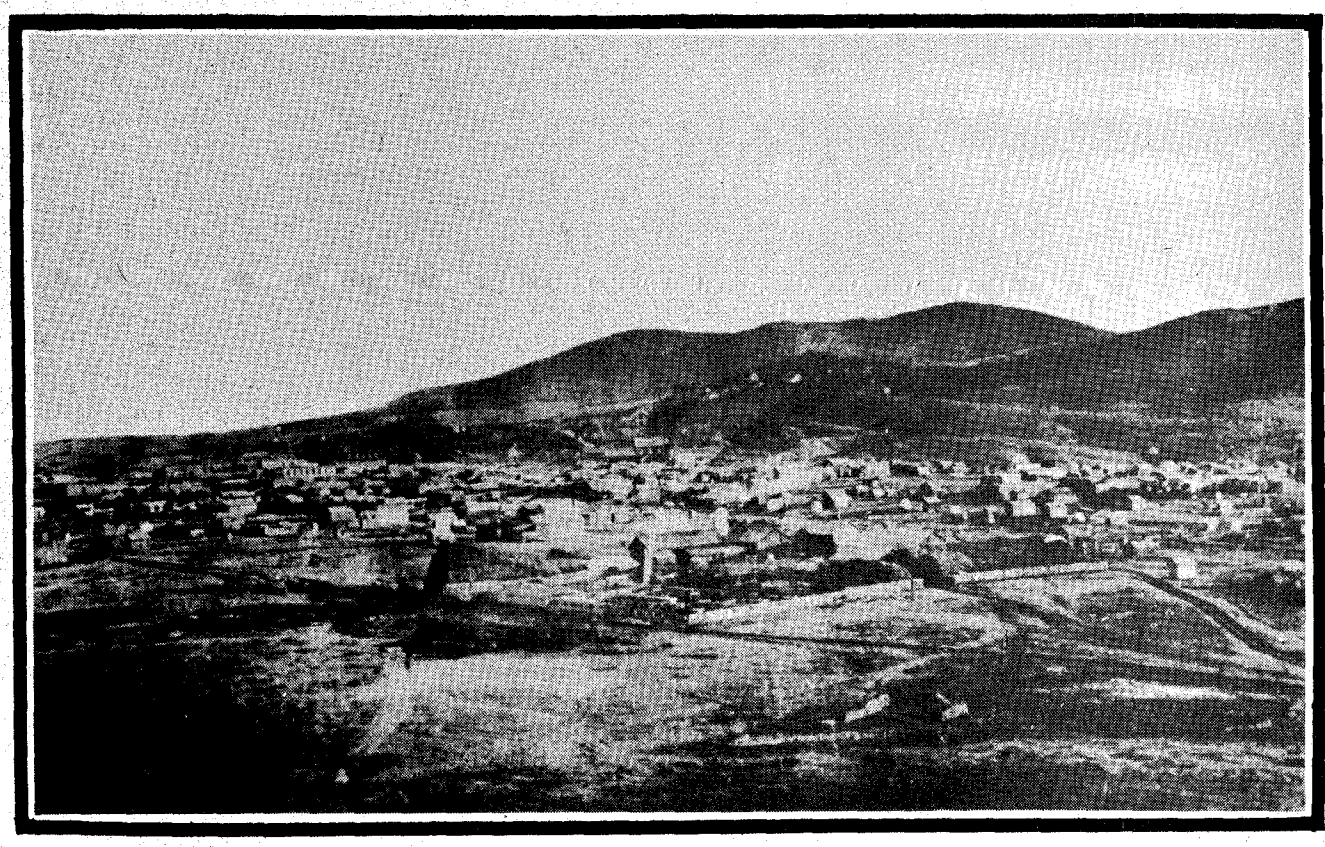
"I recollect the whole thing," that dogged old lawman told me. "I was U.S. customs inspector at Tombstone where John Slaughter was sheriff. Four of Taylor's boys were still running loose after that train holdup in the Mexican state of Sonora. Their handles were Geronimo Miranda, Manuel Robles, Nieves Deron and one John never knew except as Fred, Federico in Spanish. Mean scoundrels, the whole bunch was wanted by the Mexican Rurales and by half the sheriffs in Arizona.

"But because they had kinfolks around Tombstone they had no more sense than to hide there, right under the nose of the law which was John Slaughter."

By Jeff Milton's same account:

Slaughter heard that the quartet were in town hiding out at the home of a Mexican woman said to be Flora Cardenas. She was feeding and bedding them when they slipped in at night from days of furtive "scouting" in the nearby Whetstone Mountains. For three successive evenings, Slaughter and a party of deputies "staked out" the adobe hovel of Mrs. Cardenas.

But somebody, Slaughter never knew who, tipped off the fugitives. Mrs. Cardenas, when questioned, denied everything in an indignant brimstone patois of English and



Denver Public Library Western Collection

View of Tombstone Arizona, 1880.

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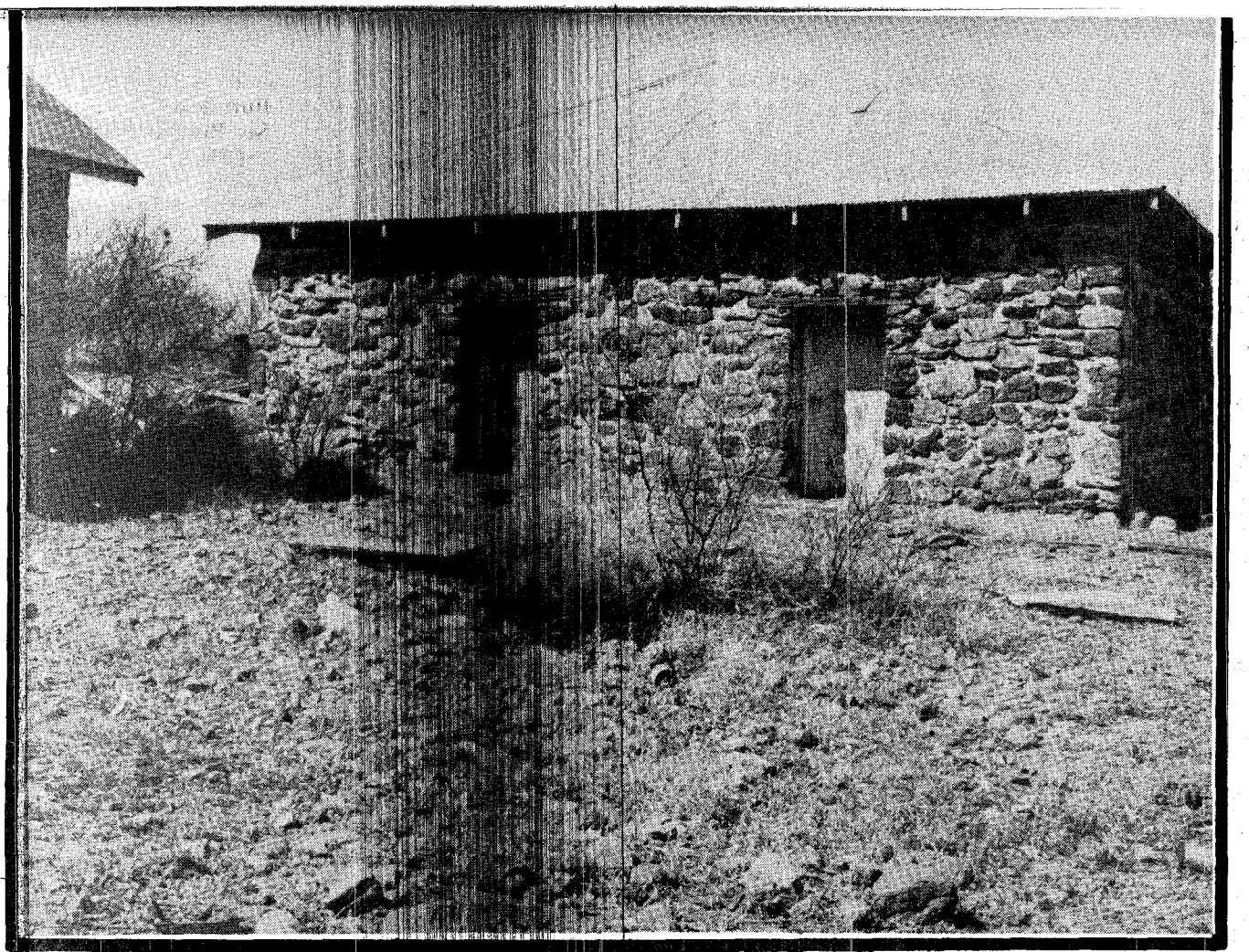

National Park Service

Stone bunkhouse at San Bernardino Ranch, 1884.

Spanish. The grim sheriff ordered the lady kept under surveillance. Then he resumed the search through his network of Spanish-speaking informants.

The four vanished gunmen were reported as "laying up" at Clifton then at Willcox. Slaughter's deputies could find them in neither place. The trail grew cold. But that lawman, trained in the Texas Rangers, found a way of warming it up.

He learned that Manuel Robles' brother, Guadalupe, sold firewood in a little town known, perhaps appropriately, as Contention. Guadalupe's source of supply was a woodcamp that he operated in a canyon of the Whetstones. He slept at the camp but shopped a general store in the small mining settlement. An informant reported that Guadalupe, known to live alone had started buying more groceries than any one man could eat within a reasonable time.

During a blue-gold Arizona dawn, a posse led by Slaughter surrounded the camp. Three men lay sleeping on blankets under the waning stars. Slaughter recognized them as Nieves Deron and Manuel Robles, engine boarders; and Guadalupe Robles, guilty of nothing thus far except harboring fugitives, with one happening to be his brother.

"To your feet!" Slaughter thundered. "Get up, with your hands up!"

The trio awoke shooting.

Slaughter's first bullet disposed of Guadalupe Robles, the woodcutter. Manuel Robles and Deron then fled toward a heap of boulders, bullets from the sheriff's .45 nicking at their clothes, gunsmoke singeing their hair. Deron turned in desperation when the pair reached the boulders. Half crouching behind one of the big rocks, he fired three times from a swift action Colt .45.

One bullet grazed Slaughter's right ear. A dribble of blood ran down his cheek. Two shots crashed into a giant cactus slaying a pair of lizards darting around its trunk. Remaining on his feet, the sheriff pulled a trigger.

Nieves Deron fell mortally wounded. Manuel Robles, now short on valor, emerged from behind a boulder and sprinted off like a terrified jackrabbit.

Slaughter's belching gun knocked him into the dust. But bleeding and cursing Robles bounded back to his feet. He ran four yards when a second shot from that spewing barrel hit him in the left arm. Once more the desperado fell. Again he rose and dove into a thicket, escaping as the sheriff's third bullet missed him by a fraction of an inch.

The notorious Taylor gang had been shattered. Jack Taylor and his German segundo, Fritz somebody or other, were sweating out life terms in a foreign prison. Guadalupe Robles was dead. Nieves Deron was dying. Before he gasped out his last breath, he confessed to Sheriff Slaughter that he had slain the engineer of the robbed train in Sonora.

Three of Jack Taylor's "bloody boys" were still at large. Geronimo Miranda absent during that whizzing battle in the canyon. Federico or "Fred" also not around to match marksmanship with Arizona's precise deadly sheriff and the wounded Manuel Robles.

"But not loose for long," commented Jeff Milton on that

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hazy afternoon when he told me the story. For by Milton's account, substantiated in Arizona's state archives, Robles and Miranda were killed, a few months later by Mexican rurales (saddled policemen) in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico.

Federico would be finally captured with an accomplice of uncertain name by that same body of Mexican officers. But not before they had slain Deputy Sheriff Cesario Lucero in a sudden ambush actually meant for John Slaughter.

Cesario Lucero, frank, fearless, impeccably honest, was one of Slaughter's two outstanding deputies. Burt Alvord, conniving, more brazen than brave, finally himself turning road agent was the other.

I never heard Slaughter actually speak of Lucero. But old lawmen told me that he had given his murdered deputy's family much financial assistance. Yet if anything could crack John Slaughter's habitual reserve it was mention of Alvord's name in any connection.

Then the cigar usually in his mouth would shake and quiver in a shower of sparks and ashes. His hands would flex angrily as if they were gripping a pair of guns. Those black eyes would flare like erupting volcanoes. Then he would proceed to damn that renegade ex-lawman from hell to kingdom come and back.

Looking back, one can feel that Slaughter's one major mistake as a sheriff was hiring Burt Alvord for chief deputy. When the rich rancher took office in 1887, Alvord was a town character of irregular occupation yet usually having money in his pocket. He was on cordial terms with everybody from suspected outlaws to one of the San Bernardino's cowboys, Billie Hildreth.

Alvord had died, presumably as a fugitive in Panama, when I knew Slaughter. He had been a friend of a Slaughter cowboy, Billie Hildreth, said to have been an occasional lawman. This may have figured in Alvord's becoming an officer. Common consenus of opinion I heard was that the new sheriff hoped that his right hand would be a constant source of information on the doings of the tough crowd.

Yet Alvord would later team up with the most dangerous of the border bandits, Augustine Chacon, after having first met the latter when he had ridden into Tombstone carrying a gun for Slaughter, only to find himself ignobly pulling bridle leather for Mexico. After turning outlaw Alvord, in another turn of his treacherous self, would betray Chacon, who had given him refuge, to Captain Burton Mossman of the Arizona Rangers.

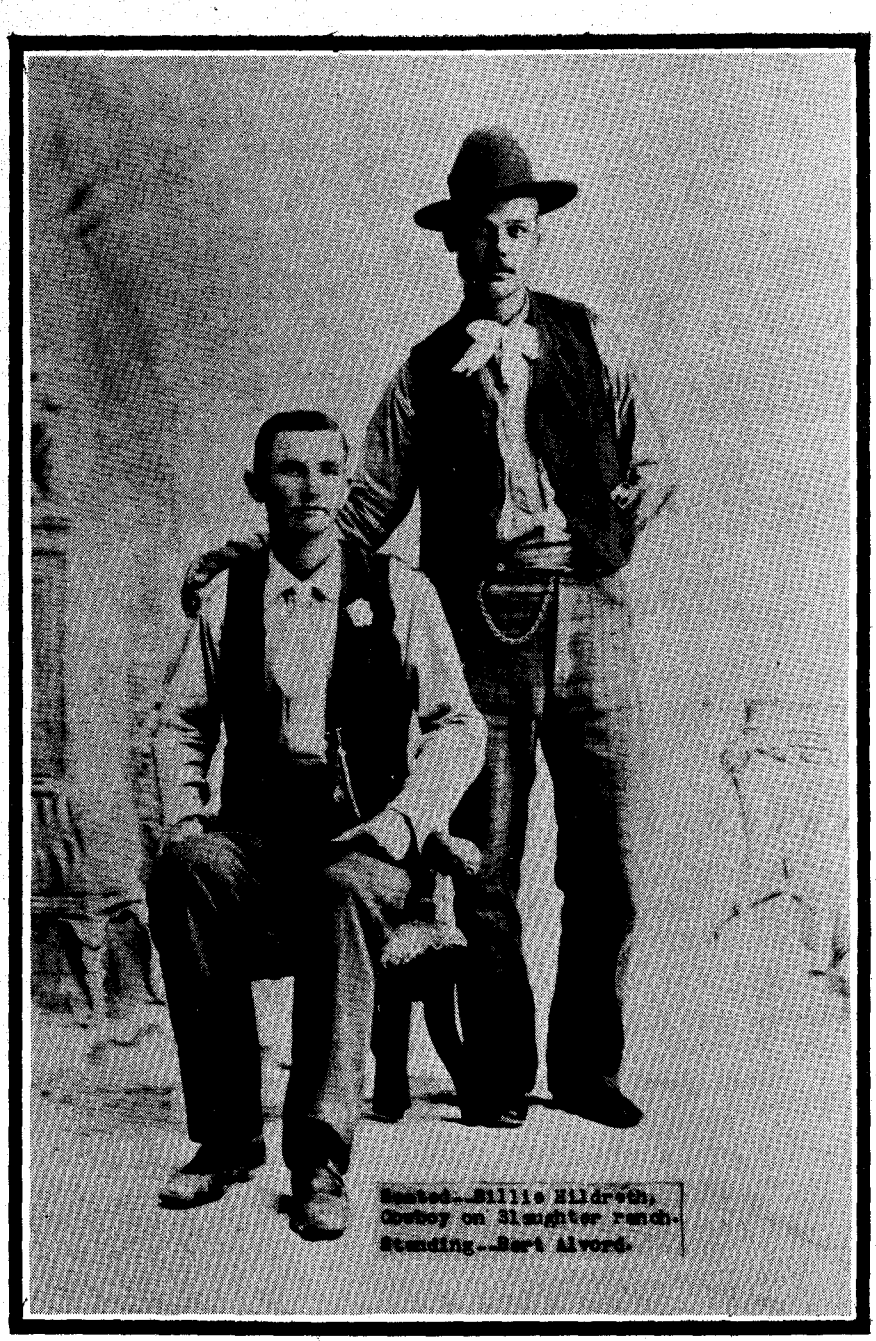
As a result, Chacon would die on an Arizona gallows. Alvord, after a somewhat profitable career as bank and train robber, would leave the United States to prowl Central America and the West Indies. How he finally "cashed in" isn't definitely known. Some tropic fever could have gotten him around 1910.

Never did John Slaughter allow Burt Alvord to walk behind him. "John told Burt he'd kill him if he ever did." So Billy Breckenridge told me out of Slaughter's earshot. "Maybe he should have on general principles."

Why did such an astute sheriff keep such a sleazy deputy? I didn't know. Neither did anybody else. The whole matter was just one more secret that John Slaughter kept hidden in his inscrutable mind.

He was just as secretive about those wrongdoers whom he assertedly ran down and slew on "general principles."

All the major trigger artists like Holliday, the Earp brothers and



Denver Public Library Western Collection

Billy Hildreth, cowboy on Slaughter ranch who sometimes performed lawman duties, and Burt Alvord, a Slaughter deputy who turned renegade and became a notorious outlaw.

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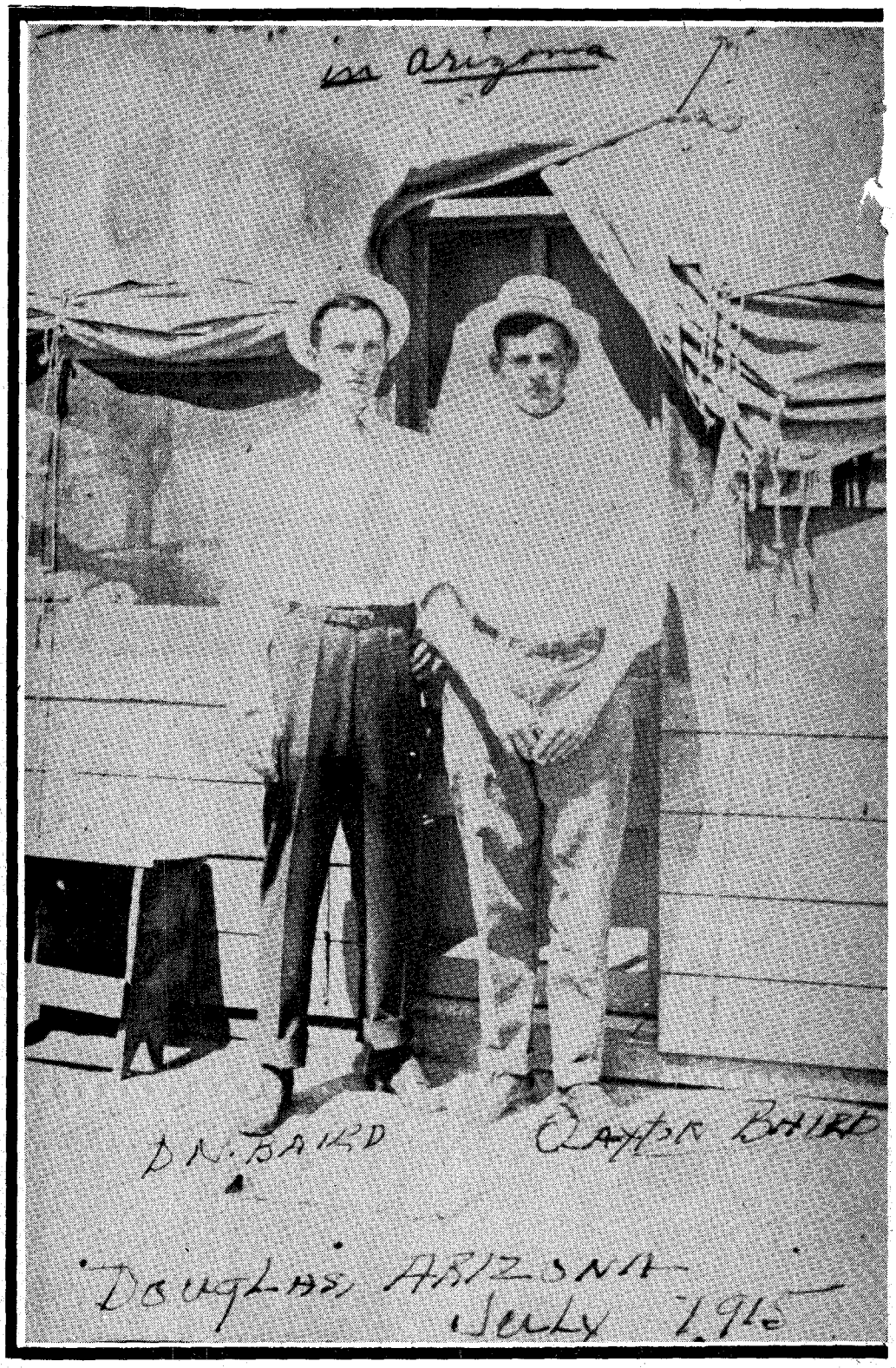
Baird family album



D. N. Baird and Clayton Baird as they looked while living in Arizona.

Bucksin Frank Leslie had left the Tombstone area when Slaughter, by popular request, undertook to wipe out the bobtail leftovers. Tombstone, the bonanza town, had shrunk to a desert village after pit floodings had destroyed its two principal mines. The high rollers and the card sharks and the larcenous sluts would move to better pickings like Deadwood and the arctic sin towns born of the Alaska Gold Rush. But Cochise County still had enough local talent to keep a conscientious lawman more than busy.

There were train robbers and "bank busters" of minor league standings but just as deadly, if need be, as the more celebrated majors. Roving killers prowled desert mesas from mountain hideouts to slay and rob respectable travelers. Criminals from Mexico were on the dodge in Arizona. Criminals from Arizona and other areas of the American West were fleeing toward Mexico.

And there were rustlers picking off batches of cattle transferred to Mexican buyers at unmarked, unguarded points on the border. Sheriff Slaughter had a forceful personal reason for despising these saddled vermin.

For the international boundary lay straight across his own empire of grass separating 77,770 acres of the San Bernardino spread from 23,000 acres of the sometimes called "the Perez place" because Slaughter had bought it from the heirs of a former Mexican owner, Ignacio Perez.

John Slaughter's badge became an emblem of retribution on both sides the border. In some fitting sense, he always rode alone after the creatures whom he had marked for doom.

Tombstone residents would see him leave his office, mount one of his superb horses and ride off toward one point or another within that 6,000 square mile area of Cochise County. There might be guesses about his destination and his quarry. But no person, not even a pair of blatant barbers, ever tried interrogating that tight-lipped sheriff about his business.

I heard some rumored names of various Slaughter casualties after I had gotten acquainted around Tombstone! "Shiney" Brown, said to have been a widelooper from Indian Territory. Memphis Mike, fugitive wife-killer from Tennessee. Fargo Tim, who'd gotten his "handle" from alleged robbery of Wells-Fargo express safes. J. Q. Pulley, horse thief and so it was said a one-time apprentice of the expired James Gang of Missouri.

There was a whole raft of dealers in cattle, other peoples' cattle, from either side of the border. "Apache" Valdez, sorry son of a Mexican father and an Indian mother. "Tommy Buckshot," run off the ranges of Texas and Arkansas finally to face stronger ammunition and a swifter aim in Arizona. Simon Rodriquez, sometimes anglicizing his name to Rogers, burning and blotting legitimate brands in the glow of a dozen crooked brands.

These now are all Arizona history of an unrecorded kind. You won't find the circumstances under which they vanished listed in any archive. Whenever John Slaughter returned from one of his scouts, one or more undesirables would be numbered among the permanently absent.

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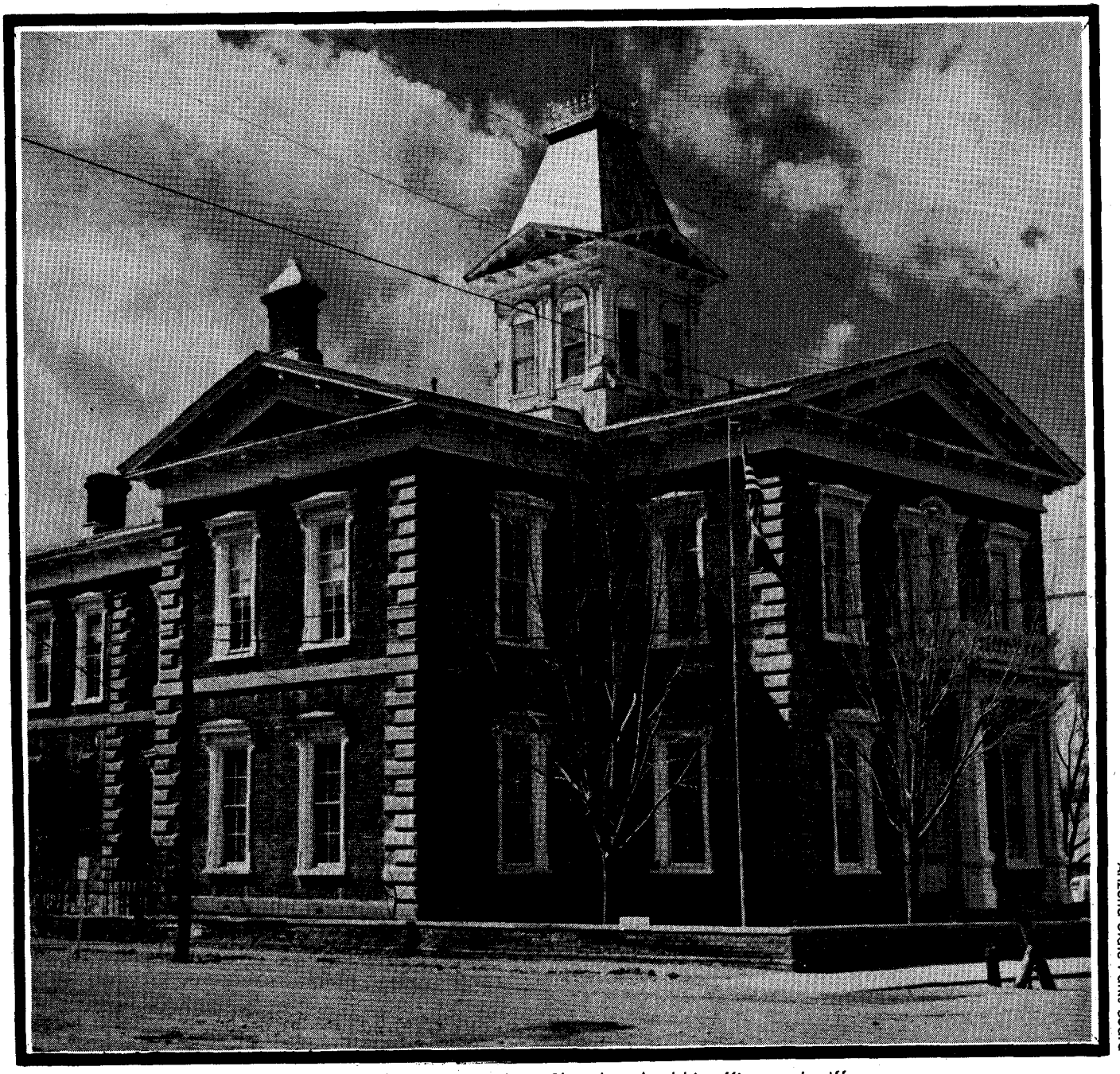

Arizona State Parks Board

Cochise County Courthouse where Slaughter had his office as sheriff.

No grand jury ever asked John Slaughter about these missing ones. Nor any citizen. Within that era of not-too-formal justice, all law abiding people were just glad they were gone.

Tombstone's best historian, Walter Noble Burns, estimated that John Slaughter's shotgun personally accounted for 28 sorry drifters. Within our day of swift communication, of excellent roads and high powered transportation his rough-and-ready sort of unilateral jurisprudence wouldn't go. Nor could I countenance it as a judge within this modern border area of Texas and Mexico.

But the Slaughter "outlaw cure" must be evaluated within the same context as the vigilante committees of early day California and Montana or the anti-horse thief organizations that hanged "bridle boys" peremptorily in Texas, Wyoming, and most other Western states. The frailer the structure of civilization, the more that citizens will fall back upon their own basic honesties and their own native folkways to protect themselves against the devious and the ornery, the bully and the bandit.

John Slaughter retired as sheriff of Cochise County in 1891. Carefully he had arranged his records and official papers for his successor. When it came to preserving valuable memorabilia the man was as meticulously neat as he forever was about the clothing that he wore. He liked tidiness whether on civic or personal levels.

Many other Western lawmen would have served much longer during all the stresses and upheavals of a changing region. Figures like Texas-California officer Ira Aten or Oklahoma-Kansas marshal and sheriff Bill Tilghman would wear badges of one or another jurisdiction for most of their lives. The contributions of these two and others like them are immeasureable.

Perhaps no badge wearer, though accomplished more within just a few years, than this quiet, small man whom I would know for too short a friendship during his waning years and my beginning ones.

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I remember a day when he asked me to join him for an automobile ride into Tombstone. He parked the car briefly before the old Cochise County courthouse before a certain window.

"There, Mr. Baird," he informed me, "is the sheriff's office." For a moment I saw those coal black eyes flare. "That's where I hung my hat."

In two sentences that were masterpieces of understatement, he had defined his own epic. I realized it would be useless to press him for further details. For his life had always been lived by the deed and the example rather than by the gesture and the boast.

Yet if stones could talk those weatherbeaten ones of that venerable old building could add many postscripts to the epic—

Many unsavory characters including outwardly respectable ones were told by the blunt Old Western sheriff to "hit the road" or else. And as Arizona writer Maurice Kildare has commented, "for every desperado that John Slaughter moved out, a hundred desirable settlers could move in."

He doggedly kept functioning in spite of sometimes uncertain health. In 1887 a crucial year in that struggle, John Slaughter came down with an often fatal disease: cholera morbus. But he fought off death as bravely as he did sidewinders and tinhorns to ride once more after those who didn't qualify for civilization. Only his weakened physical condition, it is said caused him to decline the Democratic renomination for a third term in the general election of 1888. Bisbee has long since superseded Tombstone as the seat of Cochise County. The county's present day citizens have a normal respect for judges and juries, and for that whole texture of legal processes and principles that make up the body of American law.

All of this is one legacy of John Slaughter. Another is the still existing cooperation between policemen on both sides of the border.

During his four years as sheriff, Slaughter worked out an informal agreement with his friend, Captain Emilio Kousterlitzky, Mexican Rurales. Under that code sealed with word and handshake, Arizona officers could pursue border scum into Mexico without being considered foreign invaders. Mexican lawmen could cross over into American territory and receive cordial cooperation.

By this precedent, American border officers today are able to exchange information, and other data with what is now Mexico's Federal Judicial Police.

John Slaughter was still maintaining close relationships with lawmen from the adjoining Mexican state of Sonora when I knew him. I sometimes saw Mexican officers along with American ones at those ranch gatherings. Sometimes also prosecutors and other law enforcement officials of either country. Now and then, along with distinguished other guests in every walk of life, I would say howdy to another old ex-sheriff, Carl Hayden, who had gone on to become one of Arizona's first U. S. Senators.

When the Mexican revolution erupted, Slaughter's armed vaquero corps was a source of protection for a wide stretch of the border. They preceded the Federal troopers finally sent to this area by President Woodrow Wilson to protect the American boundary. But the vaqueros could cross the border as the troopers couldn't since their employer's property lay on both sides. My soldier-brother, D. N. Baird, told me that they could give handy accountings of themselves in skirmishes and shootouts with buccaneers on bronc back.

Meantime America was being drawn, as a powerful nation into World War I, raging across the Atlantic. On March 9, 1916, possibly spurred by German agents, Pancho Villa crossed the border to stage his bloody surprise raid on Columbus, New Mexico. All up and down the international boundary other German operatives were distributing literature and organizing anti-American groups among Mexican populations as part of a well-financed effort at disruption. Abroad German submarines were sinking American ships without regard for the safety of crews and passengers.

War was a grim handwriting on the wall. On April 6, 1917, President Wilson issued a proclamation declaring that "a state of war exists between the United States and the Imperial German Government." Brother D. N. Baird was already in the army. I knew that my place was also in the ranks. Soon I would find myself in uniform.

On May 30, 1917, I last saw John Slaughter. The occasion was a picnic staged by the Phelps-Dodge Copper Company on his ranch. A band was playing, flags were waving from one end of the festive grounds to the other. Orators took the stand to ridicule the German Kaiser, and to proclaim the invincibility of American armed forces anywhere in the world. Many a cowpuncher, many a copper miner would leave that gathering to enlist in the army.

For some minutes I strolled away from the crowd, my eyes taking in these adobe buildings, these corrals, these herds of cattle and horses, wishing to retain forever the memory of this establishment and of John and Viola Slaughter with their unfailing hospitality toward us Baird brothers.

I halted by a patch of yucca cactus and lighted a cigarette. I heard a step behind me and quickly whirled around.

There stood John Slaughter, hand outstretched.

"Mr. Baird," he said gravely. "I want you and your brother to know that you will be as welcome here after this war is over as you were before."

I gulped something in reply. Slaughter strode away. I knew that I would never meet another man like him.

And I never have all these long years since. I do wish that I might have seen him one more time before his death at age 81 on October 15, 1922.

The war was over by then and I was back in Tennessee meaning to study law and then to practice in that changed West of John Slaughter. Perhaps it was more than coincidence that I would find myself back on the border, on a Texas stretch of it transformed by irrigation into one of America's most fertile garden spots.

D. N. Baird, my brother, is dead. We talked much about John Slaughter before he went on.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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OLD BODIE

(continued from page 21)

caught and returned.

This time they shackled him with heavy leg irons. But again he made a desperate escape on a cold November night. Sharp dragged the heavy chain shackle across the bleak, freezing desert to Candelaria. Cautiously he threw sand on the window of a friend, praying he would get help before he froze to death. Yet, the sheriff arrived at just the wrong moment. This time he went to the penitentiary at Carson.

Again he escaped and dropped out of sight completely. He succeeded in reaching New Orleans, started an honest business, married and fathered two children. Respected and well liked for years, he relaxed and enjoyed life until during a Mardi Gras he found he was seen by a man from Nevada.

He informed his family he was "called away for an indefinite period" and gave himself up. He was quietly returned to the Nevada prison where he was a model prisoner.

A few years later, Governor Colcord pardoned him and he returned to his family, became a respectable citizen. All later records indicate he lived out his life as a popular and honest man.

Wells Fargo's shootingest express messengers of the period, Eugene Blair and Mike Tovey, were finally brought to Bodie. Their sharp-shooting abilities were proclaimed by a wide and exclamatory press. Every time Blair fought off an attempted holdup, the company presented him with a new weapon, much the same way as it presented other drivers with handsome engraved watches. Blair was a firearms collector of heroic proportions and defended his coaches with accurate gunfire. He soon owned an armory which sagged under the weight of Henry rifles, Starr's Navy pistols, Allen and Wheelock's revolvers, Griswold and Grier's Army Ordnance, Leech and Ridon Model Colts and terrible sure-shot Shawk and McLanahan eight-inch cavalry revolvers. Most of these were selected by Wells Fargo because of Blair's well-known Confederate sympathies. When Blair went into action the Confederacy was represented by everything but cannon from their Tredegar works.

Bodie was not only unabashed by its own wickedness, it never tired of bragging it was even tougher than Candelaria, eighty miles to the east. There the common report had it miners with a toothache simply tamped home a charge of giant powder and then chewed on a fulminate cap to eliminate the offending bicuspid. Wells Drury in *An Editor on the Comstock Lode,* reported a Virginia City undertaker's remark which enchanted Bodie. "We never get any breaks in this business," lamented the shroud merchant. "As soon as the local talent get to thinking they're tough they go try it out in Bodie and Bodie undertakers get the job of burying them."

John Jayes Hammond recalled that in 1879, during the first week he

Cy Martin Photo

The U. S. Land Office at Bodie when it was first being settled. It later served as a power company office, a general store and finally as a boarding house.

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spent in Bodie, when the town was really feeling its oats, there were six fatal shooting frays. The maimed were constantly seen in the streets, bandaged and groaning and in search of sympathetic ears to listen to their side of the argument.

Many fabulous and colorful characters reached Bodie, but none were more appealing or more fascinating than the beautiful Madame Moustache, the first "lady gambler." The first record of her appears in 1854, when she stepped off the stage at Nevada City, a dark-eyed, fresh faced girl, dressed in the best of taste. She promptly opened a gambling establishment, dealing vingt et un (21) and was an immediate success. The miners liked the way she paid off bets with a friendly smile. Even the town approved of the manner in which she kept peace and order in her establishment.

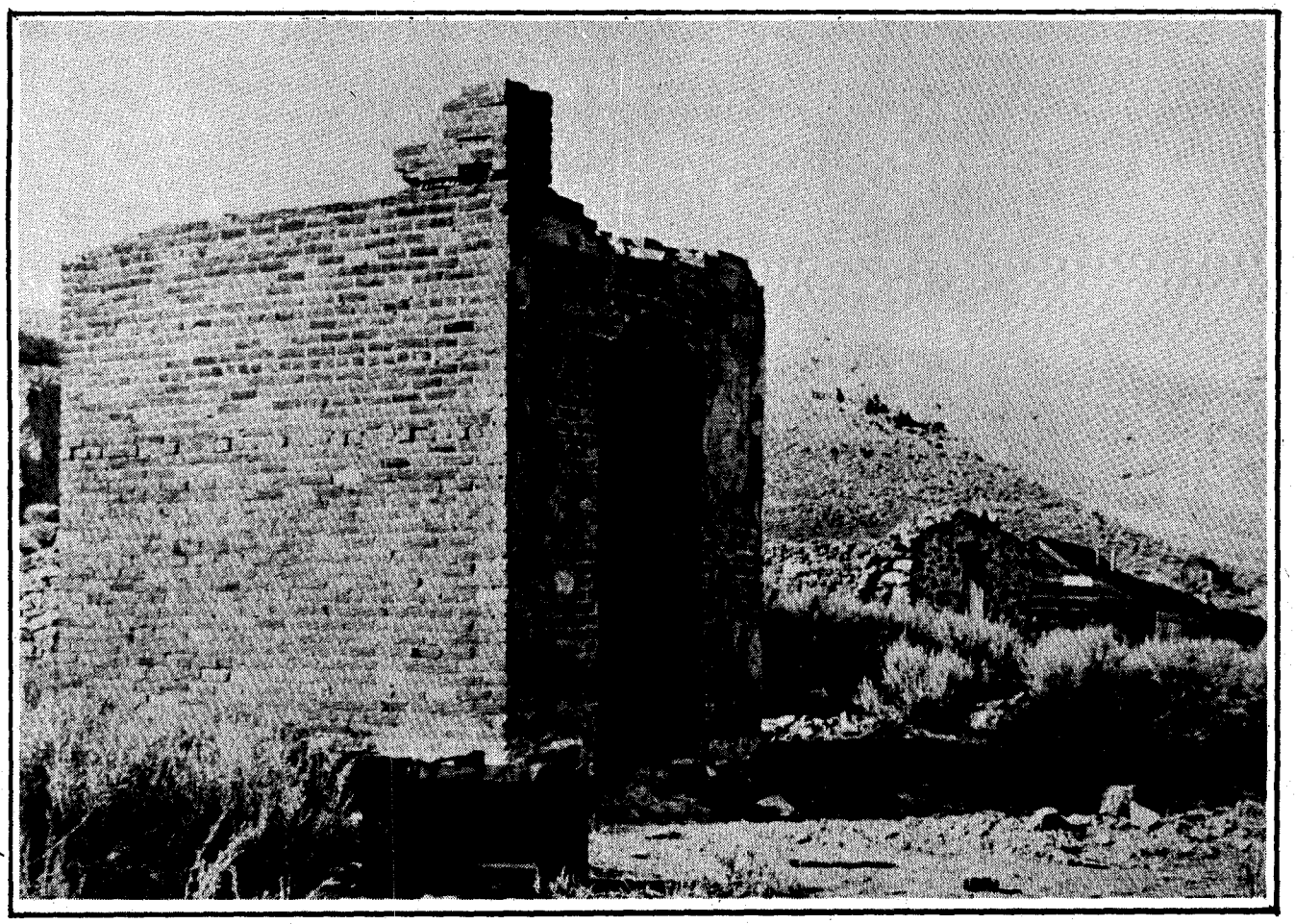
After a year in Nevada City she wandered from California to Nevada, always gambling and always a favorite. She was generous to the unfortunate and she exercised considerable influence over the rough miners. It was told that at Pioche, on a wild and riotous payday night, she broke up a pistol-flourishing mob by joking and laughing with the angry men.

She kept a watchful eye on the young and inexperienced, and protected more than one youthful miner from a fleecing at the hands of some unscrupulous barkeep or dance hall girl. She served champagne instead of corn whiskey and an orchestra played instead of the customary sodden piano player. This remarkable woman enjoyed the friendship, admiration and respect of thousands of miners throughout the raw, wild, mining camps of the west in the sixties and seventies.

Yet the last years of her life were sheer tragedy. She amassed a considerable fortune by her gambling and purchased a beautiful ranch in eastern Nevada. She married and settled down with her husband to the quiet life of pleasant rural activity. She most properly turned her property and all her money over to her husband, but he proved to be a worthless rascal who squandered everything. Then, as expected, after he wasted her entire fortune, he promptly deserted her. The emotional shock produced a change in the fortunes and the appearance of Madame Moustache. All early records indicated she had a fresh, girl-like beauty and vivacity. Now her features coarsened, and a growth of dark hair appeared on her upper lip and she received the distasteful name of "Madame Moustache."

Her old, light touch, and her skill as a dealer deserted her. And she failed to rise from the grinding poverty which followed her from mining camp to mining camp. Hairy-faced, features coarsened and in her late forties, she was an object of sincere pity. She drifted from camp to camp until finally she reached Bodie and the last escape left. "On the morning of September 8, 1879 her dead body was found about two miles south of Bodie, a bottle of poison lying near by. Let her many qualities invoke some leniency in criticising her failing," reported the *Daily Free Press.*

The lady with the horsewhip occupied the front page of the *Daily Free Press* of February 3, 1882 and for several days thereafter. At the



Cy Martin Photo

Bank vault of the Bodie Bank. The bank was destroyed by fire in 1932. Like so many other ghost towns, the vault is standing all by itself.

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close of school the day before (the scene of the outrage still stands) Miss Florence Molinelli returned to her family with the tearful report that as she was leaving the classroom a number of boys pursued her with choice four letter epithets which they'd learned in the less refined Parole Saloon. The words of these infamous sayings were blushingly breathed into the outraged ear of Mrs. Molinelli. Anger rose and she reached for the ever-present square-faced bottles of Stoughton's Bitters. This family remedy always occupied a permanent place between the French Clock and the base of pussywillows on all the best mantels in Bodie. Thus fortified, she put on her shawl and bonnet.

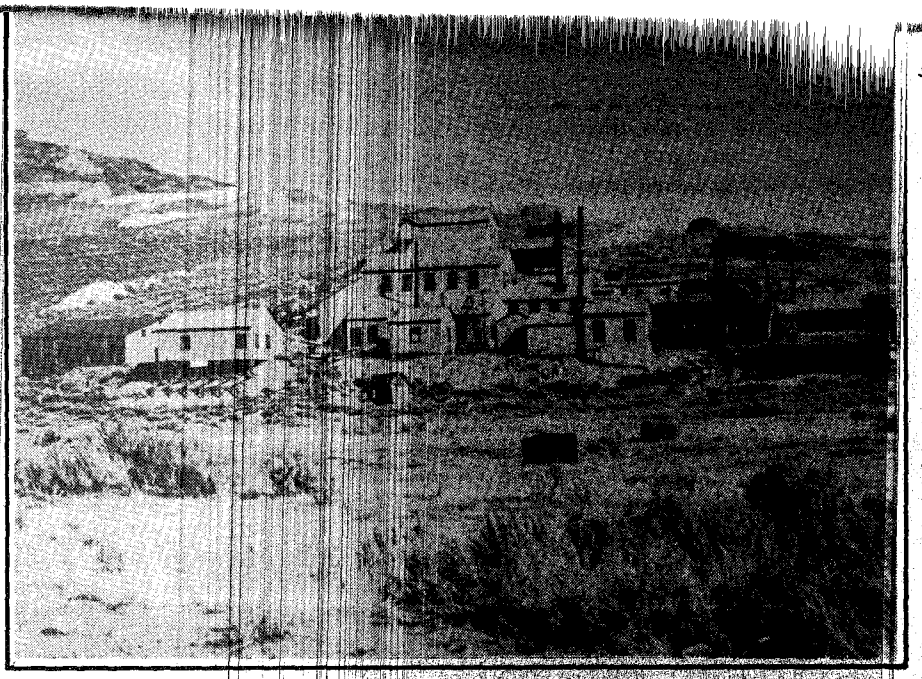
Mrs. Molinelli paused briefly at the home of Dr. J.W. Van Zandt, since her husband was underground at the North Noonday Mine at the time. The doctor consented to escort her on her mission of justified vengeance. She made a small purchase at the hardware and undertaking establishment of Charles Kelly: "Coffins, caskets, and Shrouds Always on Hands. Also English Bulldogs, self-cocking Revolvers and Hercules Giant Powder."

The purchase was later described as "A Small bull dog or whip, four or five feet in length." Just outside Wells Fargo & Co., banking office she encountered the youth named by Florence as the loudest of the rowdies.

The *Daily Free Press* said, "The whip cracked smartly across the youth's face. Florence's mother announced between smitings that when he, Phil Evans, should again address himself to her daughter in vile terms she would reduce him to the estate of a corpse."

Young Evans screamed and sought shelter within the Wells Fargo office. A crowd of small boys, friends and allies of Evans, gathered from out of nowhere and set upon Mrs. Molinelli and Dr. Van Zandt with loyal boyish fury. The entire affair burst across the Wells Fargo threshold with the sound of smashing glass. Major Atlee, the manager, summoned in haste from a rear room, joined the battle with a massive double-entry ledger.

With the aid of the ledger and a slick tactic or two learned from Fighting Joe Hooker during the Civil War, Major Atlee was able to clear the room. The dust settled and the participants in the action went home to bandage themselves.



Cy Martin Photo

The Standard Mine and Mill was first known as the Bunker Hill Mine and was registered in August 1859. It passed through several hands before being sold to four partners for $67,500. They changed the name and incorporated as the Standard Company in April 1877. The success of this mine resulted in the 1878 rush to Bodie. In a year the population rose from about 20 to an estimated 10,000 miners, gamblers and entrepreneurs. The mill was destroyed by fire in 1898, but later rebuilt. It was in operation until the early 1930's.

Bodie thought the matter was ended. But two days later Young Evans' mother, pausing at the window of Fred Webber's Harness Store, was seized by the idea, and again there was the sale of a "dog or cat" whip. Mrs. Evans, with her smoldering sense of family wrong, went to the door of Dr. Van Zandt. The doctor was taking a nap on the office sofa and was rudely awakened by her avenging entrance. "The subsequent conversation between the two is of little importance," reported the *Daily Free Press*. But Dr. Van Zandt later told the reporter, "When a woman puts herself on a man's level she must take the consequences. The whip now occupies a position on my desk next to the skull of a deceased crooked politician."

Most camps disappeared as though they never existed, torn down for lumber to build the next camp, or as with Aurora, for their value in used bricks. Yet, in the case of Bodie one man, James S. Cain, stayed on with his family and slowly acquired just about all the property in town, including the Standard Mine. For some reason Bodie was the scene of his personal dream, and he had no interest in searching for another. The cruelest blow to Jim Cain and his Bodie came in 1932 when a fire roared through the literally tinder-dry buildings. They had been drying in the high desert air for fifty years, and the fire destroyed two-thirds of the business section and the entire north end of town.

Three quarters of a century ago the Bad Man from Bodie was one of the familiar sayings of everyday American conversation. He was like Macassar hair oil, the Wild Man from Borneo, the Grangers, and wedding trips to Niagara Falls. He was the subject of sermons with obvious morals in the churches of Boston and Manhattan. He was frequently encountered in the pages of Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly*. Bodie was just as remote from first hand experience and as unavailable to access in the old days as it is today.

Bodie was saved for posterity on September 12, 1965 when the State of California designated the ghost town as a park and historical monument. The bleak and lonely collection of 168 abandoned buildings are still there and California is attempting to make the buildings safe and prevent looting. The town is maintained in a state of arrested disintegration. Bodie is still way off the beaten track and reached by either of two 15-mile long rough, rock-strewn, dusty, washboard dirt roads.

Neither road is quite bad enough to make you turn back, but at times the endless dirt and dust makes you wish it were. I think the Bad men of Old Bodie would want it this way.

●RW

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TOM HORN

(continued from page 30)

Stockgrower's Association. Their power in the state became all-embracing and they ruled it with an iron hand riding roughshod over everyone, buying politicians, making their own law and using hired gunmen to enforce it. After the Great Blizzard of 1887 and the big cattle kills that followed, the cattle barons lost some of their power. Also, as the 19th century rolled to a close a new era began in the West with the power going to the small cattlemen, the sheepmen, and the farmers, through sheer force of numbers. The day of law-by-the-gun was vanishing and the men who practiced it, such as Tom Horn, were becoming anachronisms.

At an Association meeting, chaired by State Senator Joseph M. Carey, Tom asked for a free hand to "...put the fear of God an' the association in any damn long-roper in the territory". His proposal meant assassination and Carey knew it and refused to consider it. But some of the big ranchers at the meeting got together later, called Tom Horn in and hired him to break the back of the rustling in his own way. So Tom Horn rode the prairies, his .30-.30 winchester close to his hand, his field glasses hung from his saddle pommel, and death in his trigger finger.

He would ride and watch the trails, listen and pick up gossip in the saloons, move like an Indian through the sage and peer over rocks and tree trunks through his field glasses, until he had carefully spotted the men who were rustling from the big herds. In each area there would be one such man who was a leader and this man would get a note in the mails or find one tacked to his door that read; IF YOU DON'T LEAVE THIS COUNTRY WITHIN 10 DAYS YOUR LIFE WILL BE TAKEN.

At first the note would be ignored. Then, after a week, they'd get a new note reading; IF YOU DON'T LEAVE THIS COUNTRY WITHIN 3 DAYS YOUR LIFE WILL BE TAKEN.

If this warning was ignored, on the third day a rifle would crack and a .30-.30 slug would tear the heart of the man who had defied the messages of death. From a distance a tall lean man in moccasins, carrying field glasses and a .30-.30 rifle would slither away from behind a fallen tree, pick up the ejected bullet casing and, running backwards, he would wipe out his tracks with a fir branch until he got to rocky ground, then he would run as fast as he could until he reached his horse, tethered some distance away. Mounting he would lash his mount into a dead run and, as only Apache could, he would keep the horse at this killing pace until he reached a town some good distance from where the killing took place and he would immediately enter a saloon and make sure that several of the hangers on knew who he was. Often a fight would start with Tom Horn as one of the adversaries, so that folks would remember. Later, if charged with the killing, folks would say that no man could have done it and been in the saloon in that specific town at the time Horn got there. It was impossible to cover that much ground in that little time. At other times cowboys working for big cattle outfits, would swear that Horn had been playing poker with them at the time of the rustler killing.

Sometimes Horn took a fictitious name, as he did in Brown's Hole, where he worked with a rancher, Matt Rash, under the nom de plume of Tom Hicks, getting evidence on all the rustlers in Brown's Hole and eventually killing Matt Rash and then Isam Dart. Tom was a shrewd operator and intimated, without admitting it, that he had done the killings folks figured he had. He also, in the same foxy way, took credit for killings that he hadn't done, so that the deaths accredited to him amounted to an awesome toll and just the mention of his name would make many a criminal mount his pony and light out.

During the next few years he practically stopped the rustling of cattle from the big herds in certain areas. But rustling would flare up again in some new area and the tall, dark stock detective would ride another range, the notes would appear and men would be assassinated. Since that first time when Tom brought in prisoners for trial, he had never again made an arrest. But the day of reckoning was soon to come. Hired guns were no longer wanted in the West of the new 20th. century. Law and order were the key words of the day.

It was in Cheyenne, late in 1901, during the famous rodeo there, that he became friendly with Deputy U.S. Marshall Joe LeFors. They drank a good deal and finally ended up in LeFors hotel room where they became increasingly drunker. Much was said, with LeFors kidding Tom about his killings and Tom joshing back. LeFors kept asking Horn about the killing of 14 year old Willie Nickells in July of that year. Tom had been brought in but couldn't be charged with the killing because of lack of evidence. Neither could any of the Miller men who had been feuding with the Nickells even though Willie's father, Kels Nickells, swore there were three of the Millers shooting from different sides at them when the killing occurred. Tom hadn't had anything to do with young Nickells' death, but he drunkenly made some laughing remarks in a sardonic vein about it. The next morning Tom Horn was arrested for the killing of Willie Nickells.

The trial was a farce. LeFors testified that he'd had a stenographer concealed in an adjoining room to his who had made notes of his conversation with Tom Horn. The stenographer admitted that he'd taken only those parts of the conversation, and even only parts of sentences, that seemed to indicate Horn's involvement in the Nickells killing. First stunned, then filled with rage, Tom Horn shouted "We was just joshin' about that, an' you know it, LeFors. That was just drunk talk an' foolin'."

The prominent ranchers of Wyoming all put up money for Tom's defense, but the pattern of the trial began to emerge almost immediately when any kind of evidence proving Tom's innocence in the Nickells shooting was tossed aside and the feelin inside and outside the court was that "This is the 20th century, the year 1902, and this man who admits he's a killer and has even bragged about it, has got to be hanged. What if he is innocent of the Nickells killing? He's killed plenty more men. We can't have men of the likes of Tom Horn running loose any more." In this same vein the prosecuting attorney, Walter Stoll, pounded away at the need for the

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Frontier Enterprises Pix

Tom Horn's pistol, knife and other personal effects.

state of Wyoming to rid itself of such red-handed figures of its shameful past as hired killers.

On October 23, 1902, a jury of his peers found Tom Horn guilty of murder in the first degree and he was sentenced by Judge Scott to "be hanged by the neck until dead".

Two attempts at a breakout and an appeal for a new trial came to naught. Finally, on November 20, 1903, Tom Horn stood on the gallows. As the deputy who tied the rope apologized to Tom for being so nervous saying it was his first hanging, Tom said, "Mine,too." and stepped off into eternity for a crime he didn't commit, a crime just about everyone knew he hadn't committed.

Tom Horn's death was not just the result of a jury's misguided verdict, he was a casualty of advancing civilization and a changing world. In the tamed West of the 20th century there was just no room or need for an untamed man of an earlier, more reckless and robust era. ●RW

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

efforts to the good will and indulgence of the public . . . hoping for that happy period when all the Indian tribes of America will arise, Phoenix-like from the ashes and when the terms "Indian depredation," "Warwhoop," "scalping knife," and the like, shall become obsolete and forever be buried deep underground."

The Cherokee Phoenix was a good newspaper, on one hand it functioned as the official organ of a nation, but it also did duty as a local weekly. Early issues contained many reprints, in English, from other newspapers. Many of these relating to the complexities of European politics. This was probably not understood by many of the Cherokee readers, but Boudinott wished to convey to his tribesmen the knowledge the white man had gathered from the four corners of the earth. Articles on better farming and a series on natural history were printed. Descriptions of Calcutta (India) were printed, excerpts from Robinson Crusoe, and translations from the "Parable of the Prodigal Son," were printed. Washington Irving's "Traits of Indian Character" was read with interest. The Cherokee Constitution and Laws printed in both Cherokee and English were found in the paper, along with political announcements of district candidates for National Council seats; a lost and found column, and a poetry corner. Notices were published bilingually from husbands who foreswore responsibility for their wives' debts.

There were frequent exhortations against the evils of drink and nicotine. In the July 2, 1828 issue under the heading "Warning to Snuff-Takers" an article told of the case of an English woman who, upon taking an over generous pinch of snuff, had sneezed her neck out of joint and died. It went on to say that an autopsy revealed "four and one-half pounds of snuff in the place where her brains should be."

The political editorials were the most significant, they preached against the abuses, some real, some imaginary from which the Cherokees suffered from the white settlers. Some of these were so strong that the Cherokee National Council instructed Boudinott to withhold others.

The fame of the Phoenix spread, and the president of the American Philosophical Society, Mr. Duponceau, sent a copy of the first issue to France. William de Humboldt, a German philologist wrote letters to the editor, and the London Times exchanged items for print in the Indian journal. It is ironic that the most nearly completed collection of the Phoenix originals are not to be found in the United States, but in the British Museum. The Georgia Government recognized the Phoenix as an official organ and used it to insert public notices.

The publisher had trouble though and in the April 24, 1828 issue there was an announcement that the Phoenix would not appear the next week due to difficulties encountered in replenishing the paper supply. An editorial on July 30, 1828 lamented that the most influential and wealthiest tribesmen were not subscribers. On December 3, 1828 Boudinott announced his resignation pleading ill health. Then on March 4, 1829 he wrote an editorial, "The paper is sacred to the cause of the Indians, and the editor will feel himself especially bound, as far as his time, talents and information will permit to render it as instructive and entertaining . . . ." However tragedy overtook this issue. While the post rider was carrying the Phoenix across Holly Creek, the bundle of papers slipped from his saddle and the papers remained submerged for 7 hours. When they were rescued and taken to Spring Place only a few could be dried out and distributed.

More issues were missed and the April 22nd edition was skipped entirely for lack of printer's ink. The paper of May 27th was also suspended because of lack of ink. The September 22, 1829 issue was reduced to two pages because of the illness of one of the printers, and for the first time since it started publication there was no Cherokee type in the columns.

On August 1, 1832 Boudinott again resigned as editor of the newspaper and Elijah Hicks a fellow tribesman became the new editor. Hicks later became a leader in the Indian Territory and in 1839 and 1843 was a member of official missions in Washington.

The Phoenix had a strong voice for Cherokee independence, and controversy raged between Washington, the Georgia Government and the Cherokee, concerning their removal to the West.

Boudinott, placed his signature unadvisedly but sincerely, to a treaty providing the removal west of the Mississippi of the Cherokees. This was a mistake which cost him his life four years later when he was assassinated while living in the West.

The last issue of the Phoenix was

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published May 31, 1834. The press and types were seized by the Georgia authorities in October 1835. In 1826 the Cherokee National Council resolved to remove the press from Georgia and set it up across the border at Red Clay, Tenn. However, when the wagon arrived to transport it from New Echota, possession was refused. Chief John Ross and other leaders complained to the Secretary of War but to no avail.

In 1838 came the tragic climax of a great people. A few thousand Cherokee were taken West as prisoners on boats, but 13,000, in 13 overland parties were sent on the long harrowing Trail of Tears, towards their homes in the West. This trip lasted 3 to 5 months and about 4,000 Cherokee died on route.

It is not known what became of the pioneer Indian press and its Sequoyan type. Noted historians have not been able to find any clues as to where it is or what happened to it. Dr. Worchester took a press West with him and issued a few pages of print. However it is believed that this was a new press.

A font of Cherokee type, 4 type cases, and 140 matrices were received by the United States National Museum in 1911. These were transferred from the Office of Indian Affairs, but later these same materials were transmitted, in 1915, to the Cherokee Orphan Training School at Park Hill, Oklahoma now the Sequoyah Orphans Training School at Tahlequah, Oklahoma. Some believed this was the type used on the Phoenix, but records show that the metal had belonged to the Cherokee Advocate established, at Tahlequah in 1844. This was the Western successor to the Phoenix, and published there, as the official national paper until the disintegration of the tribal government in 1906.

●RW

MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

MEANING OF "DINGLER"

Dear Sirs:

In your "Ask Your Question" section of RW, April 1972, a reader in New Zealand asked what the origin of the term "dingler" was. I asked around, poked around a library (I was curious too!!) and finally found a possible answer:

According to a friend of our family "dingler" was a localized term in Montana and the Dakotas for rustlers. He isn't sure of the term but he thinks it may be from a man named Al (or Art) Dingler, a rancher in Montana (he was chased out by law-abiding neighbors) whose calves didn't suck the right cows—owner of a blackball outfit. Under assorted other handles he ranched and rustled in the Dakotas and down as far as central Colorado and Utah. It is said some of his neighbors began calling rustlers "Danglers" after this character. At last reports he was alive in the 1890's, probably still "borrowing" other people's cattle.

Mrs. Cal Smith,
Tempe, Arizona

●RW

ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

(continued from page 31)

Q. Actually what did the pioneers' log cabins look like? P. Rouste, Dayton, Ohio.

A. Michaux, an early traveler in 1802, leaves us this description: "These dwellings are made with the trunks of trees, from twenty to thirty feet in length, about five inches diameter, placed one upon another, and kept up by notches cut at their extremities. The roof is formed with pieces of similar length to those that compose the body of the house, but not quite so thick, and gradually sloped on each side. Two doors, which often supply the place of windows, are made by sawing away a part of the trunks that form the body of the house. The chimney, always placed at one of the extremities, is likewise made from the trunks of trees of a suitable length; the back of the chimney is made of clay, about six inches thick, which separates the fire from the wooden walls... The space between these trunks of trees is filled up with clay, but so very carelessly that the light may be seen through in every part, in consequence of which these huts are exceedingly cold in winter, notwithstanding the amazing quantity of wood that is burnt. The doors move upon wooden hinges and the greater part of them have no locks. In the night time they only push them to, or fasten them with a wooden peg. Four or five days are sufficient for two men to finish one of these houses, in which not a nail is used. The floor is raised from one to two feet above the ground, and boarded."

●RW

FANCY DRESS

BY MARGARET HILLERT

The Indian child wears cotton shirts
And jeans or chino pants
Until some special festival
Gives him the welcome chance
To don his tribal raiment
And display a happy smile,
And like all children everywhere
"Play Indian" for awhile.

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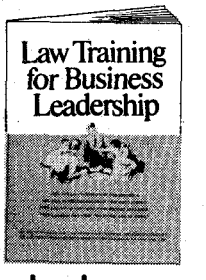

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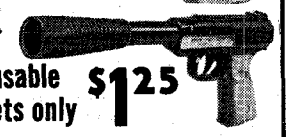

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FAITHFUL EVEN AFTER DEATH

by M. P. Lehman

The love of a dog for his master put a murderer's neck in the hangman's noose.

The two Mahoney brothers lived on a farm near Fort Scott, Kansas with their widowed mother. During the winter months when they could not work their fields the young men each took a good team, one of mules and the other of horses, and a good wagon apiece and went to Red Fork, Indian Territory. There they hired out to the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad as construction workers with their teams, plows and scrapers.

When they were ready to return home so they could get started on their spring plowing they had saved a couple of hundred dollars which they carried on their persons. As they left Red Fork two tramps, Patrick McCarty and Joe Stutzer, said they were going to Kansas and asked the Mahoneys if they could ride with them.

Being kind hearted the boys gave them a lift, let them share their food and bed down with them at night. Everything went smoothly for several days, the tramps doing their share of the work when they camped for the night. That is; everything went smoothly until the night of February 17, 1886. That night the two tramps murdered the brothers, buried their bodies, appropriated the two teams, wagons and equipment then drove to a place near Vinita, Indian Territory.

There McCarty sold the mules and a set of harness for One Hundred Twenty Five dollars, divided the money with Stutzer and parted company with his partner in crime.

When the Mahoney boys left Kansas for the Nation their large, yellow dog, of mixed parentage, trotted along side of the wagons. After the murders this faithful dog kept a vigil over the common grave, whining by day and howling at night. The neighbors living in that vicinity brought food to the hungry dog which he ate ravenously. He never failed to thank them with a wag of his tail before returning to his place over the grave. This act on his part in returning to the same place each time aroused the neighbor's curiosity. Upon investigation they discovered the place the mongrel was guarding so zealously was a mound of earth. Upon digging there they uncovered the bodies of the two brothers. Their mother, who had reported them long overdue in returning home, was brought there to view the remains which were decomposed beyond identification. However, she was able to identify bits of clothing and other articles they had in their possession when they left home.

After McCarty sold the mules he and Stutzer parted company. McCarty went to Springfield, Missouri, where he spent his ill gotten gains like there was no tomorrow. In Springfield he met some people who had known him at Red Fork and knew that he was without funds when there. These folk also knew the brothers had befriended the two tramps and had let them ride with them when they left Red Fork. This was duly reported to the authorities and McCarty was arrested. Tried at Fort Smith he was found guilty and dropped through the "Gates of Hell" to his final reward.

When the two partners in crime parted company Stutzer took the team of horses and one of the wagons. He sold the team and wagon to a man near Fayetteville, Arkansas. He explained the bloody condition of the wagon bed by saying he had given a couple of tramps a ride and that he had heard them plotting to kill him. He claimed he had feigned sleep and when the two tramps crept into his wagon to kill him he had turned the tables on them and killed them instead.

After Stutzer sold the team and wagon he disappeared and nothing more was heard of him.

Just before he was hanged McCarty confessed that he and Stutzer had planned the murders several days previously. They convinced the brothers that they should camp near a stream where there was a sufficient supply of water for them to cook enough food to sustain them while they traveled through an area where there was no water. The two conspirators insisted on the brothers sleeping while they remained awake to do the cooking. McCarty admitted shooting one of the brothers to death while Stutzer killed the other one with an axe. ●RW

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FORTS OF THE WEST

(continued from page 34)

time he came to McKavett he was only 29 years old. Mr. Weddle in his article in the Menard News describes Mackenzie as "brash, headstrong, and irascible" and at the same time, "a tough and competent soldier." Evidence of this is found in Mackenzie's dealings with Humpy Jackson and Pete Robertson.

When Fort McKavett was reactivated, lumber was needed to rebuild the post, so two sawmills were set on the San Saba River below the present day city of Menard. This town, then called Menardville had sprung up in 1864 while Fort McKavett was inactive. The mills were operated by Negro soldiers. John M. (Humpy) Jackson, a citizen of the town had some trouble with one of the Negroes and killed him. For three years Jackson fought with the army while the country was under martial law. Jackson was captured once, but his friends effected his escape, killing three more Negroes.

Mackenzie ordered the home of Jackson burned, and Mrs. Jackson and her daughters were locked in the fort guardhouse.

About this time, an ex-Confederate soldier, Pete Robertson came home from a trip and found his home under guard. Rumor had it that he was to be shot and have his home burned. Robertson hastened to the post to confront Mackenzie. When the commander extended his hand, Robertson offered his left hand as his right held a pistol under his coat. However, the meeting came to a pleasant end when Mackenzie brought out cigars and champagne and promised Robertson he would not be molested. Later Mackenzie spent the night at Robertson's home and borrowed his greyhounds to run antelope on Lipan Flat.

Six months after he came to Fort McKavett with the 24th Infantry, Mackenzie was given command of the Fourth Cavalry at Fort Richardson at Jacksboro, Texas and planned a campaign to chase the Plains Indians to their own grounds. Mackenzie gained a reputation as a fearless officer and in 1872 was sent to Fort Clark at Brackettville, Texas. There he dared to cross the Rio Grande and dealt a heavy blow to the Apaches and Kickapoos who were raiding from Mexico into Texas.

On August 15, 1874, Mackenzie returned to Fort McKavett with Major General C. C. Augur, commander of the Department of Texas. At that time the Plains Indians, Kiowas, Southern Cheyennes, Quahada Comanches and the Arapahoes had deserted the reservation at Fort Sill, Oklahoma and made camp in the Texas Panhandle. Mackenzie was assigned to hunt down the hostiles and bring them under control. This he proposed to do by destroying their villages and mounts.

In September, Mackenzie established a camp supply on the Freshwater Fork of the Brazos, below the mouth of Blanco Canyon. He then moved his troops north and on September 28 located a large Indian village in the Palo Duro Canyon. The troops defeated the Indians, destroyed their villages and captured their large herd of horses. He had these Indian mounts some, 1,048 shot to keep the Indians from recapturing them. The Indians, thoroughly defeated, made their way dejectedly back to Fort Sill.

In the autumn of 1874, after the hostiles had been driven back to the reservation, the need for forts on the Texas frontier no longer existed. For a time troopers were kept at the garrisons to make sure that the red men did not break out again but in 1882 came orders for the abandonment of Fort McKavett.

On August 21 the Sixteenth Infantry marched out of McKavett leaving only one company behind. A year later on June 30, 1883, that company, Company D, moved over to Fort Concho to rejoin the regiment.

For a while ranchers in the vicinity used the abandoned post as a trading center. Menard County's first school, which was started after the establishment of the fort, continued at the old post until 1947. The old stone building which housed the school is still standing and in good condition. But as a sentinel of security for those moving west, McKavett had served its purpose. Its era had ended. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Series of articles in the Menard News, Menard, Texas by Robert Weddle, Editor & Publisher.

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EDITOR'S CORRAL

(continued from page 52)

Ouray will prevent any further fighting. General Merritt has scouted the country for fifty miles without finding any hostile Utes, and he believes they have distributed themselves among the various agencies. He has been ordered to withdraw his troops.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 1, 1879

INDIAN ACTIONS REPORTED

Continued depredations by the Indians are reported from New Mexico, and the people are arming against them. Some of the Sitting Bulls have come from Canada to the Red Cloud Agency, where they will be treated as prisoners of war.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 8, 1879

BLACKS MOVING WEST

During the last six months 6,311 colored emigrants have settled in Kansas and other Western states. The Exodus still continues, the arrivals at St. Louis averaging from twenty to thirty families a week. The movement is no longer confined to Mississippi and Louisiana, but is spreading to other States, the bulk of the more recent immigration having come from Alabama and Tennessee. It is believed that the exodus will next Spring assume larger promotions than ever, owing to the more systematic methods now employed to promote it and secure homes and employment for those who participate in it.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 8, 1879

UTE INDIAN UPRISING IN COLORADO

The Ute Indians of Colorado have rather a bad reputation as "hostiles", and the fight with them eight years ago was costly to the country in the sacrifice of lives, money and property. Trouble has been brewing again, between the Indians on the one hand and the cowboys and settlers on the other, for two or three years past. About three weeks ago a sherriff aattempted to arrest two Indians at the White River Agency; whereupon Chief Colorow, who is sixty-five years old, but "spry", resisted and went on the warpath with forty or fifty well-armed braves. The sherriff, with a posse of men, gave chase, which they have kept up ever since, and killed a number of Utes. Then the settlers at Meeker, and the sherriff himself, became alarmed, and Governor Adams reluctantly sent out the militia. The chief concern of the Indians, however, seems to have been to get away; and long before the militia came up the Ute leaders had held a parley with the whites, asking fifteen days in which to gather their stock, care for their wounded, and leave the State. It is claimed that Colorow's real object is to enlist neighboring tribes, and precipitate a war: but up to the present writing the white settlers have not suffered. If, as General Sheridan calculates, the Utes in Utah and Colorado hold reservations to the amount of over 5,000,000 acres, a large and valuable portion of which is "superfluous", the whites are no doubt interested in forwarding a course of matters which threatens to drive the Indians away at the bayonet's Point.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
August 27, 1887

●RW

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VIGILANTES

(continued from page 49)

enough volunteers for Sherman to lead, and the use of federal troops was refused. Sherman resigned in disgust.

Meanwhile, the naval commander on nearby Mare Island was having a hard time staying out of the conflict, although the Pierce administration had apparently decided on a "hands off" policy. Captain David Farragut expressed his concern in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy:

"Everything has been done with perfect organization and deliberation, and the regularly constituted authorities of the city or state have not been able to interfere, or prevent any of the movements of the Vigilance Committee . . .

"I fear it may yet end in an outbreak, and a violent struggle, and may cause bloodshed among the better portion of the community; but all as yet is quiet."

Farragut even prepared to move the gold from the San Francisco mint, and readied ships and men to defend it, but fortunately, these preparations were unnecessary. Farragut wisely predicted that the presidential election in November would " . . . for the time absorb all the bad feelings which have sprung up between men and families within the last few months."

The Vigilance Committee of 1856 hanged four men, as had that of 1851, and frightened numerous others away. Its long-range effects in improving civic conditions were doubtful, however, as a young reporter named Mark Twain complained about the city's inefficient police and sordid jail conditions in 1866, while the first issue of the Los Angeles TIMES, in 1881, carried an article about crooked judges in the bay city, naming specific notorious court cases with dubious verdicts.

The most profound effect of the San Francisco vigilantes was actually felt in other western communities, which were encouraged by the example to try the same method of establishing law and order. Smaller towns, sometimes with legitimate authority and sometimes without, soon had their own vigilance committees, meeting secretly at night and riding after suspected criminals. Vigilante groups sprung up in many California mining and commercial towns, such as Stockton, Sonora, Downieville, Nevada City, Monterey, Visalia, and Truckee. A lawyer named Henry Eno wrote this to his brother from a gold camp in the Sierras:

"I believe the Vigilance Committee did right in hanging the men they did & banishing others & if they had gone farhter & hung a Judge or two with the Sheriff and half a dozen of his deputies & about one hundred & fifteen or sixteen lawyers of San Francisco they would have done Gods service. The United States government had better never interfere with us by sending troops to put us down and help us to settle our little difficulties. They had better let us alone. It would not take much to set the people a thinking about setting up housekeeping for themselves."

This was a pretty strong statement from a man who later became a judge, but it accurately expressed the independence of the people on the Coast at that time, still relatively isolated from the rest of the country, and with a liking for doing things their own way.

Typical of the problems of law and order in mining towns were those noted in the journal of William Perkins, a forty-niner in Sonora. He described the scene before the vigilantes were organized there:

"Individuals living alone in their tents are being murdered in all directions, and people are only safe in crowds, or being constantly on the alert, and well armed."

Conditions in Sonora, which was a prosperous gold camp, became intolerable:

"We cannot live much longer in this way. All over the State the prisons are mere shells. No prisoner is secure in any of them; and criminals of the worst description are continually escaping. We want a court that will try, sentence and execute a man on the same day. By no other means shall we be able to rid the country of the thousands of ruffians who now commit their crimes with impunity."

The circuit court seemed unable to cope with the situation. Perkins tried to understand it himself:

"It may appear strange that people . . . should be so culpably negligent of their duty as citizens; and it is

(continued on page 71)

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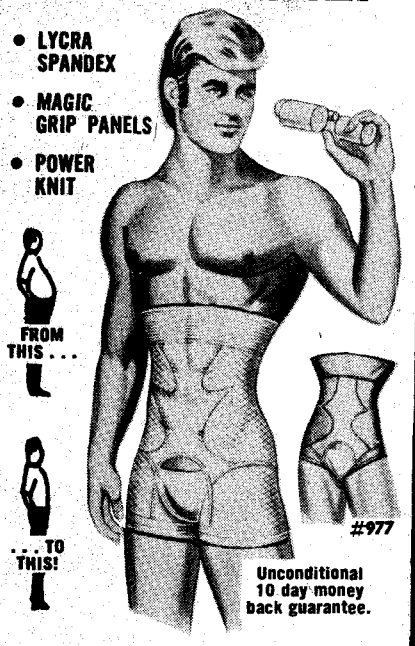

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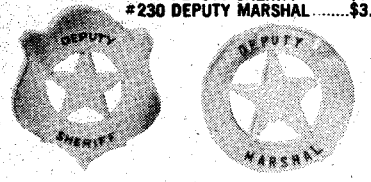

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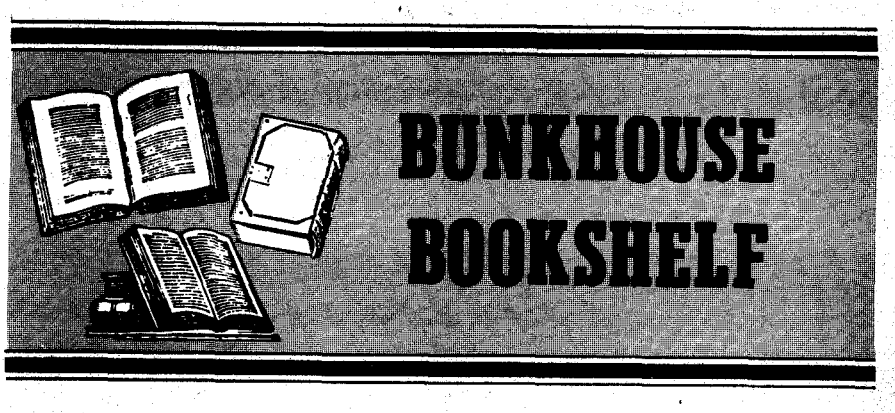

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By Ross Santee
University of Nebraska Press,
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(continued from page 69)

scarcely credible that the ends of Justice are continually thwarted by the witnesses of crimes being too careless, or too indolent to come forward and give evidence against the criminals . . .

"But the fact is that the people know that the authorities will not, or cannot, execute the law. They know that a trial by the constituted tribunals is little more than a mockery. By some means or other the murderer is sure to escape, and the witness becomes the next victim."

Eventually, the citizens of Sonora got together, as had citizens of so many other western towns, and formed a fifty-man vigilance committee:

"For a time . . . . gentlemen must accept the office, and perform the duties of the hangman. And let us hope that this awful responsibility (sic) will be characterized by Justice and temperate conviction! We have no other means of protection."

If a suspect was tried by a vigilante court and sentenced to death, the end was swift and certain. In 1851, a sailor from Germany, who was mining in the Sierras, helped to officiate at the hanging of a thief who had been caught with some stolen money:

" . . . the miners assembled, a court formed, a jury empannelled. Brown given in custody of the Sheriff Davis & Constable James Thompson appointed for this occasion & David Brown (this was A.M. 8 ocl.) condemned to be hung at 4 ocl. P.M. Then I, Br. & H had to go up on the burial hill & dig a grave a little distance from the graveyard. An oak tree close by chosen for a gibbet, James brought up a rope, noose fixed & greased, I hove the rope over a limb of the tree & at 4 ocl. the prisoner led up to execution. He was asked by the sheriff if he had any thing to say. No he said. So the noose was fixed around his neck, a white cloth drawn over his face, & at the word given by the sheriff we hoisted him up & I belayed the rope's end round a stump; then he was forked up & down several times to break his

(continued on next page)

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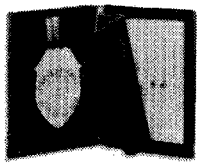

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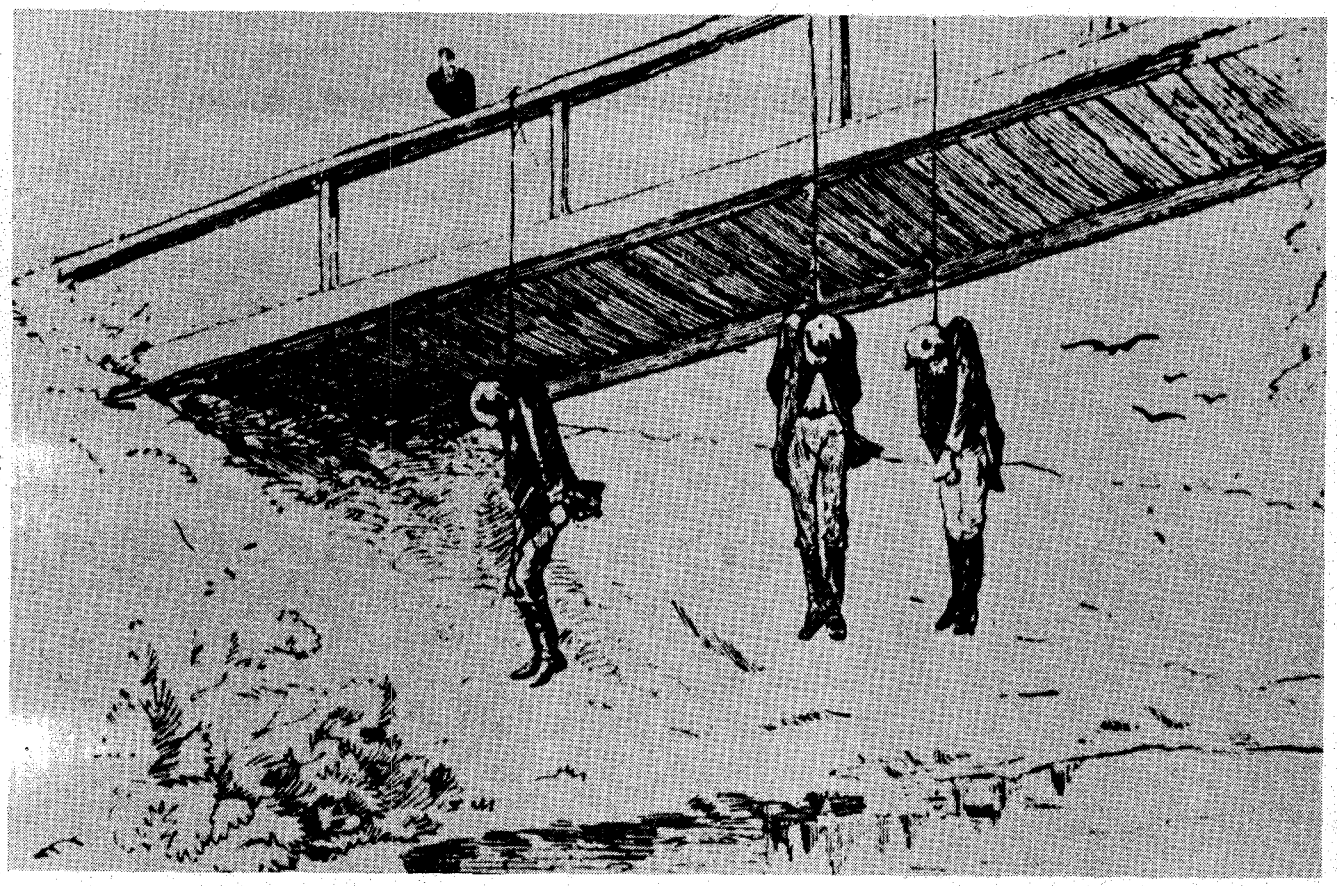

Bancroft Library, Univ. of California, Berkeley

Three Vigilante victims hanged from a wooden bridge in the Mother Lode country. Buzzards are gathering for a feast.

neck. Before he was hung he paid $2 to a man whom he owed it. He had about $72 wherewith his funeral expenses were paid. After having hung ½ hour he was put in a coffin & buried."

Other crimes were tried, too, and less serious offenses were sometimes punished by whipping or banishment. Occasionally a trial even ended with a chuckle, like this one in a Mother Lode mining town did:

"To day at night had a case of slander tried. Some men had taken some wood from J. Rodgers pile, & his wife thought it was Grant. But it was not him so he had a meeting called to make John recall his accusation. At first all went straight & sober, & the charge to the jury by Dick Irwin was very serious. But after the verdict given, which was, that Grant was honorably acquitted of the charge of theft & John to pay 1 ounce to be disposed of as the foreman of the jury, Mat Powell should direct, which was to treat as many as could get a drink for the sum, every thing was fun & frolic."

Of course, California was far from alone in its problem with lawlessness, and the idea of vigilance committees was a popular way to keep the peace. Every territory had its share of both trouble and vigilantes. For instance, in the west end of Denver, there was a wooden bridge that was a favorite hanging spot, and Texas had a sort of oneman, whirlwind vigilante named Judge Roy Bean. In Hill County, Texas, vigilantes issued this warning to miscreants in 1874:

"Warning to Thieves in Hill County

"We give you choice between two things: you can take which you please.

"Many of your companions in thieving have gone to another country. The ropes and six-shooter balls are also prepared for you by the same one. If you wish to preserve your lives, leave this country in thirty days. Get clear away. If either one of you are found in this country after the fifteenth of April, you will meet with the same fate that . . . others have met with.

Yours respectfully,
Death to Thieves."

Nevada's Carson Valley was a favorite "robbers' roost" until the local people got together a large enough vigilante group to drive out the undesirables by force. Other towns that experienced vigilante justice included Belmont, Winnemucca, and Aurora in Esmeralda County, where Mark Twain had once unsuccessfully mined silver.

Other vigilante groups sprung up in Washington and Idaho Territories, and a group of ranchers out to punish suspected rustlers in Wyoming started the Johnson County War.

The tough towns of early Arizona were famous for their collections of gunfighters and killers, but the settlers were tough, too. This report of a coroner's jury in Tucson on August 8, 1873, attests eloquently to just how bad things could get:

"We, the undersigned, the jurors summoned to appear before Solomon Warner, the coroner of the county of Pima, at Tucson, on the 8th day of August, 1873, to inquire into the cause of the death of John Willis, Leonard Cordoba, Clement Lopez, and Jesus Saguaripa, find that they came to their deaths on house plaza, in the town of Tucson, by hanging; and we further find that said hanging was committed by the people of Tucson en masse; and we do further say that, in view of the terrible and bloody murders which were

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committed by the three Mexicans named above, and the tardiness with which justice was being meted out to John Willis, a murderer, the extreme measures taken by our fellow citizens this morning in vindication of their lives, their property, and the peace and good order of society, which it is to be regretted and deplored that such extreme measures were necessary, seem to have been the inevitable results of allowing criminals to escape the penalty of their crimes."

Probably no mining area had more serious problems with lawlessness than Montana in the early 1860's. Impressive gold finds there brought people streaming in to a vast wilderness, establishing such camps as Bannack and Virginia City, with not one lawman or soldier available to protect or enforce anything. President Lincoln was busy fighting a war, and couldn't spare manpower for duty in the remote, sparsely populated regions of the far Northwest. There was no territorial law available locally, either, as Montana Territory didn't exist as an entity until 1864.

All this made the Montana gold fields the ideal spot for rogues who had been thrown out of other camps, or had left on their own for their "health". A noted collection of these characters formed the notorious Plummer gang, a horde of killers and stage robbers, headed by a suave, cool individual who called himself Henry Plummer. A man of easy charm, Plummer so ingratiated himself with the people of Bannack that he was elected sheriff there in 1863, using his office to cover his secret, illegal activities. With this comfortable status, his gang of cutthroats committed murder and robbery with impunity.

People began to suspect Plummer when the crime rate mounted alarmingly, and the miners organized quietly into a vigilante group. When one of Plummer's cohorts was taken by the vigilantes and implicated his leader, Plummer was hanged. The rest of his gang eventually received the same treatment or fled the Territory.

There were vigilantes in Helena, too, trying to work within the law. In one case, they captured an escaped murder suspect and turned him over to the civil authorities. He was sentenced to three years but was then pardoned by the territorial governor. The vigilantes went after

(continued on next page)

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the same man again, but this time they hanged him themselves.

It wasn't unusual for a man of questionable character to pass himself off as a worthy citizen, as Plummer did. Every man's past was a secret in such places. David Opdyke, a livery stable owner, was sheriff in Boise, Idaho, while operating a highly successful gang of thieves and killers. But supicious citizens in a nearby town formed a vigilante group, and Opdyke ended up his career dangling from a rope.

The role of local newspapers in vigilante activities, as in most public affairs throughout history, was important. General Sherman noted that the papers in San Francisco, all but one, supported the vigilantes, and he complained:

"As they controlled the press, they wrote their own history, and the world generally gives them the credit of having purged San Francisco of rowdies and roughs . . ."

Captain Farragut observed this use of the papers by the vigilantes:

"Within a few days past they have issued an order, through the daily papers, to Supervisor I.D. Musgrove, to leave the State for ever."

The shooting of editor James King no doubt helped to fire up the press in support of the vigilantes in San Francisco, as had the explosive, if rather splenetic, efforts of the editor himself. But according to most observers, politics were a prime consideration in that election year.

In Montana the newspaper columns of an Englishman named Thomas Dimsdale, also the first territorial superintendent of public instruction, carried a serialized attack on crime, and support of vigilante action. Dimsdale's articles were later published in book form, and packed quite a punch. He minced no words about the problem, and his view of the solution:

"The administration of the *lex talionis* by self-constituted authority is undoubtedly, in civilized and settled communities, an outrage on mankind. It is there wholly unnecessary; but the sight of a few of the mangled corpses of beloved friends and valued citizens; the whistle of the desperado's bullet, and the plunder of the fruits of the patient toil of years spent in weary exile from home, in places where civil law is as powerless as a palsied arm, from sheer lack of ability to enforce its decrees - alter the basis of the reasoning, and reverse the conclusion . . .

"The question of the propriety of establishing a Vigilance Committee depends upon the answers which ought to be given to the following queries: Is it lawful for citizens to slay robbers or murderers, when they catch them; or ought they to wait for policemen, where there are none, or put them in penitentiaries not yet erected?"

The vigilantes were usually substantial citizens, whose word (and advertising) carried considerable weight with the newspapers, which they used to announce meetings, denounce the opposition, and otherwise flex their muscles.

One of the curiosities of vigilante activity was that it was very likely to repeat itself. Independent people, jealous of their rights, were not inclined to put up with "the insolence of office" or "the law's delay." As already noted, San Francisco had two major vigilance committees, in 1851 and 1856, and a third formed to help put down anti-Chinese riots in 1877. Montana's troubles with rustlers caused a constant problem, and in 1884, long after law had come to Montana, rustling had reached such proportions along the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers that a stockmen's meeting was called to do something about it. One of the participants, an early Montana resident, described the situation:

"The civil laws and courts had been tried and found wanting. The Montana cattlemen were as peaceable and law-abiding a body of men as could be found anywhere but they had $35,000,000 worth of property scattered over seventy-five thousand square miles of practically uninhabited country and it must be protected from thieves. The only way to do it was to make the penalty for stealing so severe that it would lose its attractions."

The cattlemen-vigilantes caught up with and hanged some suspected rustlers. Indian horsethieves, operating illegally off their reservations, were dealt with similarly, and both losses and tensions on the range eventually eased.

As law and order gained a foothold in the West, vigilante activity trickled away. There were always a few violent people who were reluctant to let go of the power of life or death over others, but they could be dealt the same hand. As one Montana vigilante said:

" . . . the Vigilante institution was brought to an end, and the men who had misused its powers were given to understand that any further employment of them would probably cause it to re-act upon themselves."

But strange as it seems, to know the full background of the vigilantes in America, it is necessary to go back a long, long time, to the very dawn of our history, even to the arrival of the Pilgrims in 1620. When the colonists arrived at Plymouth Rock, they found themselves in trouble from the start. The unfortunate timing of their arrival, just at the start of a fierce New England winter, put a grim face on their prospects. There was much grumbling, and the articles under which they had sailed seemed useless in this strange new place. So before they even touched shore, the Pilgrims drew up a new agreement, combining themselves "together into a civil body politick . . . to enact, constitute, and frame such just & equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete & convenient for the generall good of the Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

So far from king and country, the colonists had to regulate themselves or perish. Despite all hardships, their little colony survived, and became the fount of numerous others, each founded on a charter similar to the Mayflower Compact. Each colony set up its own law enforcement, too, as indeed, there was no other.

Thus was born the spirit of practical independence and love of order that have since become deeply engrained in the American character. From 1620 on, wherever Americans decided to settle, they took along their innate love of freedom under law. Where there was already a constituted authority, it was respected unless it became despotic or ineffective; where there was no law, all the people who cared got together and set up a system as much like the one back home as possible, using the accepted forms.

So it was quite in character that, in 1775, when colonial rule had become tyrannical, the descendants of these same colonists, who had learned to be independent from sheer necessity and had grown to like it, formed a force in desperation

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RATTLESNAKE COUNTRY

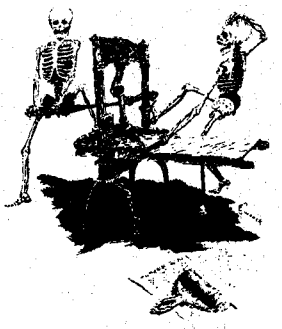
(continued from page 25)

baits without success. Then he noticed a fat bullfrog and reached over to grab it. He jerked his hand back, though, when he saw that the frog was in the mouth of a big rattler. Still wanting that frog for fish bait, McCarty pulled out a bottle of whisky and poured some down the snake's throat. The delighted rattler dropped the frog and glided away. A few minutes later McCarty felt a tapping on his boot and found that the rattler had brought him two more frogs.

In southwestern Texas no story session on rattlesnakes is likely to end without talk of the rattler's relations with another denizen of the brush country—that bantam-like fowl known as the road-runner or the chaparral bird or, by Mexicans and border ranchmen, the piasano. This nondescript bird with fast legs and long beak is said to hem in sleeping rattlers by bringing cactus branches and building circular fences around them. Although some doubt the stories of the cactus fences, there is convincing evidence that the roadrunner often used cactus as a weapon against rattlers and sometimes kills even those of large size.

That roadrunners courageously battle rattlers in deadly duels is not attested by many eyewitness accounts and by motion pictures that hardly could have been faked. The roadrunner darts from one side to the other and stabs or pecks the confused snake with lightning speed. With its head feathers and its wings spread, the bird lures the snake into striking but jumps aside in time to miss the blow and to renew its own attack. Usually a series of pecks just back of the rattler's head completes the job. The bird eats the smaller snakes but leaves the larger ones, presumably because of their tough skin.

Relatively few Southwestern snake hunters have the experience of watching a roadrunner fight a rattler, but many get a thrill from the sport of capturing the vicious reptiles and a satisfaction from making pastures safer and providing venom for doctors and hospitals. ●RW



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PONCA TRAIL

(continued from page 11)

The trial began in April, 1879, in U.S. District Court at Lincoln, Nebraska. Judge Dundy presided. in the area of public relations. With his help, a group of interested citizens, known as the Omaha Committee, was formed to publicize the case and raise funds for the support of the almost destitute band. The pages of the Omaha Herald began bristling with appeals for cancellation of the order to send them back.

National Anthropological Archives, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection, Smithsonian Institution.

Standing Bear in 1877. He was chief of the Ponca Tribe at the time of their transfer to Indian Territory.

Seated next to their attorneys were Standing Bear with two other Ponca headmen, all in ceremonial dress. Across from them sat the defendant, Brigadier General George Crook, in his dark blue uniform with shiny brass buttons. His level gaze was fixed straight ahead.

Mr. Webster, a tall, imposing figure, spoke first. The United States, he argued, has never purchased the Dakota lands. Therefore the title remained in the Ponca tribe. Furthermore, no law existed under which they could be removed, to Indian Territory or anywhere else, or held by force. Hence this band had been free to leave. Hence they could not legally be detained at Ft. Omaha. The plea of habeas corpus was thus in order. Standing Bear and the others sat listening in silence. understanding not a word. But clearly this man was speaking for their good.

The defendant's case began with the premise that Indians were legally not people. Thus they could not sue for anything, least of all a writ of habeas corpus. The trial continued another day, after which the Indians were taken back to prison while Judge Dundy pondered his verdict. Gen. Crook, whose testimony had been weighted in their favor, returned to his post.

On May 19 Judge Dundy announced his decision. The plaintiffs' arguments, he found, were valid—a writ of habeas corpus was granted and the 30 prisoners were to be released as free men. Furthermore, the right of Indians to be considered people, and therefore privileged to sue, was recognized. This was an epoch-making decision. Previously, Indians were no better than animals in the eyes of the law. As a final note the judge commended Gen. Crook for his services in aid of justice.

The Poncas were filled with awe as if they'd witnessed a miracle. Standing Bear, in a moving scene, poured out his thanks. He gave Tibbles his leggings, Poppleton his warbonnet and Webster his tomahawk, saying as he presented the weapon, "I have no more use for it—I have found a better way. I can now seek the ways of peace."

Happy as these Indians were now, there were questions still to be considered. First of all, where would they live? As free men, they were no longer eligible for settlement on a reservation. The answer came when the government discovered that, in ceding Ponca land to the Sioux, an island in the Niobrara River had been overlooked. Somewhat embarrassed, officials could see no objection to the group's adopting it as a home. Next came the question of how they were to live: it was now too late for planting crops and food was scarce. The Omaha Committee, had raised enough money to see them through and also to purchase farming equipment for the coming season.

So for these Poncas recovery had excelled their fondest dream. They settled on the island, lived comfortably and were later joined by other fugitive Poncas. But what of the rest of the tribe, repining on the inhospitable soil of Indian Territory?

After his release Standing Bear, accompanied by Tibbles and an educated young Omaha squaw known as Bright Eyes, went on a speaking tour of the East, to plead for the tribe's return to their old reservation. Funds were provided by the Omaha Committee. In December of 1880, President Hayes appointed a commission, made up of Generals Crook and Miles with two civilians, William Stickney and Walter Allen, to visit the tribe on Indian Territory and report the facts of its situation. Helen Hunt Jackson, a well-known writer of the day, bombarded Secretary of the Interior Schurz with fiery protests. Popular concern for the Poncas was running strong.

In its report the President's commission stressed the view that the tribe's title to their old land existed "in full force and effect, notwithstanding all acts done by the Government of the United States." The commission therefore recommended full indemnity, in whatever ways would be most favorable to the tribe. But a return to Dakota was not suggested: the commissioners felt the Poncas were satisfied to remain where they were. One member only. Walter Allen, thought their apparent acquiescence was due to fear.

Action following the report, however, hardly measured up to its findings. An indemnity of $165,000 was finally voted by Congress, in return for which the tribe renounced all claim to its old homeland.

True, the Poncas did farbetter after that. Houses were built, farm tools were provided and each family was given a milk cow. In Dakota, though, the living had been richer.

●RW

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VIGILANTES

(continued from page 74)

to oppose the violence of British arms in Massachusetts, until the argument with the King and Parliament over unfair taxation could be settled. George Washington, an outstanding colonial leader, who had distinguished himself serving in His Majesty's army, was asked to head the rag-tag troops, composed mostly of angry farmers with no military training and poor equipment, members of such vigilante groups as the Sons of Liberty. Their effort was organized strictly as a stopgap measure, to show the arrogant British government that the colonials would never submit to such outrages as were taking place in Massachusetts, and it was expected that, once the point was made, everyone could go home.

However, it didn't work out that way. George III, egged on by Lord North and others who failed to understand the difference between Americans and other colonials, refused to budge, and by July of 1776, even the most reluctant representatives to the Continental Congress were convinced that reconciliation with the crown was hopeless, and signed their names to a bold Declaration of Independence from England.

George Washington went on to become a highly successful vigilante leader, brilliantly guiding undisciplined forces through a fierce guerilla war against overwhelming odds. His leadership was so outstanding that Congress granted him almost dictatorial powers, in an effort to bring the unequal conflict to an acceptable end. It was even suggested to Washington, in a letter from an admirer, that, because of his talents, he should be crowned king.

Washington, who was a libertarian to the core, was horrified at the prospect of becoming another King George. His reply reflected his feelings:

"I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable ... Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature."

So the fantastically successful vigilante commander gave back to the people all the powers that had been granted to him in an emergency. When his public duties finally ended, after eight years as President (not King), Washington retired with relief to a few quiet years at Mount Vernon before he died. In his extraordinary approach to power, this amazing man had set an example of freedom under law which later guided countless settlers on new frontiers in setting up a way to govern themselves. Despite the fact that their efforts sometimes fell short of nobility, that they tried at all and succeeded as well as they did is impressive.

Certainly, no disrespect toward our great first President is intended, in describing him as a vigilante commander. Indeed, western vigilante leaders were fond of the comparison between their situation and that of 1776. There is certainly nothing original about people taking the law into their own hands; in fact, it has been said that revolution is implied in every form of government, to be resorted to in case of intolerable oppression. Revolution actually is the logical extended end of every vigilante activity, and it has surely been the tragic result of many, in other countries.

What makes American committees of vigilance different from other such bodies is the voluntary return of temporarily usurped powers to the civil authorities. With a few stormy exceptions, when order was restored, the vigilantes all went home. It was fitting for Richard Henry Dana, an attorney and the author of TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST, to call the vigilance committee a "peculiar invention" of the United States, composed "of the most grave and responsible citizens."

Like so many things in American life, vigilance committees are unique to our nation, an original way of handling an age-old problem. Bayard Taylor, a writer who saw them in action in 1849, said, "The capacity of a people for self-government was never so triumphantly illustrated."

General Sherman was more skeptical, however. In writing of his experiences with the San Francisco vigilantes, he combined his personal distaste for this method of legal redress with a cogent warning of its dangers:

" ... their success has given great stimulus to a dangerous principle, that would at any time justify the mob in seizing all the power of government; and who is to say that the Vigilante Committee may not be composed of the worst, instead of the best, elements of a community?"

The argument about the rights and wrongs of the question will probably go on forever.

In 1770, William Pitt said, "Where the law ends, tyranny begins." It certainly was demonstrated in the early West that where there is an absence or breakdown of the law, violence moves in, rapidly and inexorably. In such a situation, it is necessary for decent people to bestir themselves, to keep from losing their property, and maybe their lives. The great English philosopher and statesman, Edmund Burke, put it this way:

"When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, and unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle." ●**RW**

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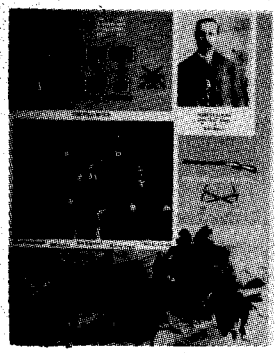

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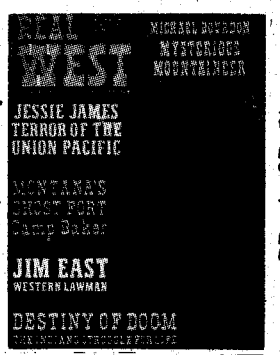
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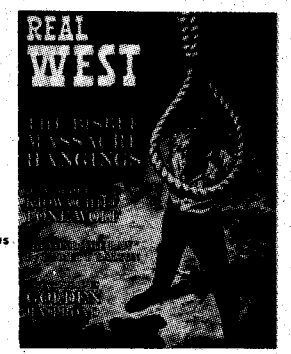

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"Beyond The Law" by Emmett Dalton

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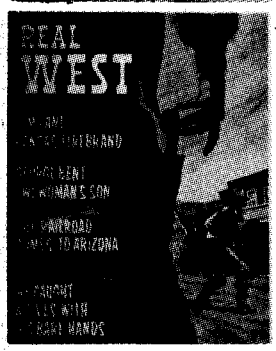

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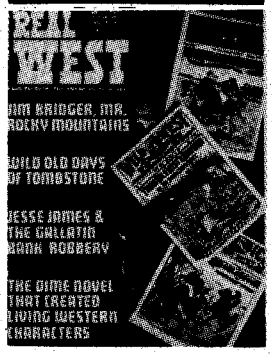
He Caught Wolves With His Bare Hands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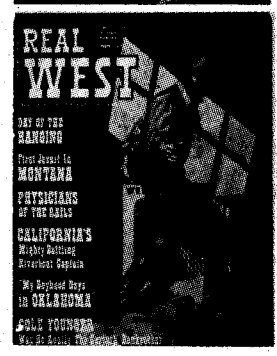

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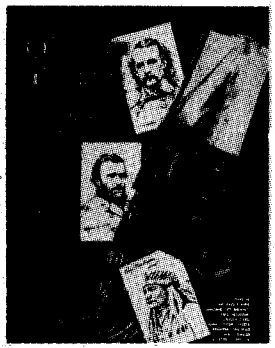

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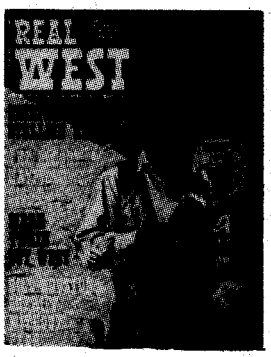

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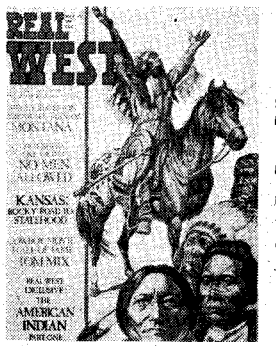

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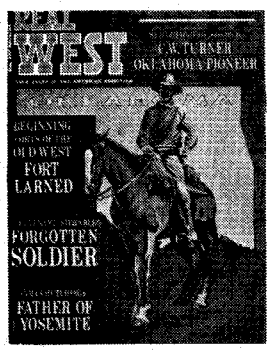

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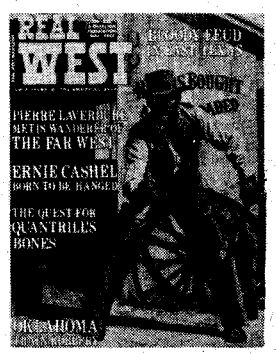
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ZANE GREY

(continued from page 28)

The young man wrote in a dingy flat in New York City in a room so cold he would have to warm his hands in the stove every few minutes. He wrote and then took the chapters to Dolly who corrected them and encouraged the writer. Finally the book was completed and every editor refused it. Grey decided the editors were all wrong, and finally he borrowed money from Dolly to have the book privately printed. In 1903 *Betty Zane* was published and received "unhoped-for praise from the press but sold poorly" because the publisher was unable to get it distributed properly.

Zane and Dolly were married in 1905, and Zane gave up his dental practice to devote his time to writing. In the meantime he had purchased a cottage at the confluence of the Delaware and Lackawaxen Rivers, and the couple, after a honeymoon in California, moved to the cottage at Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania. It was here that Zane Grey (he had changed the spelling of his last name from Gray to Grey and dropped the feminine sounding Pearl by this time) for seven years fought almost insurmountable odds and discouragements that would have stopped any man with less determination. Grey wrote: "We lived in a little cottage on the banks of the Delaware; and there I wrote unwearyingly - romance, short stories, verse." In 1906 *The Spirit of the Border* was published by the A. L. Burt Company.

The occasional sale of a short story or article during this time brought faint rays of hope, but little money. *Betty Zane and The Spirit of the Border* were not bringing in enough money to live on, so the couple were forced to live on Dolly's inheritance money. Then Zane Grey met Buffalo Jones. This was the major turning point in his life.

Returning home Grey sat down to chronicle the trip. He took the completed manuscript to Harper and Brothers with high hopes. Jones knew one of the editors personally and felt that his influence would help get the book published. Harper's, however, were not easily influenced, and the manuscript was returned and the author told: "I don't see anything in this to convince me you can write either narrative or fiction." A. C. McClurg finally published it in 1908. This was followed in 1909 by the publication of *The Last Trail* by A. L. Burt, and *The Shortstop* by A. C. McClurg.

Zane Grey's next effort was a romace of the West. Mr. Hitchcock of Harpers accepted *The Heritage of the Desert* in 1910. Following this they accepted three of Grey's boy's books, *The Young Forester, The Young Pitcher,* and *The Young Lion Hunter*—two of them drawn from his own experiences and observations during the 1907 trip. Then in 1912, Harpers published the classic *Riders of the Purple Sage*. The struggle for recognition was over. Thus began the fulfillment of Zane Grey's dreams. He traveled throughout the West from Vancouver Island, Canada to the Mexican jungle. He hunted lion and bear in Arizona and fished for bonefish at Key West, Florida, tarpon in the Everglades, sailfish in the Gulf Stream, and tuna in Nova Scotia.

Zane Grey loved the West. He knew the West, and the places and men he wrote about were real. He had traveled with the prototypes of the characters he used. He later siad there was a little bit of Buffalo Jones in every hero he wrote into his stories. He sometimes spent months in remote corners of the West doing research for stories. Zane Grey actually lived the rugged life he wrote about.

About 1920 Grey purchased a home and moved to Altadena, California. He bought a three masted schooner and sailed to remote and sometimes exotic places to fish. In some instances he was the first man to wet a line in a whole vast sea, and at one time or another he held all of the big-game fishing records. He owned property on Catalina Island, California, on Tahiti, the Tonto Basin of Arizona, the rim of the Grand Canyon, Middletown, New York, Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania and the mansion at Altadena. Nearly 110 movies were made from his books and stories, and the fishing movies he made were still being shown in theaters long after his death.

During a trip to Australia Zane Grey was prevailed upon to write a movie and act in it. The result was a film called "White Death" in which Zane Grey was one of the principal characters. The story was about a 20 foot man-eating shark terrorizing the Australia coast. There is a fanatical missionary whose wife and daughter had been killed by the shark. Another daughter remains to add romance to the story. Zane Grey is asked to capture and kill the shark. According to newspaper reviews, he did a pretty good job of acting.

This year, 1972, is the centennial of Zane Grey's birth, and quite a bit is being said about it. In commemoration of the event Marlin Firearms Co. has manufactured a special 30-30 caliber rifle appropriately called "The Zane Grey Century." It is a beautiful piece of workmanship with a brass medallion bearing a likeness of Zane Grey, his name, and the dates 1872-1972. Prentice-Hall has scheduled a centennial anthology called *Zane Grey: Outdoorsman.* In anticipation of the event the A. S. Barnes Co. has reprinted *Tales of Fresh-Water Fishing,* and several articles about Grey are being published by various periodicals. Work has already been started on a $4000,000 Zane Grey-National Road Museum just outside the city of Zanesville, Ohio which hopefully will be dedicated in 1972, and a scholarly book by Dr. Carlton Jackson about Grey is scheduled for release in 1972. Quest Productions, Inc. is supposed to produce several television specials, one entitled *Zane Grey's West,* another- *Zane Grey's South Seas.* A bi-monthly magazine is being published bearing his name, and a fanzine is being issued quarterly for Zane Grey fans and enthusiasts.

Thirty-two years after the death of Zane Grey, October 23, 1939, his books are still selling 1½ million copies a year in the United States alone, and he is still being published in several foreign countries. There is talk of new Zane Grey movies being made from hithertofore un-filmed stories. *Variety* magazine for January 17, 1968 stated that Zane Grey's *Tappan's Burro* was being filmed in Mexico at a cost of $1,250,000 and would star Glenn Ford, Susan Hayward and Richard Boone. The January 30, 1968 issue of *Variety* stated that a Zane Grey story entitled *Man From Noqales* had been purchased from Zane Grey, Inc. for a movie.

It seems that as long as there is a reading public there will be Zane Grey books to fill the need of good, clean Western Stories. ●RW

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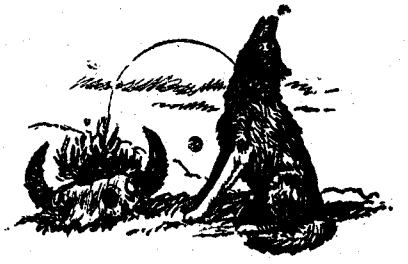

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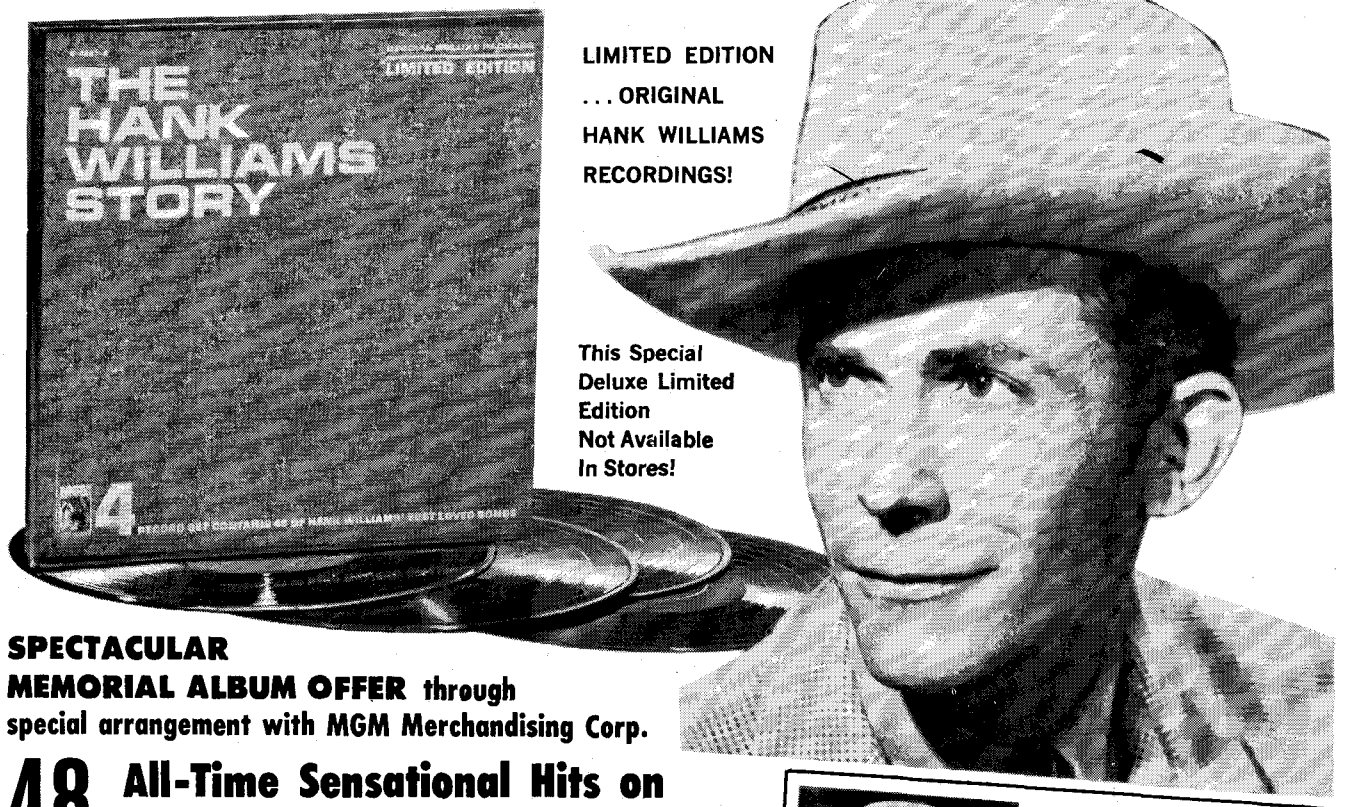

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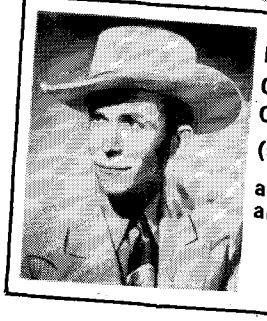

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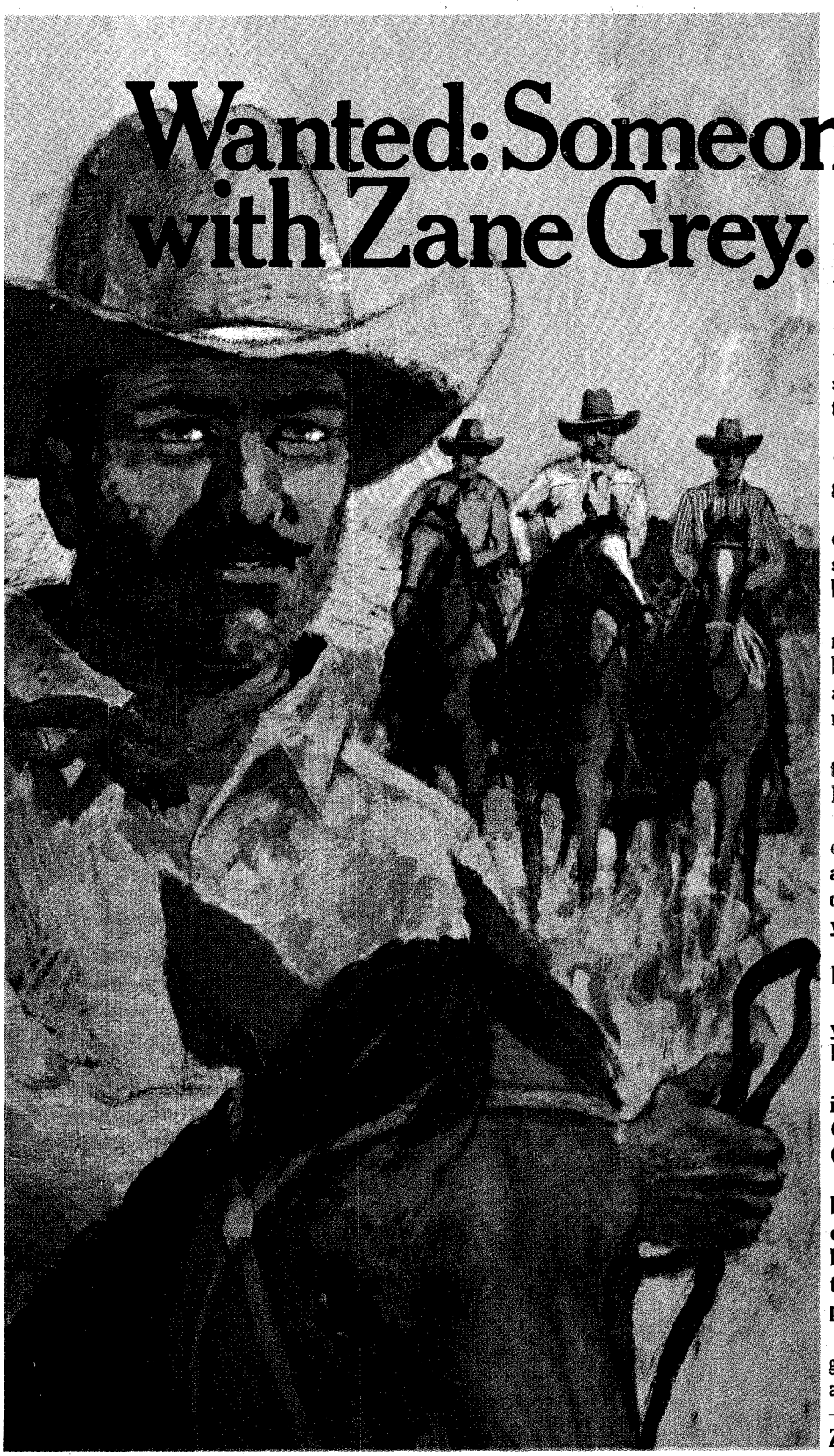

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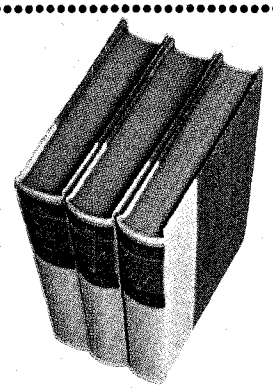

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